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# HAWAII

## ISLES OF ENCHANTMENT

*By* CLIFFORD GESSLER



*Illustrated by*  
E. H. SUYDAM

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY  
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## INTRODUCTION

ONE must go away from Hawaii to write of it—or go away and return. A newcomer is bewildered by its contradictions, dazed by the sharp impact of thronging impressions. A resident of long standing, on the other hand, tends to take the islands so for granted that he may be handicapped in interpreting them to the stranger. One is perhaps fortunate, therefore, to be in a sense both *kamaaina* and *malihini*, neither exaggerating with the zeal

## Introduction

of a new convert the charm of those bright islands nor allowing it to be obscured with sensitivity dulled by prolonged daily familiarity. Time, not too long, and distance, not too great, help to attain balance.

The aim of this book is to write a national biography and to paint, in broad strokes, a character portrait, illuminated here and there by anecdote, of a country and a people that I have loved.

Nor shall I tell here all I know about any one aspect of the islands. Not now, at any rate; this is not that kind of book. Scandal seldom reveals the true spirit of a community. The exception is not a reliable index, and controversies are like the shattered window which caused the policeman, after inspecting it without and within, to exclaim: "It's worse than I thought; it's broke on both sides!" Here again the long view is the clearest.

The bibliography appended to the text can not include all its sources. The story, in its main outlines, took form bit by bit in the course of daily work over a period of several years' residence in the islands. Many a forgotten interview and many a remembered experience have contributed to these pages. Published works which have been consulted for confirmation of details and for comparison of varying versions of historical or legendary events have been listed. One can not always recall where one first heard or read a fact that may be common knowledge in the islands. It is impossible to identify the hundreds of conversations with island *kamaainas* or, in full, the sources of notes jotted down over a period of sixteen years. Hence if I have neglected a credit to any one I must beg indulgence in the Polynesian custom of community property; the omission has not been intentional.

## Introduction

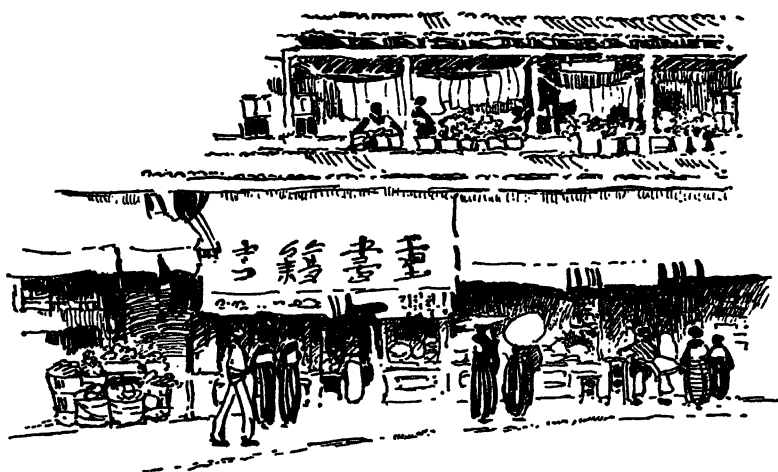
I have endeavored to give an honest account of the islands, avoiding both the extravagances of tourist promotion literature and the aspersions of the partizan or muck-raker. In the words of the island historian David Malo: "I do not suppose the following to be free from mistakes. . . . It can not approach the accuracy of the Word of God."

It has been a pleasure to work with Mr. Suydam, whose drawings, in their delicate softness of line, their capturing of mellow Hawaiian sunlight and the artist's appreciation of the varied and mingling races of Hawaii, express so justly and feelingly the atmosphere and spirit of the islands.

CLIFFORD GESSLER.

*San Francisco*





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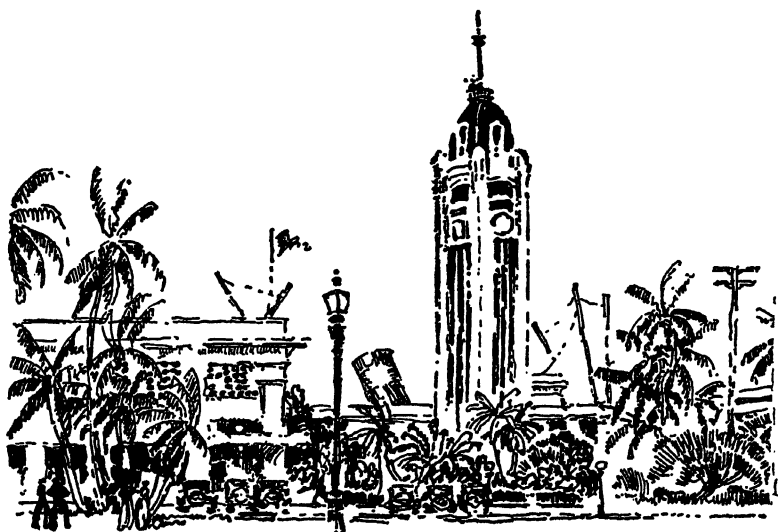
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Book One  
MY HAWAII





## I MY HAWAII

**M**ILES deep, the Pacific rolls over mountains and valleys and plains no human foot has trodden. At long intervals, those mountains pierce the surface, to thrust tall crater cups as many miles again for the wine of sunlight poured from the turquoise bowl of heaven.

Perhaps all that country under the sea was once dry land. If so, scientists say, it was long before the race of man had come down from the trees or wriggled out of the primeval swamps. Perhaps a rift opened in the ocean floor

## Hawaii

while the life of their country changed about them and their people faded away. The white strangers became numerous in the land and powerful beyond their numbers. Other races from Europe and the Orient and the isles of the seas entered to serve the white masters, tilling the fields of sugar and pineapples that replaced those of taro and sweet potatoes and yams.

The kingdom waned. Political power could not exist independently of economic power. The white strangers ruled at last in name as well as in fact. The flag of a young republic floated over the palace of the kings, to be replaced in a few years by that of an older and greater republic two thousand miles away.

Here at the crossways of the sea, streams of humanity from the quarters of all the winds met and merged, blending to form a new people, adjusting in their own way to the civilization of iron and steel, of electricity and written words, that had shattered the ancient culture of wood and stone and oral tradition. A new people are building there their destiny—toiling blindly, like the polyps of their coral reefs, building they know not what to flower remotely under an unknown sky.

For them it is a home where one lives and works, as I lived and worked there day by day. For thousands of others from all parts of the world it is a playground, a place of ease and relaxation under a kindly sun, a place of enchantment, and a haven of peace.

This, briefly, is the story of these pages: the story of Hawaii as its records survive and of the islands to-day as I have known them and dwelt beneath their palms.

For all that so much has been written of Hawaii, the islands still are little understood outside their borders. It is



ALONG THE WATERFRONT, HONOLULU

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## My Hawaii

not strange that this is so, for Hawaii presents an astonishing complexity within a small area.

The grass house, the hula, the lei; the surfboard and canoe—these are not Hawaii. They are but one aspect. Sugar and pineapples are a big part of Hawaiian life, but not all. Many elements enter into the complex that is the islands. Chief among them are half a dozen:

First, the Polynesian background—now heavily overlaid with other influences, but persisting, affecting, and coloring nearly all.

Second, the missionary movement which in a few years changed the thought and life of a people—a movement which has largely spent its force, but whose effects are still felt.

Third, the anti-missionary influence of traders and sailors, vestiges of which survive from early times, more or less identified with memories of royalist sentiment from the revolutionary period.

Fourth, industrial and commercial Hawaii: sugar, pineapples, shipping, the economic baronies which succeeded the rule of king and chiefs and which retain something of the absolutism of those rulers.

Fifth, the various racial elements introduced by industry: Oriental, Occidental, Caribbean, Micronesian, and what not, each of which has made its contribution to island life as it is to-day.

Sixth, the imperialist trend associated with American expansion in the Pacific—represented in this modern day by the government of the islands and by the army and navy establishments there.

All of these, modified by climate and by one another, go to make up a Hawaii that is broader and deeper and

## Hawaii

more puzzling than the Waikiki-and-volcano, surfboard-and-hula Hawaii of the tourists. They constitute the day by day living and working Hawaii.

It is difficult to resist the tendency, in writing of the islands, to emphasize their exotic features. For it is these that give Hawaii its peculiar atmosphere and make it interesting. Yet they are but one facet of the real Hawaii.

In truth, there are as many Hawaiis as there are individual observers. Each creates his own Hawaii to carry about within his heart.

I present my Hawaii.

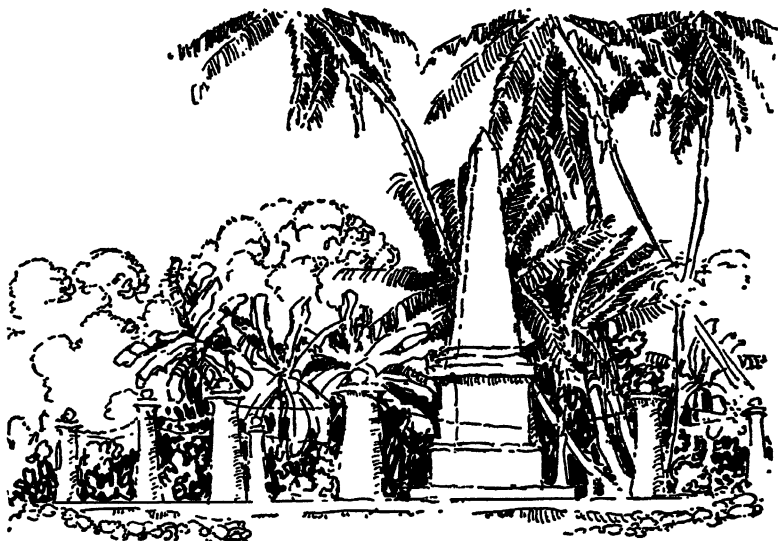




## Book Two

# THOSE WHO BURST THROUGH THE SKY





## II FLOATING ISLANDS

**T**HE ship was seen from Waialua and Waianae, coming up from the west and going north. Kauai lay spread out in beauty before Lono, and the first anchor was dropped in the bay of Waimea in the month of January, 1778...."

Sailing through seas no European keel, as far as has been definitely established, had furrowed before them, were the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, with Captain James Cook, R.N., on his third voyage in the Pacific, when they sighted

## Hawaii

the green and tawny island of Oahu, first land since the huge coral atoll twelve hundred miles south where they had spent Christmas, naming it for the day.

Oahu was not approachable from their position with the wind as it was, but a hundred miles northwest of it they saw the rosy and green isle of Kauai.

It was a blossoming land, promising refreshment and provisioning for the voyage into the cold north on their mission for the British king. Cook had mapped the coasts of Australia and New Zealand, observed the transit of Venus from Tahiti, and was bound for the Arctic in search of a northern passage to the European seas.

They stood in for the land the morning of January 20th, two days after that first landfall, and beheld the clouds over Mount Waialeale, betokening a well-watered country. Canoes came out, manned by brown natives who did not seem as strange to Cook and his companions as one might imagine, for they hailed the new-comers in a dialect of the same language the voyagers had heard in Tahiti and New Zealand and their customs proved similar to those of their fellow-Polynesians in those islands. Cook and his company had but slight acquaintance with that language and those customs. A trained ethnologist, had any been available, might have saved them later trouble. Cook found these people more astonished at his ships than any he had met elsewhere, but equally greedy for iron, whose uses they knew although their mountains did not yield the metal. The few treasured bits of iron they had gathered from drifted wreckage were more precious to them than gold.

They stole it from the ships, at first, but after one of Cook's men had shot a minor chief in the act, the visitors'

## Floating Islands

property, while they remained at Kauai, was respected.

But what did the islanders think of these strangers who burst through the curved wall of the horizon in ships larger than any they had seen or imagined?

The Hawaiian historian S. M. Kamakau described their impression:

"One said to another: 'What is this thing with branches?' and another: 'It is a forest.' Others shouted: 'It is a great double canoe for the sea-monster of Mana.' A certain priest, Kuohu, said: 'This is no ordinary thing; it is a temple of Lono. See the ladders going up to his altars in the clear sky.' "

For Lono had been a god of the place called Kealakekua. In mistaken jealousy, he had killed his wife and thereafter, in remorse, embarked for a foreign country, saying: "I will return on an island bearing coconuts, swine, and dogs."

These ships were veritable floating islands. This must indeed be Lono!

"They went up on the ship and saw men with white foreheads, shining eyes, wrinkled skin, square-cornered heads; the words of these men were indistinct, and fire was in their mouths."

There was discussion how to deal with these strange beings who ate fire and took food from openings in their sides. It was Hawaiians' first sight of tobacco or of clothing with pockets.

"O chiefs and people," said an influential priest, "this is my thought. If they do not open the calabash of the ghosts, they are gods. If they do open it, they are men of the land of Naenae and Kukanaloe, those men who came to us in the time of our ancestors."

## Hawaii

The elders doubted, but the young people shouted: "Lono!"

Some chiefs proposed attacking the ship to avenge the slain marauder and to obtain iron. But according to a native account given the missionary Hiram Bingham some years later, "Kamakahei, a woman of high rank, said, 'Let us not fight Lono our god, but conciliate him, that he may favor us.' So she gave her own daughter, Lelemahoalani, to the commander of the expedition. . . ."

"Then," Kamakau recorded, "all the women gave themselves as wives to the strangers and received presents of foreign cloth and mirrors."

Contemporary British accounts preserve a discreet silence regarding this expression of Hawaiian hospitality, which was not unusual in the Pacific at that time. Some of Cook's companions, however, recorded what became of the mirrors. Some of the women scratched the quicksilver off the back of the glass, and then lamented that the "picture" was no longer visible.

Cook, in his journal, lamented that he could remain only a short time at the islands, which he named for his friend and patron the Earl of Sandwich—a name never accepted locally and which, save in some British circles, has not endured.

The voyagers' slight understanding of the natives is revealed by Captain Cook's sober note that he saw evidences of cannibalism in the form of a piece of meat wrapped in a small bundle and the statement of an old man, "who seemed to laugh at the simplicity of the question," that this was flesh of an enemy killed in battle and "good food"—evidently a sly sally of native humor at the expense of the credulous visitors.



Snyder.

HAWAIIAN HOMES NEAR CAPTAIN COOK'S  
LANDING PLACE AT WAIMEA, KAUAI





## Floating Islands

The explorer had this still in mind when he moved on to the neighboring island of Niihau, where he left goats, sheep, swine, and vegetable seeds that the natives might have something else to eat. For the Niihau people carried on the jest, one man informing Captain Cook: "You will be eaten if you are killed ashore."

The English ships resumed their voyage in search of the northern passage and as winter returned, sailed south again to revisit the islands where they had found so friendly a welcome.

Late in November they arrived off Maui and spent several weeks sailing along the coasts of that island and Hawaii, trading but not landing until mid-January when they entered the bay of Kealahou.

In the god Lono's home town the people rejoiced at his supposed return. As a native historian recounts, they leaped and shouted, "The bones live! The ancestral god has come back, for this is the time of the annual consecration."

When Cook went ashore, the people prostrated themselves. One account states that continual getting up and lying down became so inconvenient that they took to going permanently on all fours, "and ten thousand men and women could be seen pursuing or fleeing" from the captain in that posture.

The priests—whether from sincere belief or to heighten their own prestige—made the most of the god's arrival. Addressing Cook as Lono, they led him to the temple, invested him with sacred red tapa cloth, and offered fruit and hogs. The journal of Lieutenant (later Captain) King, who accompanied his superior, reveals that the ceremony had its ludicrous aspects. First offering Cook a sadly decomposed hog, the chief priest led the captain up a rickety scaffolding



[illegible][illegible][illegible]

## Hawaii

to a precarious seat of honor upon a decrepit platform, where he maintained his hold with difficulty while the priests chanted. It is unfortunate that neither Cook nor his companion could understand the poetry of that chanted prayer:

"O Lono, your various bodies in the heavens—the long cloud, the short cloud, the bending and the spread out cloud . . . from the land opened by Lono in the lower and the upper sky, in the shaking bottom of the sea and in the land without hills. . . . O Ku, O Lono, O Kane, O Kanaloa, gods from above and beneath and from the sunrise and the sunset lands, here are the offerings, living things from the chief to the family hanging on the shining cloud and the floating land!"

Much to his relief, Cook was led down from the shaky platform. After kissing a sacred image he was anointed with chewed coconut and fed with pre-chewed pork by an old priest whose skin was so scaly from excessive drinking of the narcotic *awa* that the poor captain, revolted by his appearance and by the odor of the earlier offering, could not swallow any of the food.

The explorers remained a little over two weeks at Kealakekua, long enough for the people to tire of feeding them and for doubts to arise of the divinity of these strangers who consumed so prodigious a quantity of hogs, fruit, and vegetables while laying up supplies for continuation of the voyage.

King wrote that the people imagined the Englishmen had come from a famine-stricken country "merely for the purpose of filling our bellies. . . . It was ridiculous enough to see them stroking the sides and patting the bellies of the sailors . . . and telling them, partly by signs and partly by

## Floating Islands

words, that it was time for them to go but if they would come again the next breadfruit season they should be better able to supply our wants."

The provisioning was not entirely a free gift. The English traded with pieces of iron rudely fashioned into daggers shaped like the natives' wooden ones, and other articles, all of which enriched the priests and chiefs while the commoners who produced the food received nothing they could keep. Under the feudal island economy, all property belonged to these privileged classes.

So the burden bore heavily on the country. Meanwhile misunderstandings arose between these two groups of people so ignorant of each other's language and customs. It is probable that the sailors did not so conduct themselves, despite their captain's efforts, as to retain the respect and affection of the Hawaiians.

It is not clear just how the death of the veteran marine William Watman affected native opinion of the visitors' divinity. Hawaiian accounts make little of the occurrence, but they were written later, when belief in the old gods had waned. A god could be hungry and eat; he could be passionate and make love—but could a god die?

It has not been explained why Watman was buried ashore in the presence of natives instead of secretly at sea as had been done in some South Sea islands when members of the company died.

Perhaps long security had made the visitors careless. Nor was it tactful, even though nothing could be refused Lono, to ask for the sacred temple fence for firewood. The priests let them have it but refused the hatchets offered in payment and reclaimed the most sacred of the images that were carried off with the paling. King admitted he doubted

## Hawaii

the wisdom of this proceeding. More serious, though the English did not realize it, was their violation of religious restrictions while occupying a part of the temple enclosure as an observatory and repair shop. The men quartered there broke a tabu by bringing women into the sacred place. Though no strong protest appears to have been made at the time, resentment was shown by burning the desecrated house after they had left.

One quarrel at least developed during this first visit at Kealakekua. Perhaps the sailors, mainly rough and ignorant men with little respect for the rights of primitive peoples, were overbearing. Trouble arose over the carrying of a rudder that had been taken ashore for repairs; stones were thrown and clubs laid about, though without, at this time, fatal casualties.

There can be little doubt that the chiefs and people, despite acquisition of precious iron, were glad to see the ships depart early in February of 1779. The king of the island went away, leaving the district under tabu to replenish it from the ravages of the voracious "gods."

Only Lieutenant King, whom they believed to be Cook's son, was entreated to remain.

Surveying the coast for better harbors, the ships ran into a gale. On the fourth day, finding the foremast of one ship had given way, Cook put back to Kealakekua for repairs.

Arriving there, the English sailed into a silent, deserted harbor. Not understanding the tabu, any more than the islanders understood the blockade Cook later instituted, they interpreted the ominous quiet as an indication of hostility. No doubt the natives remaining in the district were disappointed that they were not yet rid of the hungry

## Floating Islands

strangers. There was more stealing of iron and a scuffle in which a friendly chief was knocked down with an oar—an occurrence which led to the fatal termination of Cook's voyaging.

For the injured chief, though he rescued the sailors from his infuriated countrymen, "no longer believed Lono was a god," and determined to steal one of the boats, for its iron, in revenge.

This theft of the *Discovery's* cutter and the measures Cook attempted for its recovery precipitated a tragedy that gave the islands an ill name for years afterward. Cook had already become exercised over the clashes that had occurred, and had told King: "I am afraid these people will oblige me to use some violent measures, for they must not be left to imagine that they have gained an advantage over us."

He determined to use the same methods that had been successful in similar difficulties at other islands. With a small armed force he went ashore, intending to induce King Kalaniopuu, who had returned to the district, to come aboard one of his ships and there hold him as hostage for return of the boat.

His scheme almost succeeded. The king, an amiable and trusting old man, was about to embark when disquieting news came. Two chiefs, ignorant of the blockade Cook had laid upon the bay, had approached the ships in a canoe and one had been killed.

The other hurried to the village of Kaawaloa, where he saw the king, his royal feather cloak about his shoulders, about to step into the boat. "Heavenly one!" he shouted, "the sea is not right. The foreigners have killed Kalimu. Go back to your house!"

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The king's favorite wife Kalola, hearing the ominous words, ran out of the women's house and putting her hand on the king's shoulder, added her entreaties.

The confused scene that followed has not been described quite similarly by any two of the eye-witnesses, native or foreign. It appears the king refused to go farther. Cook seized his hands to compel him. A chief thrust a spear between them, whereupon Cook struck the chief with his musket or with a sword. The chief struck back with his spear; then, according to a native account, laid hold of Cook with his hands as the captain was about to fall. Hearing him groan with pain, the chief thought: "He groans; he is not a god, so there can be no wrong."

A general fight ensued; bullets and slingstones whined, spears and clubs whirled. Apparently giving up the kidnapping, Cook made his way toward the beach, holding his left hand behind his head as a shield and carrying his musket under the other arm. Natives all about were falling under the fire of the marines, who seem to have started shooting without orders.

The boatmen evidently were in a state of panic, for though only a few yards from shore they did not row in to rescue their leader or the marines. Cook turned toward the boats, waving his hand to them to come closer or, according to some interpretations, to cease firing. As he did so, a club descended on the back of his head, knocking him down, and as he arose, one of the iron daggers he had traded to the Hawaiians pierced his neck. The discoverer fell "with his face in the water" five or six yards from the nearest boat, to which he turned for aid as he struggled up among the wrestling natives. Forced under again in deeper water, he lifted his head once more, holding to a rock for



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support, when another blow struck him down for the last time.

Besides the captain, four marines were killed and about thirty Hawaiians, including several of the most friendly chiefs.

In the consternation that followed their leader's death the surviving officers restrained their men from a general massacre but did not entirely prevent reprisals. A village was burned and heads of natives cut off and displayed in the boats.

The priests nevertheless remained friendly, though the king had fled to a cavern retreat, and some trading continued while the English remained to complete repairs and recover, if they could, the bodies of their dead.

They did not understand the Hawaiian method of disposing of bodies of persons of rank. Hence their horror when, after repeated evasions, a chief brought five pounds of flesh, saying this gruesome relic was from the remains of Captain Cook. From a native viewpoint, the highest honors had been accorded the slain navigator. The body had been offered at a temple, the flesh removed from the bones, as was done with that of deceased chiefs, and the bones themselves distributed among the nobles to be revered as sacred relics. A few of them were returned by friendly priests and buried at sea.

These circumstances, however, gave rise to the legend still occasionally heard, that Cook was eaten. Hawaiians say the flesh was burned in the sacrificial fire, except some organs which were preserved as relics. It is commonly stated in the islands that the heart, found hanging from a tree, was mistaken by three children for a dog's or a pig's heart and eaten. One of these boys, in his manhood, was pointed

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out to Laura Fish Judd as "one who ate the heart of Lono."

The ribs and breast-bone were kept in a temple, covered with sacred red feathers, and carried in processions to collect offerings. After overthrow of the old faith, trace of them was lost. It is supposed they were hidden, like the bones of many chiefs, in a cave.

So James Cook, R.N., joined the company of discoverers whose ventures or their mistakes cut short their lives in far lands, and of the gods whose divinity was not proof against circumstance. A bronze plate in the water near the spot where he fell and a stone shaft at a little distance honor his memory long after the temples of Lono are gone.

His companions, a week later, sailed on, coasting along Maui and Oahu and stopping at Kauai and Niihau where they saw sad evidences of disease implanted at their earlier visit. On Kauai, at least, the Hawaiians already knew that the blond god had brought them death.

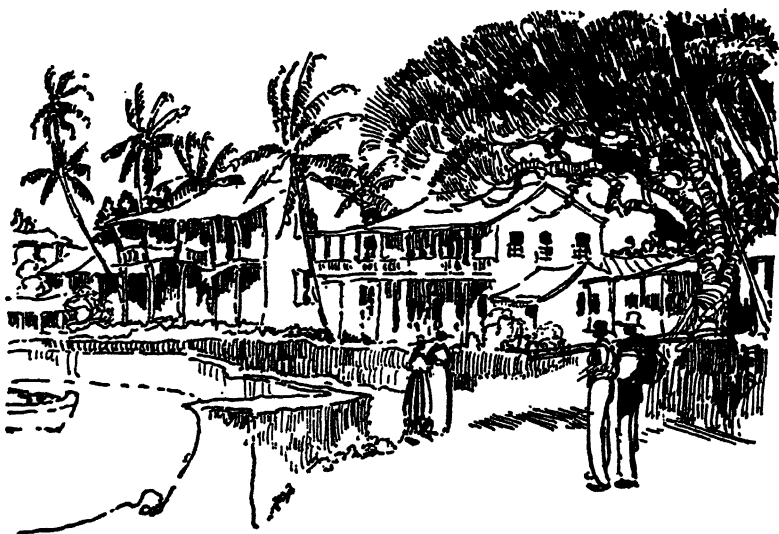
"These are the seeds he planted," wrote Kamakau, "which sprang up and spread, bringing desolation: diseases, adultery, worship as if he were a god, fleas and mosquitoes, death-dealing plagues, changes in the weather, weakness of body, changing of cultivated food, changing religion, a new order of medicine, the laws of the government. . . . These things were evil, and the foundation of the destruction of the people."

Indeed, profound changes were brought about by his coming. Hawaiian life was altered and disintegrated by the contacts that followed—though remnants linger to interest and puzzle the stranger in the islands.

Two cultures came into conflict: here, as elsewhere, the simpler one, formed around economic and political feudalism and founded materially upon wood and stone, crumbled

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before the harder civilization of iron with its hard accompaniment of private property, commerce, and industry. The old gods died and with them, it seemed, a people was to die. As a separate people, that may still come to pass, but something of their spirit remains in the new race they are helping to create.



### III THE FLOATING ISLANDS MULTIPLY

**C**APTAIN COOK was the Christopher Columbus of Hawaiian history; he, too, had his shadowy predecessors. The true "discovery," strictly speaking, was by no European at all, but by a Polynesian navigator, probably in the fifth century. Crowded out of southeastern Asia or of intermediate islands by pressure of migration, he guided his sea-going canoes by the fixed and wandering stars and came upon this group of fire-born lands in the vast meadows of the sea.

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Seven centuries or so later, new voyagers out of the central Pacific swarmed into these northern islands, until population pressure in the south was eased and the great voyages were made no more.

Thus were the islands peopled. But Hawaiian traditions speak also of strangers described, like Cook's men, as "white, with shining eyes." In the latter half of the thirteenth century five such people were rescued from a shipwreck on the island of Maui and became the forefathers of the group of Hawaiians known as the "bright eyed ones." The "iron knife" worn by their captain became a talisman which long afterward ransomed a king of Hawaii from captivity on Kauai. Cook, who saw the weapon there, described it as resembling a cut-down sword, and some have inferred that the wrecked ship and her people were Spanish, but later research has pretty well confirmed that the "sword" was a Japanese fish-knife.

Not so, however, with the castaways in South Kona in the chiefship of Keliiokaloa. "Kukanaloe and his sister swam ashore and knelt on the beach and the place was therefore called Kulou, Kneeling." Kukanaloe married a woman of rank and their descendants were living in Kama-kau's time. Abraham Fornander calculated that the shipwreck occurred between 1521 and 1530 and that the vessel was from the squadron of Alvaro de Saavedra.

Among similar accounts, the most circumstantial is that of the seven strangers who arrived at Kealahou in a painted boat with an awning over the stern but without masts or sails. They wore white or yellow garments; one had a long knife in his belt and a feather in his hat. They married and became chiefs. They have been tentatively identified with seven deserters from a Dutch ship which

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missed that number of men while passing an unidentified group of islands.

The Spanish "discovery" rests on a chart taken by the British admiral Lord Anson from a Spanish ship in 1743, showing islands in the latitude of Hawaii but ten degrees too far east in longitude. Judging by old Spanish logs, it appears that early navigators could determine latitude more accurately than longitude, for the logs read: latitude so-and-so and so many leagues west of Lima. Apparently that was why, having once discovered certain islands, they were unable to find them again.

Interesting as these fragments are to the antiquarian, however, it was Cook who brought first knowledge of Hawaii to most of the world. But there was no haste to follow up his find. Cook's death had given the "Sandwich Islands" an unfavorable reputation, and seven years passed before European sea-captains again ventured there.

Captains Portlock and Dixon, of the *King George* and the *Queen Charlotte*, fur traders in northwest America for a British company, found the Hawaiians aloof when the two ships called at Kealakekua in May, 1786. Some such shyness might have been expected after Cook's men had bombarded and burnt Hawaiian villages. Portlock and Dixon, after firing a gun as a token of civilization, departed, though not before touching briefly at other islands and discovering Waikiki on Oahu. The French voyager Jean François Galaup de la Perouse who, in another group of islands, was to meet a fate like that of Cook, was at Maui about the same time.

Portlock and Dixon, however, came back and established credit for white men by rescuing four natives who

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were adrift in a canoe and sending them ashore with gifts. After that, foreign ships came more frequently and trade developed. Boston merchants formed a company to trade along the northwest American coast for furs and in Hawaii for pearls and pearl shell and later sandalwood, to be exchanged in China for silks and tea. The islands offered a market for cloth and small hardware and especially for arms and ammunition to ambitious chiefs.

The chiefs' desire for iron, arms, and ships, and the overbearing conduct of some visiting captains, brought about the acquisition of two of Hawaii's first white settlers, quite against those settlers' wills.

Late in 1789 the *Eleanor*, commanded by the American fur trader Captain Metcalf, arrived at the islands. Some of the chiefs, headed by a troublesome noble called Kaiana, plotted to capture the ship, but Kamehameha, the most powerful chief on the Island of Hawaii and later king of all the islands, prevented them. Metcalf, however, as rash as Kaiana, had the high chief Kameciamoku flogged. The chief vowed vengeance.

Early the next year one of Metcalf's boats was stolen for its nails at Honuaula on the island of Maui. Metcalf, hearing that the chief who had committed the theft was from the neighboring district of Olowalu, sailed thither and began trading. Canoes flocked about the ship, and he trained his guns upon them from behind closed ports. When the people inquired for pay for their produce, Metcalf shouted: "I'll give you more pay than you expected!"—then opened the ports and fired into the canoes. Dead and dying littered the scene; more than a hundred were killed. After this massacre Metcalf returned to Kealakekua on the

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island of Hawaii to await the tender *Fair American*, commanded by his son, which had been detained by Spaniards at Nootka Sound.

When the *Fair American* arrived off Kawaihae, some miles up the shore from Kealahkekua, the chief whom the elder Metcalf had flogged went aboard with his men, ostensibly to trade. "Don't let so many come aboard," Isaac Davis, the first mate, warned young Metcalf, for the ship had a crew of only five. Metcalf did not heed the warning.

Suddenly the warriors seized the captain and hurled him overboard. Davis, running to rescue him, was himself tossed into the sea. The mate swam from canoe to canoe, under a shower of clubs and stones until, exhausted, he was pulled into a canoe, where his neck was laid over a timber and stout warriors jumped on his body. All the other members of the crew had already been killed.

Davis, bleeding and temporarily blinded, managed to raise his head and mutter "*Maikai*," the Hawaiian word for "good." This aroused the pity of a warrior, who replied "*Aloha*" and protected him from further injury.

The elder Metcalf, at Kealahkekua, heard nothing of this affair. Kamehameha, the dominant chief in the island, took care he should not be informed. When John Young, boatswain of the *Eleanor*, went ashore, Kamehameha kept him prisoner lest he carry the news to Captain Metcalf and provoke reprisal. The *Eleanor* lay off the island two days, firing guns for Young's return, then sailed for China without him and without news of the *Fair American*.

Young and Davis, taken under Kamehameha's protection, received lands and the rank of chiefs and became his counselors and generals, sharing in his rise which is narrated in another chapter. At first they tried to escape. Trusting



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to the wily Kaiana, who was jealous of their favor with Kamehameha and had promised to put them aboard a visiting ship, they entered his canoe, only to be turned over to a native mob. They were about to be killed when Kamehameha, appearing on the scene, laid about him lustily with a canoe paddle and rescued them. He then made each a hostage for the other. Further to "tie them to the land," as he put it, he gave them native noblewomen as wives, and had them married by a visiting clergyman.

When Captain George Vancouver visited the islands, Young and Davis had become reconciled to island life and not eager to exchange it for the uncertainties and hardships of seafaring. Archibald Campbell, who visited Davis on Oahu in 1809, wrote that the expatriate had developed such a taste for poi, the Hawaiian staple, that he preferred it above all other food. Both Young and Davis ended their days in Hawaii, where their descendants still reside.

Davis, after his many escapes, still was not fated to a natural death. Years later, on Oahu, after exposing a plot of the chiefs to kill Kaumualii, visiting Kauai king, Davis died suddenly—poisoned, according to report, by the vengeful chiefs.

Young became governor of the island of Hawaii, one of the most responsible posts, for Kamehameha did not trust all his officers with commands far from his personal oversight. Mrs. Judd, a missionary writer, described an overnight stay with a party from the mission at Young's "dirty adobe" house at Kawaihae, which was decorated with rusty weapons. He served them goat meat and fried taro on pewter plates, which his servant wiped on a red flannel shirt. Young's granddaughter became Queen Emma, wife of Kamehameha IV.

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If Young and Davis were involuntarily settlers, others came of their own will—deserters from ships, escaped convicts from Botany Bay who introduced the art of distilling the potent beverage known as *okolehao*, traders and others. Kamehameha drew most of the early comers into his service.

One would like to know more of Don Francisco de Paula Marin: what prompted him to leave his home in Spain to settle in the primitive Hawaii of 1791. Intriguing hints survive: his plurality of wives and large brood of children, his service as interpreter to Kamehameha, his manifold agricultural and other activities, his baptism of two hundred dying Hawaiians in the hope of saving their souls, though he had no priestly authority.

About 1850, thirteen years after his death, the don's journal, in Spanish, was found in the cellar of a house in Honolulu. The original diary has been lost; destroyed, perhaps, with the private papers of Robert Crichton Wyllie, minister of state. Translations of portions of it survive, in Wyllie's crabbed hand, some of which defy attempts to decipher.

Such passages as are legible are, like many other contemporary accounts, disappointing. Though they contain such sidelights on the times as "the king was drunk" . . . "the king was very drunk" . . . "all the queens were drunk"—much of the text is a sparse record of the don's versatile occupations: making nails, planting vines, coffee, cotton; making pickles, lime, soap, molasses. A complete list of these activities would take pages. Contemporaries represent him as stingy with his garden prides, refusing to give cuttings and even destroying prunings lest any one carry them away and plant them.

Another puzzling character is "Padre" John Howell,

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cryptically designated by an early voyager as a former Church of England clergyman who had "secluded himself from European society." He arrived in Hawaii about 1793 as supercargo on the fur trader *Lady Washington*, and remained about a year.

Howell dined with Vancouver and started, with the latter's surgeon, Archibald Menzie, to climb Mauna Loa, but gave up the attempt when the lava cut the shoes from his feet. Menzie, who persevered and is thought to have been the first white man to reach the snow-fringed crater at the summit, notes dourly that on his return to the rendezvous, he found that Howell and the native guides had decamped with the supplies.

One's heart warms as much as any to Anthony Allen, the runaway slave, described euphemistically as "an African, formerly the servant of a gentleman in Schenectady." Allen prospered in the islands. Early missionaries found him owner of flocks and herds and landlord of a dozen grass houses plastered with mud. He lived "on the plain," two miles toward Waikiki from the port of Honolulu, where he sold goats' milk to foreign residents, cultivated a small farm, and kept a boarding-house for sailors.

Of all early residents, the one who thrived most was John Parker of Newton, Massachusetts, who arrived as a sailor in 1815. Taking charge for Kamehameha of descendants of cattle given the king by Vancouver, he obtained land, married a Hawaiian woman, and founded the Parker ranch which his descendants still own.

Vancouver, in the early 1790's, found ten white men and one Chinese on the island of Hawaii. By 1810, there were sixty foreigners on Oahu. "Some of these people," wrote Archibald Campbell, "are sober and industrious, but this is

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far from being their general character; on the contrary many are idle and dissolute, getting drunk whenever the opportunity presents itself. It is no uncommon sight to see a party of them broach a small cask of spirits and sit drinking for days till they see it out."

One exception was William Davis, who resided with his namesake Isaac. He arose every morning at five o'clock and worked in his fields until five in the afternoon. Such industry on the part of a white man puzzled the natives, who explained to Campbell they thought Davis must be the spirit of a Hawaiian who had returned after death.

William Stevenson, one of six or eight who had escaped from Botany Bay to Hawaii, is credited with having introduced the art of distilling and having become so fond of his own product that the king took away his still. Nevertheless, says Campbell, Stevenson was "an industrious man and conducted himself in general with great propriety." He had taken an oath not to touch spirits save at the new year "at which time he indulged to the greatest excess."

Vancouver, visiting the islands three times, noted with dismay their evident depopulation since his voyage with Cook. Even allowing for error of a hundred thousand or more in Cook's estimate of four hundred thousand, the people had dwindled a third in those few years under the combined assault of feudal war and foreign disease.

Vancouver tried to promote peace, refusing to trade arms, saying they were "tabu to King George." This satisfied the chiefs; tabu was something they understood. Many Hawaiian women tasted meat for the first time after Vancouver introduced cattle and sheep. For, under the old Hawaiian religious system, the native food animals were mainly forbidden to women.

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Vancouver's journal records his troubles with the mutual jealousies of the Hawaiian nobles. The astute voyager soon realized, however, that Kamehameha was the real power, and the two became firm friends. It must have been a merry sight when the island king first donned the full length scarlet coat, adorned with tinsel lace, trimmed with varicolored tape, and tied down the front with blue ribbons, which Vancouver gave him, and strutted between two mirrors, admiring his finery. Vancouver was careful to give no other chief so gaudy a garment. He took back better than he had brought—Kamehameha's own war cloak of feathers, pierced by spears of battle, as a gift to King George.

Vancouver on one occasion was near the fate of Captain Cook. He had given a feast at which Kameeiamoku, captor of the *Fair American*, drank too freely of his host's rum. The chief at first thought he had been poisoned, and one of his retainers had already drawn a dagger for vengeance, when Kamehameha saved the situation by taking the distressed chief outside to revive in the open air.

The chiefs of the island of Hawaii, thinking to induce Vancouver to help them conquer neighboring islands, told him they wanted to ask King George to "protect our country." Apparently mistaking their intention, Vancouver had the British flag hoisted and a plate left in Kamehameha's house recording the "unanimous cession" of the island of Hawaii to Great Britain. The natives shouted, "We are men of Britain," but the "cession" never was ratified at London.

The fate Vancouver escaped fell upon three of his command on the storeship *Daedalus*, which was to meet him at the islands. Anchoring off Waimea, Oahu, this vessel caused as much astonishment as Cook's ships had done at Kauai.

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A watering party fell into a dispute with natives, and the scenes of Cook's death were reenacted.

"They cry out; they are not gods, but men," said one. And another: "Be not in haste to kill Lono of the Deep Blue Sky."

In the affray Lieutenant Hergest, commander of the *Daedalus*, Gooch the astronomer, and a Portuguese sailor were killed.

Guns were fired from the ship. "The burning sand," said the natives, referring to gunpowder, "is a deadly thing. Had we let the two gods live, we should all be dead."

Arriving at Oahu, Vancouver demanded satisfaction. Three suspects, half their bodies tattooed black, were produced, duly tried aboard ship, and shot by a chief who claimed jurisdiction over them. Later, after Christianity had made some headway in the islands, a converted chief revealed that the men were victims picked at random to satisfy the foreigner.

Some captains, less wary than Vancouver, took part in native wars. One of them was Captain Brown, who discovered Honolulu harbor. Returning from a victory he had helped the king of Oahu to gain over a rival, he fired a salute in honor of the triumph. A wad from one of the guns whizzed through an open porthole of the *Lady Washington*, alongside, and Captain John Kendrick fell dead at his dinner table. Hawaiians, viewing the burial rites, interpreted them as sorcery to bring about the death of Brown.

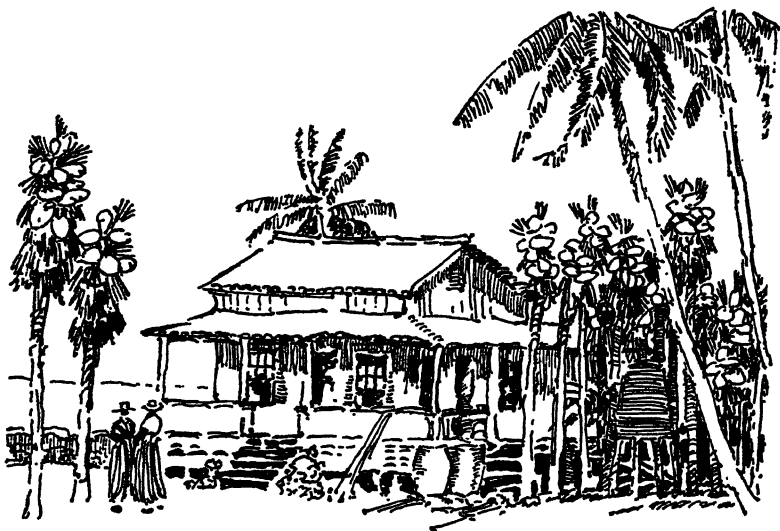
Perhaps this belief encouraged them to think Brown an easy prey. Creeping up upon him while he was gathering salt ashore, the Oahu chiefs killed him and seized his ship, then put to sea to attack Kamehameha. As they entered the channel, however, one after another writhed in the pangs of

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seasickness. The English seamen had spread a nauseous oil on the rigging, and that and the turbulent waves of the channel had done the work. The crew overpowered and bound them, recovered the ship, and sold the arms aboard to Kamehameha.

There were many others: Captain Louis-Claude de Saulces de Freycinet and his wife Rose-Marie, first European woman in Hawaii; Captain Richard Cleveland, who brought the first horses and made the Hawaiians for a time a nation of centaurs; Captain Meek, who had turkeys aboard. One of the king's wives saw and demanded them, and the wild turkeys that still furnish Thanksgiving dinners to hunters on the slopes of Mauna Loa are descendants of those early fowls.

As trade developed, towns already partly foreign grew up on the sites of the old villages of grass huts. Merchants established themselves; sea-captains settled down ashore. The old Hawaii passed; the foreigners from beyond the pillars that upheld the sky became numerous in the land. The economic history of Hawaii had begun.



#### IV FOR WHOM THE GODS FOUGHT

**W**HEN Captain Cook's "floating islands" burst through the horizon to astonish the Hawaiians in 1778 and the following year, a young chief was rising on the Island of Hawaii. In the train of Kalaniopuu, king of that island, when he boarded Cook's ships off Maui, was the aged king's nephew Kamehameha, then feudal lord of a small district in Kohala. Exhibiting the independence and fearlessness that distinguished him in later years, the young man remained all night aboard the *Resolution*, to the great anxiety of the king. Thus the obscure Kohala chief



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was among the first to meet European visitors, whose arrival meant ultimately the end of the Hawaii he then knew.

For Kamehameha enters the story at its most fateful turning point. He is a link between stone-age Hawaii and the world of iron. In the span of his life, legend merges into history: his birth and childhood flee from the chronicler into the mists of an age of fable; his manhood is recorded in European archives of state. The very date of his birth is a matter of dispute—yet Cook and Vancouver and many another shipmaster spoke with him; kings and emperors exchanged with him their gifts; he who believed himself descended from the gods to whom he sacrificed human victims lived to be compared to a warrior of whose race, until maturity, he had never heard, as “the Napoleon of the Pacific.”

The year is gone from us: Old Hawaii did not count by years, for time had not the importance it has for us of this age of clocks and speed and definite appointments in a nervous, high-gearred life. Historians dispute with almost theological vehemence whether it was 1736 or twenty-odd years later. But perhaps the how is more significant than the when.

It was in the moon Ikuwa, or, by the modern calendar, about November, in the season of the rains. War stirred in the land: Alapainui, king of the island of Hawaii, was assembling his chiefs, his war canoes, his slingers and spear-men, at Kohala, northernmost district of his island, to invade the neighboring island of Maui.

That night, storm crashed over Kohala. Wind lashed banana leaves to ribbons and bowed towering palms; the fierce rain of a Hawaiian winter beat upon the fields of

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sweet potatoes and of taro; lightning wrote fiery messages across the sky, and thunder rolled above the first cry of the child born to the Chieftess Kekuapoiwa and her husband Keoua. It is said, too, that a strange new star blazed through a gap in the clouds over the village of Kokoiki where the child lay—a star whose crude representation remains carved on a stone somewhere in that rugged land. Modern astronomers have sought to identify it as Halley's comet, fixing the year for this world that sets so much store by dates. There have been, however, many comets.

Nor were these the only portents, if one may credit native traditions preserved by the late Albert Pierce Taylor, librarian of the archives. The expectant mother, returning from a visit to the court of Kahekili of Maui, had startled the chiefs by asking that a certain chief be killed, that she might have his eyeballs.

The request was considered unusual, even in those violent days.

"He is too great a chief to be slain for a woman's whim," the king replied. Alarmed, he summoned his star-diviners, who interpreted the omen: "A man is coming who will slay the chiefs."

The memory of this king is preserved for the posterity of another race by a long wooden platter in the Bishop Museum at Honolulu—the platter on which it was his custom to carve the flesh of his enemies for shark bait. This grim sovereign, as the outstanding slayer of chiefs on that island, was of no mind to permit a rival.

"We shall pluck the young shoot lest it thrive and spread," was the royal comment.

One of the seers, however, warned the mother. All was ready in the thatched house at Kokoiki on that night of

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storm. A friendly chief, guarding the pass, signaled approach of the king's men. The herald, looking into the house, saw only a bundle of fiber in a corner, such as was used for the groundwork of a feather cloak.

"Have you seen a man carrying a child?"

"Yes, he went that way," answered a woman of the household.

The herald passed on the false track, while a friendly chief drew the child from under the bundle of fiber and carried him through the clearing storm to a secluded mountain valley. The king of Maui—reputed by some native sources to have been the real father—sent his two half-brothers as guardians. In the mountain retreat, the boy remained about twelve years, until it was thought safe for him to return to court, under the protection of his uncles, who dedicated him in the temple as a warrior.

Young Kamehameha had ample training in war, for he lived in a troubled time. Almost continuous fighting followed the death of King Alapainui: first, civil war on Hawaii, from which Kamehameha's uncle Kalaniopuu emerged as ruler; then a succession of expeditions to Maui and its allied islands, in progress when Captain Cook arrived. Kamehameha distinguished himself in these campaigns, in the course of which a seer composed a chant which has been interpreted as a prophecy of his rise:

"Behold the shadow of one seizing the land! . . ."

Kalaniopuu, growing old, summoned the chiefs to proclaim the succession. His own son, Kiwalao, was his heir. Kamehameha, however, was to be guardian of the image of the war god—an office carrying tremendous prestige and an important psychological factor in battle.

The youth again showed, shortly after this announce-

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ment, his ambitious force of character. A captured rebel chief was to be sacrificed, as custom decreed, to the gods. The heir apparent, as the king's representative, was preparing for the ceremony, when his cousin Kamehameha, boldly thrusting him aside, himself offered up the body. This forward act—of much greater significance in the society of that time than can easily be understood to-day—caused so much dissension that Kamehameha went into retirement, taking with him the war god and a party of fighting men, and remained in seclusion until after the king's death in 1782.

After the death of his royal uncle, the chiefs of the Kona district, dissatisfied with the redistribution of feudal holdings by his successor, chose Kamehameha as their leader. For the next ten years, conditions resembled those at various periods in the history of China, as rival war lords overran the country.

Early in this decade of warfare occurred one of the most often quoted incidents of the Conqueror's career. Kamehameha, voyaging by canoe along the Puna coast, landed to attack fishermen attached to one of his foes. Pursuing them over the rough lava, one of his feet was caught in a crevice. That misstep threatened to be the end of Kamehameha. For one of the fishermen, turning back, brought a canoe-paddle down on the pursuer's head, with such force that the paddle broke. Not lingering, however, to follow up his advantage, the fisherman fled.

Ten years later, the same men were captured and brought before Kamehameha, expecting nothing less than a death sentence.

The king's inquiring mind was to the fore.

"Why did you hit me only once?" he asked.

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"I thought once would be enough," the fisherman replied.

It is not recorded that Kamehameha laughed. He is not represented, in most contemporary accounts, as given to merriment. But the tale relates that he freed the fishermen and gave them land.

The law he then proclaimed to establish security in his kingdom has been connected by tradition with this incident—though interpretations vary—as "the law of the broken paddle." Its words have been translated: "Citizens, respect your gods. Respect the big man and the little man. Let the old men, the women and children, walk upon the highway and lie down in the road in peace. Let none disturb them. The penalty is death."

A detailed account of that ten years of chess-board march and countermarch would be confusing and wearisome. By 1790 only one formidable rival remained on Hawaii—a chief bearing the same name as Kamehameha's reputed father, Keoua. Then, according to native belief, the gods took a hand in the campaign.

Keoua's men, early in that year, marched over the lava deserts on the flank of the active volcano Kilauea, after endeavoring, as the missionary historian Hiram Bingham later scornfully recorded, "by vain expedients" to appease the goddess Pele. Rumbling and dust clouds from the crater increased; nevertheless on the third day they advanced.

"The earth trembled under their feet." Bingham quoted reputed eye-witnesses. "A dense dark cloud arose from the crater. Lightning and thunder burst forth over their heads; darkness covered them; a shower of cinders and sand descended...."

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When the rear division came up, shouts of greeting changed to shrieks of terror. The warriors of the middle troop, in such lifelike attitudes on the weird cindery plain, were dead. The goddess had breathed a poisonous volcanic gas upon them.

The signature of that lost battalion is pointed out to-day in the Kau desert—a line of footprints, hardened by weather in the volcanic ash. Survivors told the missionary writer William Ellis that only about eighty warriors actually were victims, but their loss in these circumstances had a tremendous moral effect, and resistance was practically at an end. Word ran through the island: "The gods fight on Kamehameha's side."

The opposing chief, Keoua, escaped this disaster only to succumb soon afterward to an obscure treachery at the hands of one of Kamehameha's generals. Voyaging by canoe to a parley at Kawaihae, he was speared by the grim warrior Keeaumoku. This assassination left Kamehameha in control of the entire Island of Hawaii.

But the larger conquest had only begun. Meanwhile another war lord, Kalanikupule, had gained mastery over Maui, Oahu, Molokai, and smaller isles adjacent, and was allied with the king of Kauai and Niihau. He had even raided Kamehameha's territory but had been defeated in a sea battle off Kohala, known as the Battle of the Red-Mouthed Gun, because it was the first in which both armies, or navies, had used firearms.

For Kamehameha and other chiefs had already begun to turn to account the contact with Europeans that had begun with Captain Cook's arrival. Guns had been obtained by trading or by capture of foreign vessels cut off by ac-

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quisitive chiefs; runaway sailors and adventurers had attached themselves to this or that rising power, and as we have seen, Kamehameha had detained forcibly at least two, who had become trusted advisers.

The bulk of the army, however, still consisted of slingers and spearmen, nude save for loin-cloths, their heads protected by rude helmets of gourds or turbans of bark-cloth, led by chiefs in feather helmets and feather mantles, and by priests bearing aloft the grimacing images of gods.

Kahekili, "the Thunderer," of Maui, died in 1794, and his brother and son, dividing his possessions, fought among themselves. In February, 1795, Kamehameha struck.

Bearing the largest army that ever had been assembled in the islands, traditionally numbered at sixteen thousand men, including sixteen foreigners, his fleet of large double canoes sailed to Maui. Like European generals of old who burned bridges behind them that none might flee, he had the canoes taken apart and buried in the sand, then addressed his chiefs in words, a part of which survive as the battle-cry of football warriors for the school that bears his name:

"Forward, my younger brothers, until you drink of the bitter water, for to retreat is death!"

The conquest of Maui and Molokai was brief and largely uninteresting. The decisive struggle was to come on the island of Oahu, in districts now a part of the city of Honolulu. Kamehameha, according to most accounts, landed at Waikiki, drawing up his canoes between the present sites of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and the Waialae Country Club. His headquarters were in a grove of coconut trees, some of which are said still to stand in the Royal Hawaiian grounds.

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When he arrived there, two of his prominent generals were missing. Kaiana, a turbulent lord, had fallen under suspicion of the elder Kona chiefs; furthermore, gossip of the time reported him to have been involved in a love affair with Kaahumanu, favorite among the twenty-two wives ascribed to Kamehameha. Whatever the cause, Kaiana was not invited to the war council on Molokai before the Oahu invasion. Kalakaua, a later king, wrote that Kaahumanu warned her lover he was marked for death. So Kaiana and his brother went over to the enemy.

Kamehameha moved deliberately. He planted taro in the wet lands between Waikiki and Manoa Valley, and sweet potatoes on the hills. Not until April or May did he advance, marching across the present Honolulu districts of Waikiki, Pawaa, and Makiki, to draw up his battle front in the lower part of Nuuanu Valley.

It is noteworthy that Kamehameha, perhaps on the advice of his foreign counselors, did not take part personally in the hand-to-hand fighting as native chiefs were wont to do and as he had done in the past, but directed operations, like a civilized general, from the rear.

The enemy vanguard was entrenched behind a stone barricade near the present royal mausoleum and the golf-links of Oahu Country Club, under command of the deserter Kaiana. In most of the battles there is room for question as to how far Kamehameha's artillery contributed physically to defeat of the enemy, and how much of its effect was psychological. But in this engagement, a cannon ball gave Kamehameha the advantage from the start. As the Hawaii troops advanced, they saw their erstwhile comrade, Kaiana, brandishing a musket, in the enemy's front rank, and heard his boastful taunts come down the wind.



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One of Kamehameha's foreign gunners took aim, and Kaiana fell, mortally wounded.

The Oahuans became demoralized. Up the narrowing valley they fled, the voice of King Kalanikupule bellowing above the tumult in an endeavor to rally his warriors. They did rally, for a time, despite the deadly fire from the foreign battery. Men and women together, they turned, where the ascending valley reaches a sharp brink and drops precipitously to the Koolau lands twelve hundred feet below.

Rugged, misty mountains guard that narrow pass; here always the wind shrieks through the narrow cleft; it was a fitting scene for the battle that was to decide a kingdom. To right and left of the defenders towered steep, slippery mountain walls; before them the sheer chasm. So they turned to meet the spears and slingstones and bullets, fighting desperately, preferring to fall with spear in hand rather than wait to have their brains dashed out on the altars of Kamehameha's gods. But the invaders were too strong. Kamehameha's thousands came thrusting up the valley. Oahu warriors fell in rows. They broke again; in desperation some scrambled up the steep mountainsides. About three hundred were pushed back, still fighting step by step, until they plunged over the precipice. Whitened bones still are found beneath that rocky wall of death. The Oahu king was among those who scaled the heights. For months he fled from valley to wild valley, hiding in caverns of the mist-wreathed peaks, only to be captured at last and sacrificed to the war god.

Kamehameha was now lord of all the islands save the northernmost, Kauai and Niihau. On a dark night in the spring of 1796 his war canoes sailed northward. History again is unsatisfactory: published accounts say his fleet was

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scattered and largely destroyed by storm. From native sources on Kauai, scorned by scientific researchers as a "neo-myth," a different story has been obtained. On a sun-bleached shore of that island, shifting sands uncover many bones. There, the old folk say, the men of Kauai drove back the invaders with fearful loss, sinking the canoes with heavy stones. The story of the storm, this version says, was given out by the remnant, on their return to Oahu, to hide the defeat.

Perhaps the king of Kauai had powerful gods. For a second attempt eight years later met even worse disaster. Chiefs and warriors, stricken by mysterious illness, fell where they stood and Kamehameha's camp was a field of death. Kamehameha himself was disabled by the pestilence, which is believed to have been quick cholera, but recovered. Half his fighting men died.

Peaceful cession, however, brought him what force had failed to obtain. Kaumualii, king of the northern islands, knowing he could not hold out permanently against the southern hordes, offered a pledge of fealty. It was agreed, in the spring of 1810, that Kaumualii was to remain nominal sovereign of Kauai and Niihau while he lived, but on his death the rule of those islands was to pass to Kamehameha's son Liholiho.

The wars were over. The Conqueror turned to the more constructive tasks of rehabilitation: promotion of agriculture, conservation of resources, ship-building, and the short-lived but immediate profits of the sandalwood trade. Aided by white and brown chiefs, he repaired the ravages of years of war, cultivated relations with foreign powers, and established peace and security throughout the islands for the first time in many years.

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Anecdotes survive, in the journals of voyagers, that cast some light on the character of this first king of united Hawaii. Like many another native ruler, he acquired for a time a taste for the foreigners' alcoholic liquors, and showed himself a shrewd bargainer for them. Captain Barber, for whom Barber's Point near Honolulu was named, served the king rum aboard his ship, and the king wanted to buy some. Next day, bringing containers, he remarked that the rum for sale was paler than that which he had enjoyed as a guest. Calling for two glasses, he filled one from the cask and the other from the bottle given him the day before.

"Not the same," he complained, had all the liquor poured back, and refused to trade with Barber thereafter. Later, when the ship was wrecked at Barber's Point on Oahu and the wreck looted, the captain went to the king to complain. He found him in the mountains, supervising the building of a canoe. Thirsty with the climb, Barber asked for a drink.

"Barber," the king replied, "you don't like rum; you like water."

Whereupon, satisfied with this dour jest, Kamehameha passed his guest the bottle and ordered justice done, sending his royal spittoon-bearer to see that the goods taken from the wreck were restored.

Unlike many of his countrymen, however, Kamehameha refused to be enslaved by drink. Archibald Campbell, his guest in 1809, reported that the king served himself half a glass of rum at dinner and no more, carefully putting the bottle away—though the queens would get it out in his absence. On advice of his favorite foreign counselor, John Young, Kamehameha eventually became a total abstainer,

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carrying abstinence so far that on one occasion when, the king being ill, Don Francisco de Paula Marin offered him a drink as a remedy, he hurled it in the Spaniard's face.

Campbell told how the king would sit for hours playing *konane*, the Hawaiian game of checkers, with his chiefs, none of whom could defeat him. At other times he would work in his taro field like the humblest subject.

When Campbell decided to return to England, Kamehameha told him: "If my belly told me to go, I would go. If your belly tells you to go, then go." He asked Campbell to give the royal Hawaiian compliments to King George. The sailor replied that he had never met King George, whereupon the Hawaiian monarch, in surprise, asked: "Does he not go about among his people to learn their wants, as I do?" Campbell told him the British king had men who did it for him. Kamehameha shook his head. "Nobody else can do it as well as I myself," he said.

In conversation with foreigners, Kamehameha listened with interest but was not always convinced. He had his own method of argument. When told of the roundness of the earth and that people were walking about on the other side of it, the king performed a rudimentary experiment in physics. He put a piece of cheese on a ship's biscuit and the biscuit on a plate: the plate, he said, was the earth; the biscuit, Hawaii; the cheese, Kamehameha. Tipping the plate, he sent "Hawaii" and "Kamehameha" sailing through space. In his mind, this demonstrated the absurdity of the foreign notion.

Aboard ships, he observed the use of knives and forks; then, inviting shipmasters to his "palace," said: "I have watched the foreigners eat. Now the foreigners can watch Kamehameha eat." Taking food with his fingers, as

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Europe's rulers likewise had done in their feudal period, he added: "These are my customs; I will not change them."

He heard, too, the visitors' words of religion. To the Russian officer Kotzebue, pointing out the images on the sacred place: "These are my gods, whom I worship; whether I do right or wrong I do not know, but I follow my faith, which can not be evil, since it commands me to do no wrong."

Captain Cleveland, who visited Hawaii in 1803, recounted an amusing incident of an attempt to convert the king to Christianity. Kamehameha listened attentively while an Episcopalian clergyman, "Padre" Howell, told of the power of the Deity.

"If that be so," the king suggested, "jump off yonder cliff. If your god is strong as you say, He will hold you up and you will not be hurt. Then I will agree that He is greater than my gods."

Like the experiment of the cheese, the biscuit, and the plate, this was final. Kamehameha died in the faith in which he had lived.

In May, 1819, at Kailua, island of Hawaii, he fell ill of, as has been surmised, a form of influenza. As he grew worse, priests and chiefs proposed human sacrifices to placate the gods. Perhaps the king was weary of slaughter, or he knew, as Polynesians often do, that his time had come and that no sacrifice would change his destiny. At all events, he withheld consent. "The lives of my people," he said, "belong to my successor."

Native accounts of the scene reveal the primitive character of living conditions even then, after forty years' contact with European civilization. The tabu system was still in force, under which a family of rank had no fewer than

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six houses for various purposes. Weak as he was, he was lifted from the sleeping house to the eating house repeatedly, to take a mouthful of poi, and back again. The chiefs gathered around him. One of them spoke:

"Here are we all: your younger brethren, your successor and your foreigner; give us your charge. . . ."

Rousing himself briefly, the king feebly counseled them: "Go on in my good way—"

Too weak to continue, he embraced the neck of his foreign friend (probably the kidnapped sailor John Young), drew him down and saluted him by touching noses in the native manner. Taking leave similarly of the high chief Hoapili, he whispered in his ear—what words he said the account does not state, but it is surmised that he gave instructions for his burial.

That day Don Francisco de Paula Marin wrote in his journal:

"May 8, 1819—King Kamehameha I died, aged sixty years and six months."

His bones were hidden lest they be made into fish-hooks by enemies or by those seeking advantage of the magic power believed to reside in them. One man alone, a descendant of the chief who hid them, is believed to hold the secret. When the official though historically doubtful "bicentenary" of Kamehameha was observed in June, 1936, it was hoped he would relent and reveal the place. But he kept the silence enjoined by tradition.

Of the Conqueror's physical appearance, we have some inkling in voyagers' descriptions. He was over six feet tall, of powerful physique, though inclined, like many chiefs, to corpulence in his later years: "a stout, well made man," wrote Campbell in 1809, "rather darker in complexion than

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the natives usually are, and wants two of his front teeth. The expression of his countenance is agreeable and he is mild and affable in his manners and exhibits great warmth of feeling, for I have seen him shed tears upon the departure of those to whom he was attached."

Two portraits preserve his reputed likeness. A copy of an original painted by Choris, artist with the Kotzebue expedition of 1816, looks down from the wall of the palace of his successors. He appears therein as an elderly man, by no means handsome, whose features bear lingering traces of what Lieutenant King, of Captain Cook's company, pronounced "the most savage face" he had ever seen, but modified by the change that seems, with time, to have mellowed his disposition. Captain Vancouver wrote that "his riper years had softened that stern ferocity . . . and had changed his general deportment to an address characteristic of a cheerful and sensible mind, combined with generosity and goodness of spirit." It is likely that the artist did not obtain a very close likeness, for the king is reported, in a spirit of mischief, to have "made faces" throughout the sitting. Choris reproduced faithfully, however, the red waistcoat, a gift of Vancouver, that the king insisted upon wearing.

From most accounts Kamehameha seems to have been a serious, even somber person, seldom if ever smiling, but fond of athletic games. He was noted, even in old age, as a surf rider; he learned to ride a horse—an animal unknown to him in his youth; he was skilful in the martial exercises of his people. Vancouver saw eight spears cast at him at one time in the annual games, three of which he caught, three warded off, and two dodged. When one visiting captain remonstrated with him on the dangers of such a

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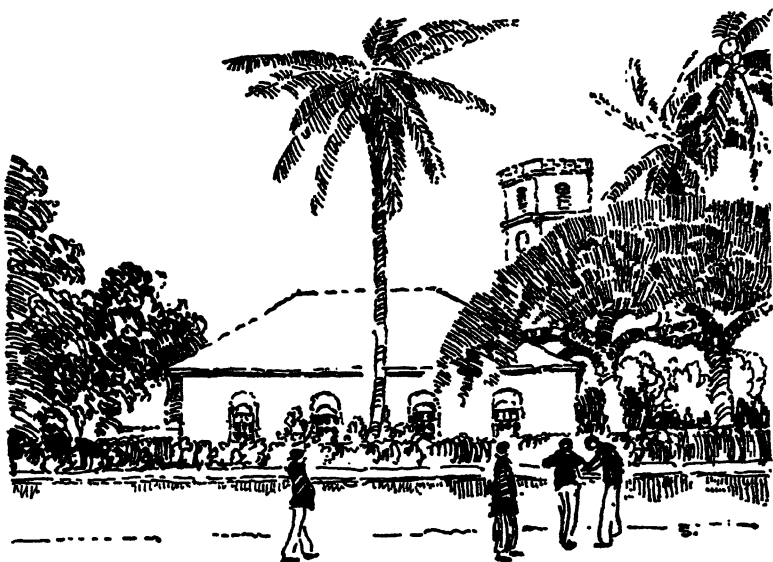
practice, he replied: "I am as able to dodge a spear as any other man is to throw one."

In a life much occupied with military campaigning and with affairs of state, he seems to have had time for softer things. The Rev. Hiram Bingham reported that the king had had twenty-two wives, several of them at one time, nine of whom bore him fourteen children. Keopulani, mother of his heirs, was highest in rank—higher, indeed, than Kamehameha himself, for one authority says the king was accustomed to kneel in her presence. But Kaahumanu, young and wayward, was his favorite. Because of her, he had a chief killed; spying upon him in her own turn of jealousy, she hid under a stone that is still pointed out at Honaunau; and the handsome, vain, unlucky Kaiana seems to have lost favor largely through looking too long upon her beauty.

Vancouver tried to reconcile the king and his favorite queen—successfully, some chroniclers say, though one quotes the king as saying, with some spirit, that Vancouver might advise him on affairs of state but his family troubles were his own exclusive concern. Reconciled, however, they were, though in after years she told Bingham that her royal husband had often beaten her, and she once attempted to flee by canoe to Kauai.

In some dark cave on the lonely heights of Kona, he sleeps, and over the land he ruled flies the flag of a country that knows no kings. While he lay dying in that thatched hut at Kailua, events were preparing, on the other side of the world, for a new conquest of the land that he had wrested from its lords. And his death precipitated, at home, an event to which contacts with the European and American world had been leading through all the latter years of his life—the death of the gods in whose faith he died.





## V THE GOD IN THE BLACK BOX

**T**HE ancient worship did not long survive Kamehameha. Forty years of contact with seafaring representatives of European civilization had worn away old beliefs. White men no longer were gods, but a source of foreign luxuries for the nobility, to be purchased for sandalwood wrung from the toil of commoners.

White men daily violated tabu with impunity, and the more sophisticated of the Hawaiian ruling class no longer believed in the gods, though Kamehameha, while he lived,

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had upheld the religious system which had helped him win his battles and which strengthened his government. To be sure, he had asked Vancouver to send "teachers," which the British navigator interpreted as missionaries, but none had been sent, and the conduct of some representatives of Christian nations had not impressed the king favorably as to the merits of the faith.

The tabu system, however, had become a burden even to the classes that profited by it. Princess Kapiolani told Mrs. Judd that she and another princess had once been condemned for eating bananas, a food forbidden to women, but had escaped through the substitute sacrifice of Kapiolani's favorite page, who was strangled on the altar at Honaunau.

With the death of Kamehameha came the opportunity to throw off openly the outmoded restrictions which were already being violated secretly. It appears there was no thought of accepting Christianity; a group of powerful nobles simply were tired of the old religion and determined to abolish it. Kaahumanu, the late king's stormy favorite, seems to have been the moving force. Always high-spirited, she had chafed under rules that forbade women to eat with men or to enjoy certain foods. Now that Kamehameha was gone, Kaahumanu was going to eat what she pleased. Hewahewa, high priest of the old order—seemingly to his own disadvantage and hence presumably out of intellectual honesty—abetted her, as did the influential chief Kalaimoku. They conspired with the queen mother Keopulani to induce the young king Liholiho to abolish formally the tabu.

He did so about six months after his father's death. Liholiho, returning to his seat of government at Kailua

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on the island of Hawaii from the northern part of that island, was in a reckless mood, having been drinking at sea with his companions for two days. The queen mother first ate with her younger son, and the high priest assured the king no harm would come. Whereupon the rulers prepared for a public abandonment of the faith upon which all their national institutions were founded and with which the entire life of the country was intertwined.

The chiefs assembled for a feast on "the third night of the new moon" when the annual games in honor of the god Lono were to have begun. Men and women sat in separate thatched pavilions, each with the foods permitted them under existing law. The high priest blessed the meal. The king, hitherto hesitant, sent forbidden delicacies to the women, then arose and joined them.

This was the most revolutionary act conceivable in Old Hawaii. The still devout must have been dumbfounded that heaven failed to avenge at once the sacrilege. The whole fabric of society, as they knew it, was shattered by that act.

"The gods die," shouted Hewahewa, and rushed out to set fire with his own hands to such portions of his temple as would burn.

But the gods still had defenders—priests who still believed or who did not like to see their occupation and privileges perish in the smoke of burning temples; chiefs who still believed, or who saw advancement in renewed war. At their head was Kekuaoakalani, cousin to the reigning king, and priest second in authority only to Hewahewa himself.

Revolt broke out almost immediately in the district of Hamakua. But the wily old campaigner Kalaimoku counseled: "The uprising in Hamakua is but a leaf of the tree. Let us lay the ax at the root, and the leaves will wither."

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The queen mother went to plead with Kekuaokalani, who replied that nothing would satisfy him short of complete restoration of temple worship. That meant war.

It was no mean revolt. The government thought seriously enough of it to send the great chief Kalaimoku into the field in person, while two of the dowager queens served as admirals, commanding a squadron of war canoes. The later King Kalakaua, in his account of this affair, commented that but for foreign guns, the warrior-priest would have won. At the crisis of the fighting a battalion of musketeers, including some foreigners, charged the rebel center. The gods lost.

Kekuaokalani and his wife Manono fought side by side to the last. Weak from loss of blood, Kekuaokalani sat on a stone, firing his musket until a bullet pierced his chest. Pulling his feather cloak over his face, he died. His wife a moment later fell dead across his body.

Kalakaua's history relates that Kalaimoku, first to approach them, said to his followers: "Since the days of the great king Keawe, a grander Hawaiian has not lived."

Thus the old gods perished, and Hawaii was a nation without a religion. But the new faith was on the way.

Hewahewa seems to have foreseen that missionaries would come to Hawaii, as they already had come to Tahiti. He told them, when they did arrive, that he had always thought there was only one god. He was the same of whom a missionary writer recorded with no apparent consciousness of anticlimax: "Hewahewa confessed that he had been guilty not only of murder but also of drunkenness."

However that may be, a persistent legend relates that, pointing to a stone on the shore of Kailua Bay, Hewahewa said: "O king, here the true God will come." A few days later the brig *Thaddeus*, of Boston, bearing the first Chris-

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tian missionaries to Hawaii, arrived in the bay and the Rev. Hiram Bingham and his company landed at the spot designated in the prophecy. In their hands was a black, boxlike object—the Bible—recalling a still earlier prophecy that the true God would come “in a black box.”

But the story goes back further than the high priest's augury. A few miles from the missionaries' landing place, at a corner of an ancestral temple to the old gods, stands a monument inscribed:

In memory of Henry Opukahaia, born in Kau, 1792; resided at Napoopoo, 1797-1808; lived in New England until he died at Cornwall, Connecticut, in 1818. His zeal for Christ and love for his people inspired the first American Board mission to Hawaii in 1820.

Opukahaia had been taken by a trader to New Haven, where E. W. Dwight, “a gentleman of intelligence and piety,” found the boy weeping on the steps of Yale because, he explained, of his ignorance and that of his people. Dwight tutored him, and when the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions founded a special school at Cornwall, Opukahaia became a student there to fit himself to carry education and Christianity to his people.

He was never to do so in person, but on his death-bed in Cornwall he said: “God will carry through His work for us.” Hiram Bingham volunteered for the service while visiting Cornwall the next year—the year of Kamehameha's death—and was joined by his classmate at Andover, Asa Thurston, with others.

It was a well-organized party that set out from Boston in October of 1819, a few weeks before Liholiho publicly abjured the gods. Besides the ordained ministers Bingham and Thurston, there were a physician, two teachers, a printer, a farmer, and their wives. For the elders had held it

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was not well to send bachelors into the moral perils of a heathen land. The farmer, Chamberlain, was already married and had five children. Some of the younger men were betrothed, but not all New England girls were prepared for the hardships of missionary life, and several engagements were broken, to be replaced before sailing with marriages to more zealous partners.

It required higher courage than can now be readily imagined, to embark on that venture. Only a faith approaching fanaticism could have sustained them. No rumor of overthrow of the old gods had reached them. Until their actual arrival they supposed themselves to be entering a hostile country, to face a savage heathen king and a powerful and jealous priesthood, among whom their lives would be momentarily at hazard.

The voyage itself was more formidable than anything of the kind to-day—nearly six months at sea, under sail, around Cape Horn. Crowded, two families to a room, and suffering all the discomforts of half a year at sea, they kept their faith high. Bingham and Thurston practiced evangelism on the crew, while one of their secular brethren, making himself useful by painting ship, fell overboard and had to be rescued.

Late in March they sighted the snow-topped peak of Mauna Kea, and a few days later an officer of the ship, going ashore, brought back the news: "The gods are no more. Kamehameha is dead; Liholiho is king; the tabu is broken."

It imparts an odd thrill to the heart to think of those bearded young crusaders Bingham and Thurston standing on the maintop, off Kawaihae that evening, leading the singing of "Head of the Church Triumphant."

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"How were our hearts surprised!" wrote Bingham. But "some of our number, with gushing tears, turned away from the spectacle as the all but nude islanders, with wild cries, swam about the ship."

Obstacles had not been entirely removed by the abandonment of the pagan faith. The missionaries had yet to obtain the king's permission to carry on their work. The king protested: if he received these missionaries he might be permitted to keep only one of his five wives.

Nevertheless the king—and his wives—were entertained aboard the *Thaddeus* when the mission party arrived early in April at Kailua, 163 days from Boston. The company sang hymns, which pious entertainment, Bingham recorded, apparently pleased their royal guests.

Then began a series of conferences with the king and chiefs, interrupted repeatedly, to the scandal of the godly New Englanders, by intrusion of hula dancers, whereupon the king would wave aside the missionaries and watch the dance. Bingham thought he did well to obtain, in only twelve days, the king's permission to remain a year. It is said Liholiho first inquired whether these were the teachers his father had asked Vancouver to send. On being informed they were not, he was about to exclude them, when John Young, his father's English adviser, interposed and persuaded him to admit them. The queens, too, favored the visitors, with an eye to the mission ladies' clothes. On the voyage from Kawaihae to Kailua, one queen had already asked them to make a dress for her. The result was the "mother hubbard" garment since known as *holoku*, which became the national costume of Hawaiian women. Mrs. Bingham and her companions could not have realized, when they cut that ample garment, that its style would be per-

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petuated—and worn in this modern day with such queenly dignity!

Natives crowded around them when they landed. White men were no novelty, but white women were. "They have hats with a spout," one described them. "Their faces are round and far in; their necks are long"—and missionary women thereafter were known as "long-necks."

The Chamberlain children aroused even greater interest; the queens insisted on taking the baby home with them, and the mother dared not refuse, lest she alienate potential friends of the mission. Had she known of the island custom of exchanging children, her fears might have been increased, but the baby, after a day or so in the royal household, was returned.

The missionaries' letters and journals indicate that they did not enjoy their first homes in the islands: grass houses, "filthy," according to Bingham, and infested with vermin—in contrast to the usual experience of Polynesian habitations. No doubt the floorless huts did seem dirty by contrast with the neat farm-houses of New England, and their structure, however well adapted to conditions before the coming of white men, must have furthered increase of such insect plagues as sailors, traders, and miscellaneous settlers had introduced.

They lived mainly on salt pork, salt beef and moldy ships' biscuit, supplemented with such native vegetables as taro. Flour and sugar were so scarce that they were saved for the sick. Fuel was brought from the mountains on men's shoulders; water in calabashes from distant springs; the women, on their arrival, as one of them recorded, had a six months' washing to do "in a heathen brook."

The women's labors were augmented by royal demands



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for clothes. All the queens had to be fitted out, and, as Bingham estimates the average weight of a male or female chief at three hundred pounds, this was no mean task. The king once ordered Mrs. Bingham to make him five shirts, "ruffled, with plicated sleeves."

The men meanwhile undertook the tremendous task of converting a nation with whose language and customs they were only slightly acquainted through "lessons" given by three Hawaiians aboard ship. These original missionaries, however, were men of unusual ability, animated by a driving zeal which, if it led them at times into what to-day might be accounted bigotry, was no doubt necessary to sustain them. Some were men of exceptionally sound scholarship, with that rare faculty, a sense of language. In an amazingly short time they had learned enough of the Hawaiian tongue to reduce it to writing, and on commendably scientific principles.

The king and his queens and chiefs were the first pupils. "If the *palapala*—the written or printed word—is a bad thing," they said, "we do not want the people to know of it; if it is good, we must have it first, for it is not right that a people know more than their rulers."

The next few years saw, as several historians have described it, a nation at school. Knowledge of reading and writing had, indeed, become so involved in the native mind with religion that many thought when they had learned their letters they had thereby fulfilled the law and the prophets. The missionaries had no end of trouble in obtaining satisfactory evidence of moral and spiritual regeneration.

The first churches were described by Bingham as "a long haystack without and a cage in a haymow within."

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Congregations assembled in amazing variety of costume. Foreign garments were thought to be quite the thing, but scarcely any native possessed a complete outfit. One man would come to church in only a coat, buttoned up the back, another in a shirt and loin-cloth, still another in jacket and necktie. Churches in some districts were equipped with cuspidors—not for smokers, as the New England-Hawaiian clergy abhorred tobacco. So impressive were their exhortations against it that one native, on being asked, "What is the greatest Commandment?" replied: "Thou shalt not smoke tobacco!"

Opposition came not, as had been feared, from natives, but from some resident white men. The Hawaiians, accustomed to feudal despotism, accepted the new religion, when adopted by their rulers, as a state faith. Some white settlers, however, disliked to see their influence with king and chiefs threatened by psalm-singing new-comers whom they regarded as interfering busybodies. Jean Rives, a Frenchman in Liholiho's service, obtained an order for the missionaries' expulsion, and they were so alarmed that they applied to the Russian government at Kamchatka for refuge, but the order never was executed. An early church in Honolulu was destroyed by a burning cigar thrown into the thatch, and when rebuilt, was fired again.

The greatest difficulty, however, was to convey to the native mind ideas for which no adequate words existed in the language. The missionaries had to translate not only between dissimilar languages but between unlike modes of thought. When they taught of the Trinity the natives thought Jehovah was their own god Kane; Christ their culture-hero Maui; the Holy Ghost the god Kanaloa.

"The great day is coming," said the preacher, and the



EARLY MISSION BUILDINGS IN HONOLULU: LEFT  
TO RIGHT—OLDEST FRAME HOUSE, 1821; PRINT-  
ING PLANT, 1823; CHAMBERLAIN HOUSE, NOW  
CARTER LIBRARY, 1828-31



## The God in the Black Box

natives fled. The word for "day," in Hawaiian, is the same as for "sun." A "great sun," they thought, was coming to burn up the earth. At the first prayer of one missionary, the congregation rushed out, thinking he was about to "pray them to death."

Even the chiefs were not entirely free of distrust. When Bingham built a house in Honolulu, his cellar created alarm. The cellar, it was whispered, was to house arms and ammunition to overthrow the government. So Kalaimoku built a house opposite with a bigger cellar, to reassure his colleagues.

The most promising royal convert, King Kaumaulii of Kauai, had his troubles. When His Majesty implored the divine blessing upon a meal, his queen, doubtless impatient at this delay in the serious business of eating, hurled a dish at the royal head. King Liholiho, on the other hand, when importuned to give over unchurchly ways, replied: "Give me five years; then I will become a good man." The missionary memoirs comment sadly that he did not live to carry out his promised reform.

Struggling with illness from their primitive living conditions and ill-balanced food, the missionaries buried many of their children, sent surviving ones around the Horn to New England for education lest they be "contaminated" by Hawaiian playmates, and carried on. Up to 1860 the American Board had sent about a hundred and forty of them to the islands at an expense of approximately a million dollars. By 1865 Hawaii was considered a Christian land.

Times improved meanwhile. Quarters became more sanitary and comfortable, diet more healthful, the missionaries a power in the kingdom. David B. Lyman, who joined them at Hilo in 1852, "could not abide bananas," but hearing

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they were about the only fruit available in the islands, he conscientiously hung a bunch of them in his stateroom at Rio de Janeiro and determinedly ate a few each day. By the time he got around the Horn, he had learned to like them.

Clothing came at long intervals from Boston. Once the Rev. William Richards arrived at Honolulu from Lahaina too late for the distribution—and his only black trousers were worn out. In this emergency Mrs. Richards retailored into trousers an old black satin skirt. The memoirs do not state how well they fit, but ungodly beach-combers thereafter went about saying the missionaries wore “silks and satins.”

It was Richards who was perplexed by a request to baptize a child “Beelzebub.” On his horrified refusal, the Hawaiian parents substituted the name “Mikalikeke”—their pronunciation of “Mr. Richards”—and the child was so christened.

The New England Protestants were not the first clergy known in the islands, though they were the first to remain there. Two chiefs had been baptized by the Roman Catholic chaplain of the French ship *Uranie* even before the abolition of the tabu, though it appears they knew little of the meaning of the ceremony. Marriages had been performed by a visiting Church of England clergyman. But the American Board's was the first organized effort. Other religious movements entered later.

Historically the Catholic Church in the islands, as an organized mission, dates from the arrival of the Rev. John Alexis Bachelot, appointed by Leo XII as “apostolic prefect of the Sandwich Islands,” with a small party at Honolulu in July, 1827. The controversy created by their entrance into a land where Protestantism was regarded by chiefs and

## The God in the Black Box

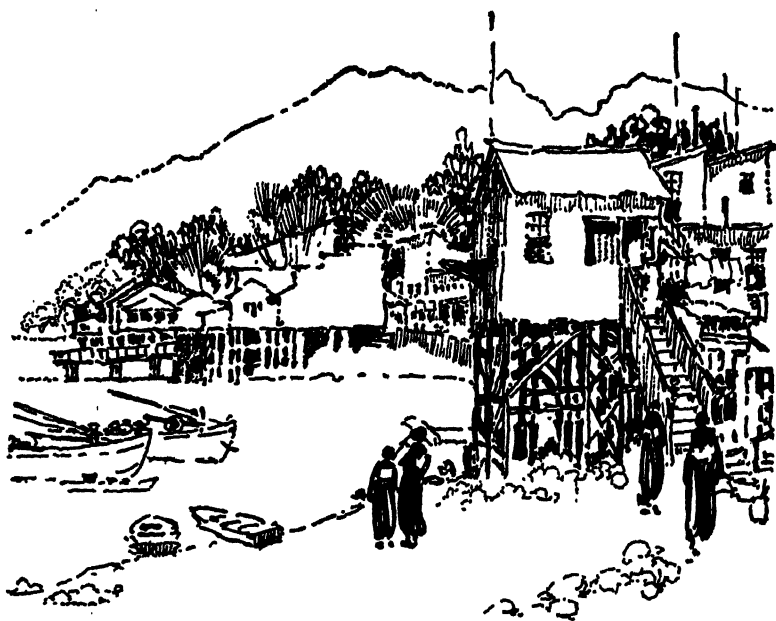
commoners as a state religion, is recorded in another chapter.

Kamehameha's plea for "teachers" from England bore belated fruit in 1862 when, in response to a request from Kamehameha IV, the Rt. Rev. Thomas Nettleton Staley became first royal chaplain and Anglican bishop of Honolulu.

The Latter-Day Saints entered the field early in the second half of the nineteenth century, after a few of their members had visited the islands on their way to the California gold fields.

All have prospered and have been followed by most of the other sects and denominations. Meanwhile immigrants from westward brought Buddhism, Shintoism, and Chinese ancestor ceremonies.

So the god in the black box took root and grew, as the algaroba tree planted by Father Bachelot grew and became the parent of all the algarobas in the islands. And if other trees were planted—they all give shade and shelter the birds of the air of which it has been written that none falleth to earth without the Father.



## VI FRAGRANT WOOD AND BLOWING WHALES

**A**BOARD one of those ships that traded in Hawaii for hogs and yams and firewood, the cook was stoking his galley fire. Chopping off a length of wood, he stuffed it into the coals. As it caught flame while he prepared the stew, an exotic fragrance wafted into his nostrils. Down the wind it blew, and across the deck. The mate smelled it, and the skipper.

The captain had been on many a voyage to China. Sniffing the air, he began an inspection. Arriving at the galley:



## Fragrant Wood and Blowing Whales

"Cook, don't burn any more of that wood. Jenkins! Roberts! Stow every stick where it will be safe."

The name of the ship and of her master are lost in the fog of most beginnings, but in some such fashion the Hawaiian sandalwood trade was born. It was one of the early ships, perhaps the *Lady Washington* of the oddly doomed Captain Kendrick. For Vancouver, in 1792, found John Williams and James Coleman on Kauai and Niihau collecting sandalwood for Kendrick at eight dollars a month, the first mention of the wood I have seen in island records.

It was a mine to sea-going traders and Hawaiian chiefs, and a curse to the common people of the islands—a wood whose story is written in blood and tears. It was worth \$125 and more a ton in Canton, payable in silks and tea, in furniture and Chinese knickknacks which could be sold again to Hawaiian nobility at a handsome profit for more sandalwood. By 1819 the cutting and marketing of the wood had become the islands' first export industry. The Chinese, who prized the fragrant heartwood of the santalum tree for carved images and for incense, named Hawaii "the Sandalwood Islands."

King and chiefs, greedy for foreign luxuries, sent their men into the mountains to hew down the trees and carry them on their backs to the ports. They bought ships, digging a hole in the ground the size of the hull and filling it with sandalwood as the price. They built storehouses and bulged them with Oriental fabrics, bought with the fragrant wood.

For under the feudal system the land and all its products were the property of the highest chief, allotted by him to the lesser chiefs and so on down, and the labor of commoners was also subject to requisition. By hundreds they went into the mountains and came down bent under the

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fragrant load. Exposed to the unaccustomed chill and dampness of the altitudes, they sickened and died, while at home their fields wilted and lay unplanted till the white ghost of famine walked in the once fruitful land.

Those years were a whirlpool of extravagance for the nobles and of misery for the helpless base of the social pyramid. The old system had worked well enough in the old days. Harsh it may have been, at times, but the people thrived. Now, with introduction of the profit motive, it became a nightmare. Yet no one seems to have thought of revolt. The *makaainana* had always served the *alii*; they served them still.

It must not be imagined, of course, that this American-like and European-like industrial inhumanity was universal. The system may be compared in some respects to slavery in the Old South: there were still chiefs who cared for their people as their children, just as there were masters who cherished their slaves and as there are employers even in our modern industrial system who treat employees justly. But on the whole, by nearly all contemporary accounts, the combination of feudal tenure with industrial profit-seeking was a national calamity.

While some chiefs piled up such accumulations that the silks moldered in their storehouses and worms riddled the costly cabinets and chairs, the underfolk became so desperate that on their way up the mountain they uprooted every shoot and sapling of the precious wood, that it might be the sooner destroyed and their children be free of the curse.

Kamehameha sought to stop the waste. "Cut only the mature wood," he ordered. "Spare the young shoots."

The avaricious chiefs inquired: "Why save it? You and

## Fragrant Wood and Blowing Whales

we shall not live to see these young trees grow to marketable size. Sell them now to the white men."

The king replied: "We have sons."

But it was too late. By 1825 sandalwood had become so rare that traders ceased extending credit to the chiefs.

It has been estimated that the sandalwood trade, despite the traders' extortions and the natives' ignorance of money values which caused them to prefer new silver dollars to the "yellow dollars" of gold which they thought less beautiful, brought the king and nobles between three and four million dollars. Yet when the trade declined most of them were in debt.

Among those most heavily involved was Boki, an ambitious and at times troublesome chief who had been governor of Oahu and who had accompanied Kamehameha II to England. Boki, for reasons connected with the complicated political and religious controversies in the reign of the third Kamehameha, was out of favor at court and had been accused of plotting against the regent Kaahumanu. Moreover, he was virtually bankrupt.

At this critical time in his affairs, an adventurer told him of a sandalwood island in the New Hebrides, of potential riches beyond the dreams of the most avaricious chief. Boki resolved upon a heroic gesture. If his words have been understood aright, he planned not only to recoup his own fallen fortunes, but to pay off the national debt.

"My *hewa* [fault or wrongdoing]," he said, "is great. It smells from Hawaii to Kauai. It is enormous, and my own, not another's. I go on a voyage to extinguish the king's debt, and not for unworthy purposes."

Or, according to another contemporary version: "I go

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and will not return until a certain chief [probably Kinau, who had succeeded Kaahumanu as regent] is dead."

Fitting out in haste two of the king's ships that had been bought with this fatal wood, he sailed late in 1829 for the treasure island. A missionary historian dourly commented that "his preparations were made partly on the Sabbath . . . from which some augured disaster to the expedition."

Boki himself, with about two hundred and fifty followers, was aboard the brig *Kamehameha*. His associate Manuia commanded the smaller vessel *Becket* with nearly a hundred and eighty, including ten foreigners.

It was a half piratical expedition. Landing at the South Sea isle of Rotuma, they impressed natives into their service, forcing them to cut sandalwood. Boki left the *Becket* there while he sailed on in quest of greater riches at Erromango in the New Hebrides, with orders for the *Becket* to follow.

That was the last heard of Boki. The *Becket* ten days later went on to Erromango, carrying a party of the enslaved Rotumans. Five weeks they waited there, while pestilence struck them down by scores and the spears of hostile natives further thinned their ranks. Boki did not appear.

Manuia, their leader, died. They sailed for home with two hundred and twenty-six aboard, including forty-seven Rotuma men. Day by day they fell where they stood; the living cast the dying to the sharks. Arriving at Honolulu in August of 1830, the survivors numbered but a score. It is perhaps significant that of the ten white men who had embarked, eight returned, while of more than four hundred Hawaiians, but twelve lived to regret.

The fate of Boki and the brig is a mystery of the sea.

## Fragrant Wood and Blowing Whales

It has been surmised that a careless smoker may have dropped a spark into the store of powder. Storm, or a reef, may have written the end. But explorers more than a century later found a mysterious brown-skinned tribe in the interior of New Guinea, whose language and customs differed from those of the tribes around them. And the legend rose anew that had been whispered at the time—that Boki had never intended to return, but to emulate his sea-roving ancestors and build a kingdom of his own in some far land; that perhaps the lost tribe in the black-shored south represented the descendants of Boki and his adventurers.

Thus, however, ended the sandalwood trade, and thus the last great Polynesian voyage.

But a new industry was springing up. As early as 1820, whaling ships out of New Bedford had called at the islands. Lahaina, Hilo, and later Honolulu became ports for the semiannual provisioning, refitting, and repair of whalers on their way to and from the whaling waters in the North and off Japan. It was a long way back to New Bedford around the Horn and it was cheaper to tranship oil and bone at Honolulu and get back to the sea the sooner for more whales.

The islands did a big business, for those times, in supplies. At the height of the whaling industry in those seas, between 1851 and 1860, more than four thousand whaling ships visited Hawaiian ports, transshipping more than fourteen million pounds of bone, between seventeen and eighteen million gallons of whale oil, and close to a million and a half of sperm oil.

Interests in the islands went into whaling on their own account and the business altogether became the chief industry. This brought a measure of prosperity, but it had its

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disadvantages. Streets of the ports were thronged in season with swaggering sailors, many of them with the firmly implanted notion that there was no law west of Cape Horn. Rum, licentiousness, and on occasion riot, bulked large in the history of this period.

Two opposite streams of foreign influence—the God-fearing, somewhat bigoted missionaries and their rivals, the traders—from the first had struggled for supremacy. Now, with the anti-missionary party reinforced by the rougher elements in the whaling fleet, they came into open conflict. The missionaries' influence with the rulers was resented bitterly by those who demanded what since has been called "a wide-open town" and the missionaries were denounced for the "blue laws" that hampered robust seamen's fulfillment of shore-leave desires.

Some captains were glad of the prohibition of liquor that still was enforced in a few ports, and of the laws against prostitution and gambling; some devout New England masters even upheld the law that imposed a fine for Sabbath-breaking. But many found fault with a government whose constitution provided sweepingly that "no law shall be enacted which is at variance with the word of the Lord Jehovah or at variance with the general spirit of His word," whose criminal code was practically a translation of the Mosaic commandments, and whose rulers were disposed to enforce these laws as thoroughly as their predecessors had enforced the Polynesian tabu.

Thus we find one captain threatening to hang the Rev. Hiram Bingham at the yard-arm, a ship bombarding Lahaina, and a sailor mob attacking the Rev. William Richards's house and being driven away by loyal native converts. We even find Richards brought to trial before an

## Fragrant Wood and Blowing Whales

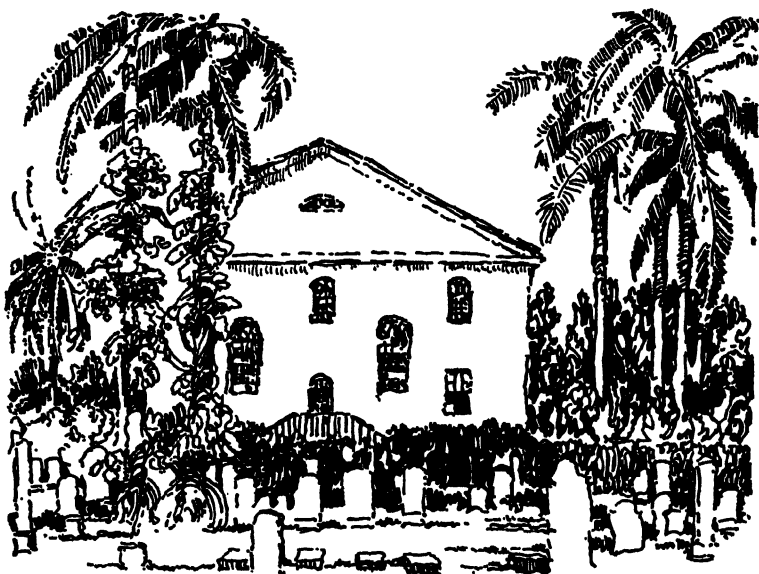
officer of the United States Navy, to be exonerated of undue influence on the Hawaiian government.

Whaling as a factor in Hawaiian life declined, however, after the 1850's. Some of the business was transferred to the growing port of San Francisco; petroleum replaced whale oil for lamps and other uses, and in 1871 most of the Hawaiian whaleships were crushed in the Arctic ice.

Another period in the industrial life of the islands thus closed. But the influence that had entered with the increase in foreign population remained to perplex the native rulers and to threaten more and more the life of the kingdom.

Already the prophecy of Opulupulu, sage in the time when Kahahana reigned over Oahu, was being fulfilled: "O king, the sea shall overwhelm the land."

The sea of the white strangers was rising.



## VII "PRESERVED IN RIGHTEOUSNESS"

**F**OR more than a hundred years after Captain Cook, the brown men ruled in name if not always in fact, while the tide of foreign influence kept rolling in. Probably only the mutual jealousies of the great powers enabled the Hawaiian kingdom to endure as long as it did.

The first Kamehameha, after his "cession" to Vancouver, considered himself under British protection in foreign affairs and flew the British flag. But in 1812, Great Britain and the United States were at war. A ship captain jestingly told Kamehameha: "You'd better haul down that



## “Preserved in Righteousness”

British flag. The Americans will see it and seize your islands.”

“If this flag isn’t good,” replied Kamehameha, “I can use another.” So when an American ship appeared, he flew the American flag; when a British ship called, he ran up the British flag, until somebody designed an emblem specifically for him and his country. It looked like a poor copy of the British; strangers still mistake it for such, and ask: “Why does a British flag fly over the Royal Hawaiian Hotel?”

The Russians were strong in the northern Pacific in Kamehameha’s time. Archibald Campbell, castaway among their Aleutian Island settlements, overheard talk of establishing a Russian post in Hawaii. Ships owned by Baranoff, Russian governor of Alaska, began to call at the islands. One of them piled up on the rocks near Waimea on the island of Kauai, and next year Dr. Georg Scheffer arrived to claim the salvaged cargo. Kamehameha, always willing to coöperate with foreigners, sent word to his vassal king on Kauai to restore the goods. Then disquieting rumors began to come from the northern island. Scheffer was settling down, apparently to stay. More Russian ships called; Russians began building a fort at Honolulu harbor. This didn’t look well to the king and his advisers.

“If anybody is to have a fort at Honolulu, you should have it yourself,” John Young told the king.

So the chiefs gently ousted the Russians from Honolulu and took over the fort, building a larger one around it. But Scheffer and his Russians and Kodiak Indians were still on Kauai, getting grants of land from the Kauai king. In return, they gave him a schooner and built a fort for him, at Waimea. But the fort flew the Russian flag.

“Don’t go,” warned an American captain when Scheffer

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invited King Kaumualii and the Kauai chiefs to dinner. "The Russians are plotting to kill you at the feast and seize the island."

Nothing happened, perhaps because Kaumualii took the precaution of having a strong guard at hand when he went to the feast. But his overlord Kamehameha was seriously alarmed. Word came from the Hawaiian capital to Kauai: "Expel the Russians!" Scheffer took the hint, and the first threat passed. The real troubles were yet to come.

The Hawaiian kingdom next had to reckon with France. Here religious differences mingled with economic motives to make difficulty. The New England Protestant missionaries were the king's principal advisers; the laws of the country had a highly Biblical and Protestant flavor. Seamen were fined and imprisoned for getting drunk or for breaking the Sabbath; the Hawaiian prohibition law interfered with the island market for French wines and brandies. When Catholic missionaries arrived in 1827, they were expelled. They returned ten years later with a party of helpers. The French priests again were sent away, but one of their party was an Irishman, and the British consul took a hand, supported by the guns of a British man-of-war. So the "Papists" obtained a foothold, but the Hawaiian government was unfriendly to them. Religion had always been, in the Hawaiian mind, closely identified with the state. "Romanism," to them, looked like rebellion. Then, too, the priests brought sacred images. The Hawaiians had burned their own gods; now here, they thought, were foreigners introducing new "idols" to replace those that had been destroyed. Old laws against "idolatry" were enforced; Catholic converts were imprisoned and put to work building walls and roads. To add to this outlawry of the faith, Boki and others who were to

## “Preserved in Righteousness”

some extent rivals of the ruling group of chiefs sided with the Catholics: thus internal politics intensified suspicion and Catholicism came to mean something like treason.

France, as a Catholic nation, could not let this state of affairs go on. In July, 1839, the French frigate *L'Artémise* blockaded Honolulu harbor, and her captain curtly demanded toleration of Catholicism, threatening to exterminate the Hawaiians and the American missionaries.

Honolulu had not been built to withstand bombardment. The Hawaiian government had no resources with which to fight the French Navy. Nobody seems even to have considered resistance. Instead, the Hawaiians and their missionary advisers bought peace. Twenty thousand dollars went aboard the frigate as a bond; French citizens were removed from the power of the Hawaiian courts; French wines and brandy were admitted, exempt from the prohibition law, and an act of religious toleration was proclaimed.

Thus the second threat passed. But the king and chiefs realized as never before their helplessness. The Rev. William Richards tried to organize a company with Belgian capital to bolster up the failing resources of the kingdom, going about, as the observer Manley Hopkins wrote, with “the fate of a kingdom in his trousers pocket.” The plan failed, but the kingdom staggered on.

The shadow of the turbulent chief Boki, even after his disappearance on the disastrous sandalwood expedition of 1829, hung over the land for many years. Somebody was always bobbing up to claim land alleged to have been granted by Boki. Among them was Richard Charlton, the British consul who had embarrassed the Hawaiian government by protecting the Irish missionary.

The harassed king sent ambassadors secretly abroad to

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obtain definite recognition of Hawaiian independence. While they were on their way, the British war-ship *Carysfort* arrived and her commander, Lord George Paulet, presented a series of demands. If the king did not comply, "I will attack Honolulu at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

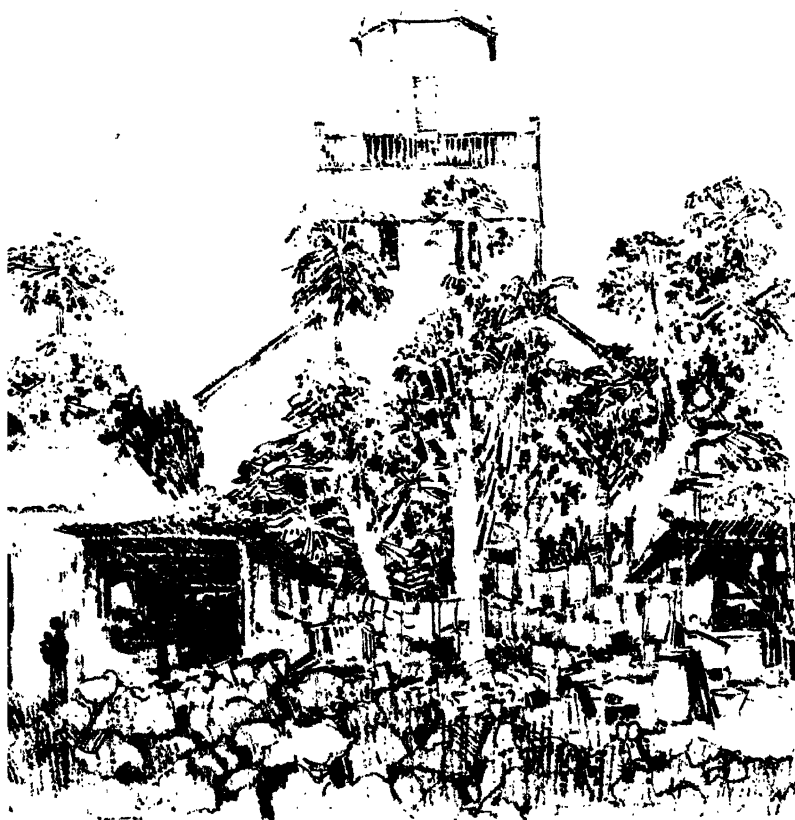
The ambassadors were on their way, but Paulet's guns were at hand. Sparring for time, the defenseless king and premier ceded the islands provisionally to Paulet "subject to any arrangement" the king's envoys might make at London. The British flag was raised over the fort, and Paulet took over. At first a "joint commission" was appointed to govern the islands, but the king's representative, Dr. Gerrit P. Judd, soon withdrew from it and the commission was "joint" only in name.

Ironically enough, the forced cession took place on the forty-ninth anniversary of the first Kamehameha's request to Vancouver for British protection.

His descendant, Kamehameha III, justified his action in a dignified address to his people, as translated by Hiram Bingham:

"Where are you, chiefs, people and commons from my ancestors and people from foreign lands! Hear ye, I make known to you that I am in perplexity by reason of difficulties into which I have been brought without cause; therefore I have given away the life of our land, hear ye! But my rule over you, my people, and your privileges will continue, for I have hope that the life of the land will be restored when my conduct shall be justified."

The new commission's first act was to raise tariffs; its second, to repeal the morals laws. Judd's withdrawal followed. For five months foreign rule continued, supported by the ship's guns and an armed force recruited ashore. The



MOKUAEKAUA CHURCH AT KAILUA, ISLAND OF  
HAWAII, ERECTED BY EARLY MISSIONARIES  
IN 1837

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## “Preserved in Righteousness”

king fled to Lahaina on the island of Maui. From there, his officers would steal by night across the channel to confer with Dr. Judd in secret meetings at Waikiki. Once the king came himself, under shadow of night. Judd took the government records to a windowless crypt in the palace grounds, the tomb of the kings. There by an oil lamp the missionary doctor leaned over the coffin of Queen Kaahumanu as a desk, carrying on the correspondence and keeping the archives.

The native government thus remained underground until July. Then relief came. A sail was descried, the British colors at the mast. Paulet's superior, Rear Admiral Richard Thomas, landed at Honolulu, to declare on July 31st “that he does not accept of the provisional cession.” All of Paulet's acts were repudiated; the native government was restored in an elaborate ceremony on the site now called, in grateful memory, Thomas Square.

Nobles, commoners, and missionaries met that afternoon in Kawaiahae church in public thanksgiving. The king, again addressing his people, spoke the words which remain upon the seal of Hawaii to-day: “*Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono*,” usually translated: “The life of the land is preserved in righteousness.”

In the next few years Great Britain, France, and the United States granted formal recognition of Hawaiian independence and the tribute extorted in 1839 was given back. There were a few more raids: a short-lived seizure of government buildings by a French admiral in 1849 as the outgrowth of personal differences between the French consul and the Scotchman who was Hawaiian minister of foreign relations, and a “filibuster plot” of California gold-field adventurers a few years later.

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There was excitement in Honolulu approaching panic. The king raised a small army and requested American protection; the United States commissioner kept a warship at Honolulu throughout the winter of 1851 and 1852. But nothing came of the supposed plot. "A few suspicious persons appeared," says the journal of a resident, "but the only misdemeanor proved against them was the abstraction of some letters from a mailbag on their way hither, by which they hoped to escape an unpleasant introduction."

The island kingdom went on, but the foreign tide kept rising. King followed king; dynasties lapsed and were succeeded by others; British influence was high for a time—but no power can withstand the slow, quiet force of economic penetration. Industry had grown up, demanding markets; the American influence that had begun with the missionaries of 1820 became more and more important as it developed vested interests in the land and its products. Sugar was to rule.

But meanwhile, the kings . . .





## VIII THE EAGLE HOVERS

LOOKING back over the history of those times, it seems surprising that the Hawaiian monarchy lasted as long as it did. We may regret, sentimentally, the passing of that mingling of feudal chieftainship and the borrowed pomp of minor European courts; the withering, in the words of Kalakaua's namesong, of "the unfading flower of the forest." But the damage was done on that day in January, 1778, when Captain Cook lowered his anchors in the bay of Waimea. The world of the brown man could

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not stand against the world of the pale strangers who came like gods and died like men.

It must often have been doubtful, to those who lived through those years, which foreign nation was ultimately to rule the islands Kamehameha conquered. But at this distance in time it appears to have been inevitable that the country should pass under American control.

From their own voluminous writings, it is clear that the New England missionaries who entered the island kingdom in 1820 had no thought of such a development. They were interested in saving souls, not in changing governments. And if some of them acquired such influence as to shape policies of government, it appears that they exerted that influence toward what they believed to be the best interests of the king, the chiefs, and the people. In the difficult times of the whaling era and the period of foreign aggression they were the king's most faithful supporters. It is but natural, however, that when asked for advice they gave counsel based on their own experience and predilections. The Hawaiian government of the middle period became a curious mixture of feudal survivals, ecclesiastical prohibitions, and republican principles.

The missionaries may be said to have acted unwittingly as the entering wedge, though the de-Hawaiianization of the country probably was accelerated more powerfully on the secular side by the traders and later industrialists who flocked to the islands in greater numbers as the missionaries made the country a safer place for foreigners to inhabit.

But for more than a century from the arrival of Captain Cook and for nearly three-quarters of a century from the coming of the first missionaries, the kings went on.

## The Eagle Hovers

Liholiho, sometimes called Iolani and, in history, Kamehameha II, was the first they knew. A young man of contradictory characteristics, it is not strange that estimates of him vary. He was in a special sense the center of the tug of war between the godly and the ungodly, and mission memoirs are full of lamentations at the success of traders and sea-captains in leading the king to the bottle and cards—to the detriment of his pious studies and the hindrance of mission plans.

Liholiho had something of his father's daring, without the saving balance of the old warrior's caution. Early in 1821 he received an official letter from Kaumualii, king of Kauai and since 1810 nominally a vassal, addressing Liholiho as "King of the Windward Islands."

This amounted to a declaration of independence. Liholiho embarked with a few companions in a small sailing boat, ostensibly for Ewa, a village twenty miles or so from Honolulu. Off Pearl Harbor, however, he ordered the helmsman to steer for Kauai—to the consternation of his attendants, for that hundred miles of sometimes turbulent channel might mean a voyage of days or even weeks, for which the boat was not equipped.

"We have no chart, no compass!" expostulated the chiefs. "Turn back!"

The king spread out the fingers of his right hand.

"Here is your compass," he replied.

The monarchy in those days was absolute; there was nothing to do but sail on, though waves spilled over the low sides and the drenched passengers shivered with the chill of night. When at dawn they sighted Kauai, their troubles, for all they knew, were just beginning. They would be at the mercy of the Kauai king.

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Kaumualii, however, received them according to the best precepts of native hospitality and, honoring his pledge to Kamehameha, offered his abdication.

Liholiho, for the moment, was equally generous.

"I did not come to take away your authority or your lands," he answered.

While Liholiho was on Kauai, his yacht arrived from Honolulu, and he invited his host aboard. Accepting this return of hospitality the Kauai king, looking out of the cabin windows, saw the shores of his island receding. He was never to see them again. Arriving in Honolulu, he became a royal captive, husband of Kamehameha's widow, the imperious Kaahumanu, and died in that captivity.

By the terms of his agreement with the original Kamehameha, the Kauai ruler willed his dominions to Liholiho. His own son, George Kaumualii or Humehume, who had accompanied the missionaries from Boston, raised a poorly equipped army and attacked the fort the Russians had built at Waimea. Hurling back, he gathered his troops for another assault, only to be overwhelmed by a government army from Honolulu and Lahaina. Captured in a mountain hiding place, he too died in Honolulu.

Liholiho meanwhile had become the first king of the islands to travel abroad. Accompanied by his young wife Kamamalu, with Boki and other nobles, the king had sailed for England "to bring back," as Kaahumanu stated, "laws for the people" or, as Boki asserted, to obtain ratification of his father's "cession" to Vancouver in 1794.

The royal party created such a stir in London as one may well imagine. It is recorded that they bore themselves with dignity in a country that must have seemed very strange to them—although arriving, by some mischance, separately

## The Eagle Hovers

from their luggage, the queen and her companion Liliha first appeared in the British capital in trousers and long bed-gowns of colored velveteen.

From Lord Byron's account, the "savages" behaved better than the sophisticated Londoners who came to stare at them. They were impressed with Westminster Abbey but refused to enter the Henry VIII chapel on the ground that it was "too sacred," like their own burial place of ancient kings at Honaunau.

One of the most human incidents recorded of their London visit was the king's acquisition of a mullet in a fish market. It looked like a fish from home. The king carried it at once to his lodgings, to the great delight of the party who, it is said, devoured it raw, lamenting only the absence of their accustomed poi.

They also enjoyed Drury Lane and the Epsom races and were "greatly amused at the opera." At the height of this round of amusements—on the eve of a visit to Whitehead's brewery—one of the party contracted measles and soon communicated it to the others.

Measles, to Hawaiians of that time, who had not yet developed resistance to the white man's diseases, was deadly. When it became clear that the queen was dying, Liholiho, who had been recovering, sent away her attendants and sat alone at her side. It is understood from remarks of others of the party that the two agreed not to be separated. Taken to his own bed the day of her death, he lay without speaking and died a few days later.

Through this visit the British influence was strengthened for a time, King George IV having pledged protection to the island kingdom. The first treaty negotiated by Hawaii, however, was with the United States, though it

## Hawaii

never was ratified by the American Senate. In 1826 the regent Kaahumanu, for the young Kamehameha III, agreed with Captain Thomas ap Catesby Jones of the *U. S. S. Peacock* for perpetual friendship between the two governments and for protection of American trade in the islands.

This third Kamehameha was the younger brother, known as Kauikeaouli, of the conqueror's successor. His perplexities with the encroachments of foreign powers and with the controversy between Catholics and Protestants have been told. His reign is more notable, however, in respect to its effect upon the future of his people, for its reforms in government and in land tenure.

The king and his chiefs realized that the feudal system could not endure permanently against the infiltration of European and American ideas and the ever growing body of foreign residents. In 1839 they issued the Declaration of Rights, defining in written form for the first time the rights of chiefs and people and easing some of the burdens of feudal tenure. Two years later followed the first printed constitution of the kingdom, perhaps the first instance in history of voluntary relinquishment by an absolute monarch of autocratic rights and substitution for them of a representative government. It created a legislature modeled somewhat after the British parliament, with a house of hereditary nobles and a house of elected representatives.

Still farther reaching, however, was his adoption of the institution of private property in land by the law of 1848 known as the Great *Mahele* or Division. All land hitherto had been, if in theory the property of the whole people, at least vested in the king and allotted by him to the chiefs whom the commoners served as tenants, somewhat as in

## The Eagle Hovers

medieval Europe, though authorities state that the Hawaiian tenants were not bound to the soil.

However well this system may have worked in pre-discovery times, it was felt to be retarding progress in a modern world. Tenants, it was said, had no interest in improving property for the benefit not of themselves but of the landlords.

The new law divided the land into three parts: one for the king, one for the chiefs, one for the common people. The king later subdivided his own share, giving half of it to the government. Although the commoners at first received a relatively small share in proportion to their numbers, some of the government lands were made available to them at nominal prices as homesteads.

On the whole, the reform failed of its purpose, for the Hawaiians, unused to ownership, in many cases bartered away their land for impermanent goods or lost it through debt, and much of it fell into the possession of foreigners. But it was, in intention, a noble gesture for its time and place, and the Great *Mahele* remains the basis of land titles to-day.

One of the first things a stranger hears in the islands is that the missionaries "stole the Hawaiians' land." It is a statement that should not be accepted without investigation. The Hawaiians lost their land; at least many of them did, but missionaries, for the most part, did not get it. Chiefs in early days granted them some tracts, which to-day are occupied largely by schools or other institutions. Most of the actual missionaries died poor; descendants of many of them continued so; of the fortunes that have been built in the islands, those of missionary families are comparatively few.

## Hawaii

The fact is, Hawaiian commoners, up to the Great Division, had not owned land, and when they got it, many of them did not fully understand the institution of private property. It was in many cases just an opportunity to sell out for ready cash, which was not saved or invested. Records show that some missionaries advised their Hawaiian parishioners to keep their land. Few Hawaiians did so, however, and it passed into the hands of property-minded white men, some of whom no doubt took advantage of the Hawaiians. In the main, the Hawaiians were dispossessed not so much by the greed of individuals as by the impact of the white man's social and industrial system, to which they were not adjusted.

The private fortunes of Hawaii are like those of any other place: the heritage of descendants of pioneers who came early and grew up with the country. The system may be wrong, but not more so in Hawaii than on the mainland.

English influence reached its height under Kamehameha IV. He too had visited England, and his wife, granddaughter of John Young, was pro-British in sympathy. It was they who invited Anglican churchmen to Hawaii, and Kamehameha IV applied the equivalent of a pocket veto to a treaty negotiated by his predecessor, proposing annexation of the islands to the United States.

The only son of the fourth Kamehameha and Queen Emma was named Albert Edward, after the Prince of Wales of that time, who was one of his sponsors. Albert Edward was called, in emulation, Prince of Hawaii—of sad memory for his early death.

It appears, in the light of modern medical science, that the king suffered more than he need have done over the death of his four-year-old child. The lad had inherited the



## The Eagle Hovers

sometimes violent disposition of the Kamehamehas which his royal father had shown, to his deep regret, when in a fit of rage he shot and mortally wounded his secretary. After one of the boy's childish tantrums, the king, to "cool him off," placed him under a cold shower. Shortly afterward Albert Edward fell ill and died, and the grief-stricken father could only believe that his disciplinary action had brought on the illness. The king never recovered from this shock, and died a little more than a year later.

His brother took the throne as Kamehameha V, last of the name. One of his first acts was to revoke Kamehameha III's liberal constitution and restrict suffrage. He appears to have done so from sincere conviction that the reforms had been hasty and dangerous and not for the best interests of the kingdom.

With his sudden death on his forty-second birthday the direct line ended. The bachelor king left no heir. On his death-bed he tried to perpetuate the dynasty through the female line by asking Princess Pauahi, descendant of the Kamehamehas and wife of the banker Charles Reed Bishop, to succeed him. She declined. Hence Hawaii acquired its first elected king.

Two high chiefs, both of ancient royal families, were candidates: Lunalilo and Kalakaua. Lunalilo, who claimed closer connection to the Kamehameha dynasty, asked for an unofficial popular election, a sort of straw vote, as the official choice was to be made by the legislature. Lunalilo received most of the votes, and this popular decision was confirmed unanimously by the lawmakers.

A pleasant anecdote is told in Honolulu of this elected king. "When he was a boy," a *kamaaina* told me, "Lunalilo wanted to play the bass drum in the royal band, but his

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family wouldn't let him; they thought it wasn't dignified for a high chief. When he became king, his first act was to call up the band, take the bass drum from the drummer, and strap it on his own chest. Then he led the band in a triumphal march around the palace square and ordered up squarefaces of gin for all hands."

In his time an earlier project for a treaty of tariff reciprocity with the United States, with cession of Pearl Harbor for American naval use, was revived. Largely because of the latter feature the proposal was unpopular, and the king further lost favor with his native subjects by stricter enforcement of the law for segregation of lepers. Resentment found expression in a short-lived mutiny of the royal guards, the immediate cause of which, however, was an unpopular drill-master.

Lunalilo declined noticeably in health after the barracks revolt, and died after he had reigned but thirteen months. Again no successor had been named. The candidates this time were Queen Emma, widow of Kamehameha IV, and again, Kalakaua, at that period a clerk in the government land office.

The campaign was bitter, and not less so for the entry into it of foreigners, now more numerous than ever. Britons and conservative Hawaiians who considered Emma to have the better claim through closer relationship to the Kamehamehas, supported Emma; Americans and the pro-American element among the Hawaiians favored Kalakaua. There were rumors of bribery and coercion by business interests.

The memoirs of Liliuokalani, who naturally favored her brother Kalakaua, report that he was really the higher ranking chief, tracing descent from a cousin of the first



KAWAIAHAEO CHURCH, 1842, AND, AT RIGHT,  
KING LUNALILO'S TOMB



## The Eagle Hovers

Kamehameha, and further, that Emma's strength was largely in the city where the British element was concentrated, the rural people supporting Kalakaua.

The legislature met in the court-house, which later became the warehouse of H. Hackfeld & Company, known since the World War as American Factors Limited. Emma's supporters, confident of her election, gathered around the building, prepared to celebrate. When the votes were counted, Emma had received six, Kalakaua thirty-nine. Raging, the disappointed Emma-ites stormed the court-house, striking legislators down with clubs, scattering government papers, and smashing chairs and desks.

The police seemed helpless; the royal guards were suspected of favoring Emma, and the government called on American and British marines to preserve order. Emma, hearing of an alleged plot to assassinate her, took refuge in St. Andrew's Priory, the grounds of which, to divert suspicion, were decorated with colored lanterns in keeping with the celebration of Kalakaua's election. A Priory sister and a Hawaiian court lady watched over her as she slept. At two o'clock Emma awoke and asked the time.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed when told that midnight, the hour reported to have been set for the attack, had safely passed.

Liliuokalani's account of the times relates that Emma planned to ask reconsideration of the vote, but as she was discussing it with Nahaolelua, governor of Maui, the salute of twenty-one guns boomed, signifying that Kalakaua had taken the oath of office, and it was too late.

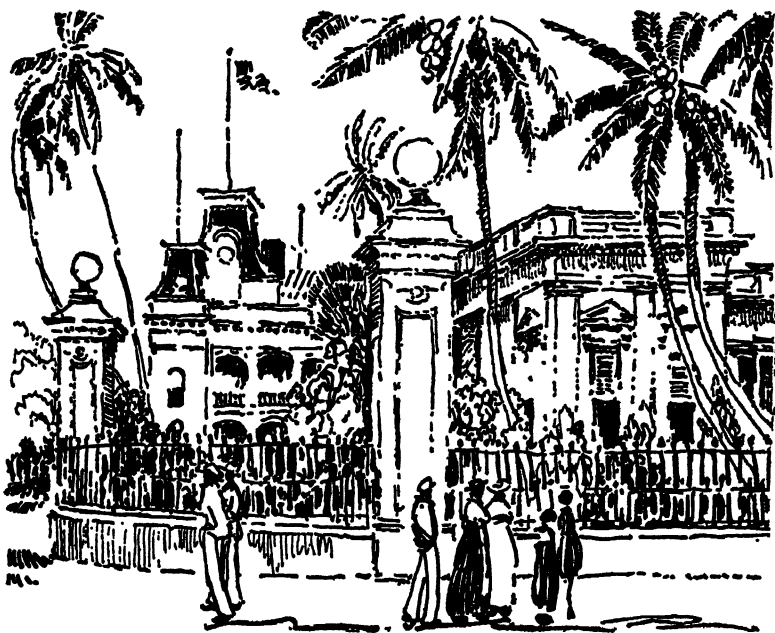
Lunalilo, however, was fated, even in death, not to pass out of history without founding one more popular legend. He had left instructions for burial in the grounds of

## Hawaii

Kawaiahao Church—the only king of the islands, except the first Kamehameha, whose burial place is unknown, to lie outside the royal mausoleum. Pending construction of his tomb in the churchyard his body was deposited with those of the other kings.

Later, when his individual resting-place had been erected in the church grounds, and his body was to be moved, his relatives asked for the customary salute. Kalakaua's government replied that Lunalilo had already had his salute at his first funeral.

The procession moved from the enclosure around the mausoleum and proceeded toward Kawaiahao. As it approached the new tomb a peal of thunder was heard from the mountains behind Honolulu where—according to ancient belief supposed to have been abandoned more than a century before—the gods dwelt. Two . . . three . . . four . . . twenty-one blasts of heaven's guns, as old residents gravely assert, sounded over the bared heads of the pall-bearers. Hawaiians in the funeral cortège nodded wisely. The gods had given the salute that men denied.



## IX GESTURE TOWARD EMPIRE

**T**HOUGHTFUL observers must have seen the shadows creeping toward the kings; old letters and diaries show that some did. But there was no outward sign of recognition of impending doom in the gay court around the "merry monarch" Kalakaua—gayest, in the memories of those who knew it, that Hawaii had ever seen.

There is reason to believe that Kalakaua himself glimpsed the creeping shadows. He was an abler ruler than

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many of his opponents have been willing to admit. If he had his lighter side, expressed in social gaiety, gambling, and revelry, he had, too, beneath that outward levity, a serious purpose to increase and confirm his royal power and with it, as he believed, the welfare of his people.

Hence his reign shows curious contradictions: attempts to turn back the wheels of time to restore ancient absolutism, mingled with efforts to build prestige by copying the pomp of foreign courts, obscure delvings into half-forgotten native lore, and statesmanlike measures to adjust his country to the commercial and industrial organization of the American and European world—while the ever harassing need of revenue caused compromises of practical politics and brought about doubtful expedients.

*Hooulu lahui*—increase of the people—was his announced policy, and a more difficult campaign pledge to fulfil than the king had realized. Physically, the Hawaiian people had been decreasing in number since Captain Cook's time. Economically, as we have seen, the introduction of Anglo-Saxon ideas of private property, to which they were unaccustomed, had resulted in considerable dispossession. Most of the landed planters were of American birth or descent. They were also mostly citizens of Hawaii and the king was their representative as well as that of the racial Hawaiians. The only practical solution was to promote prosperity for the islands as a whole in the hope that some of it would trickle through the mesh of industrial and commercial organization and benefit the mass of the people—leaving, of course, an ample portion for expenses of government and to gratify the king's extravagant tastes.

Kalakaua believed in divine right of divinely descended chiefs, and viewed with anxiety and impatience the growing



## Gesture Toward Empire

sentiment for the institutions of a republic or of a limited monarchy. Like his two predecessors he felt that his people were better off under guidance of a ruler of absolute power. At the same time, he had to adjust commercially and industrially to a modern world and, having been, for all his high lineage, opposed as less rightfully entitled to the throne than his rival, he felt the need of bolstering his prestige with the window-dressing of borrowed splendor. These considerations go far to explain many of his acts and policies.

Personally, Kalakaua was affable and generous, a lover of music and learning, socially polished, fond of jest and merriment. His associates loved him; Robert Louis Stevenson called him "the finest gentleman I ever met." Many an anecdote is told of his somewhat inconsistent royal ways—some of them with no supporting evidence beyond oral tradition, but more or less in general character.

"He used to get together with his cronies," an old-timer told me, "at the bar in Cunha's Alley, just off King Street, and after several rounds of drinks he would turn to one of them and say, 'You pay the bill!'"

"He would make the rounds with the tax collector," another related, perpetuating a less substantiated legend. "And every night he'd pour the day's collections into a blanket and gamble them away at poker."

Of his fondness for the game, however, there is no doubt, and a *kamaaina* told me of an instance of the king's shrewd humor in a game with a favorite opponent, Claus Spreckels, who became a sugar magnate in the islands.

"There was one game Spreckels lost," the old-timer said. "He had turned up four aces, and was reaching for the stakes when Kalakaua stopped him. 'Five kings beat

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four aces any time,' Kalakaua said. 'Here are four kings in my hand and I am the fifth!'

But Kalakaua meanwhile was gambling for higher stakes than could be the issue at cards. One of his first acts, and probably the most important, was to visit Washington and negotiate a treaty by which Hawaiian products obtained duty-free entry to the United States. The prosperity of the Hawaiian sugar industry, though it made greater gains in a later period, largely began with that treaty, which went into effect early in September, 1876.

The pact tightened the natural bond between the industrial-agricultural leaders, who had succeeded the ancient feudal lords, and the United States, whence many of them, or their ancestors, had come. In domestic affairs, it increased racial de-Hawaiianization of the islands by promoting immigration to meet demands for labor in expansion of industry. Kalakaua's aim to "increase the people" was fulfilled, in its literal sense, only indirectly, by importation of laborers from foreign countries—a subject discussed in more detail in a later chapter.

The American tie was strengthened further when the treaty was extended in 1883 by granting the United States exclusive right to the use of Pearl Harbor as a naval coaling and repair station. Although this right was not exercised while the islands remained independent, it showed which way the tide was flowing.

These constructive measures tended, however, to increase the wealth and power of the economic invaders, and Kalakaua tried to curb their influence. To counteract the power of what had come to be called the "missionary party," though few if any actual missionaries were connected with it, the king surrounded himself with advisers

## Gesture Toward Empire

of other views. In choosing them he was not always fortunate. One wonders whether such men as Walter Murray Gibson, the pioneer who had been expelled from the Latter-Day Saints, and Cesar Moreno, the Latin adventurer, were quite the rogues they have been depicted by contemporary historians, who seem to have been mainly of the opposing party. But the record indicates at least that they were practical politicians, with the instincts of that predatory species. Neither lasted long, but their brief eminence left an unpleasant taste in the public mouth that lingered much longer.

Meanwhile there was constant need of revenue. The king, as has been mentioned, had expensive habits. The opposition charged members of the cabinet with customs frauds, illegal sale of crown lands, and bribery. Probably the greatest scandal was the granting of an opium monopoly to one Aki, which was alleged to have been obtained through cabinet officers by a \$71,000 bribe.

A reform party was secretly organized, arms obtained, and about five hundred militiamen, known as Honolulu Rifles, drilled and equipped in preparation for a coup, while American, British, and German residents appealed to their governments for its support.

The movement found expression, however, only in a peaceful mass meeting on June 30, 1887, in the Honolulu armory on Beretania Street under guard of a battalion of the Rifles. Resolutions demanded dismissal of the cabinet, restitution of the opium bribe, and a pledge that the king would no longer interfere in politics.

The kingdom might have ended then and there, but it appears Kalakaua had not sufficient confidence in the morale of his guards to risk open defiance. One authority states that he offered to abdicate if the local representatives of

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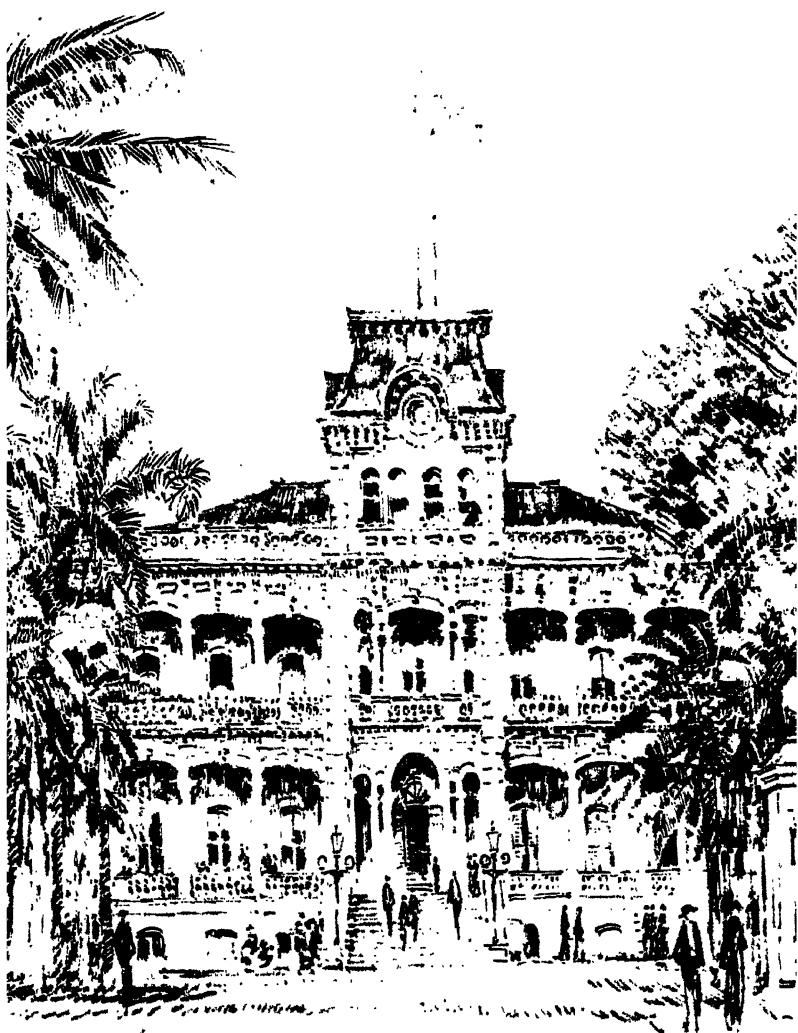
the principal foreign powers would agree on a protectorate, but these officials, with good reason to doubt the practicability of the proposal, advised him to yield to the demands.

The uprising resulted in a new cabinet and a new constitution depriving Kalakaua of much of the autocratic power he had sought to hold. The cabinet was made responsible to the legislature instead of to the king and the vote was granted to foreign residents who, it was said, had been paying eighty-seven per cent of the taxes.

The unlucky Aki was unable to get his money back. The king's liabilities amounted to about a quarter of a million dollars and he assigned revenues from the crown lands to meet them, but the trustees refused to repay Aki and the supreme court denied his suit on the ground that the king could not be sued.

The reform of 1887 delayed the inevitable, but on both sides intrigue continued. The American business men grew more and more impatient with a government they considered inefficient, and the king and his friends schemed to win back the powers they had lost by the "bayonet constitution."

Some of the charges against Kalakaua read strangely in this modern day, though Kalakaua lived not so long ago: "licensing sorcery and the hula and sacrificing black pigs" . . . founding a society "for the propagation of idolatry and sorcery, including adoration and sacrifices to the new and great god at the palace." It appears the king was what would be called to-day an amateur ethnologist and his interest in the ancient history, customs, and traditions of his people, which led him to write a highly interesting volume on Hawaiian mythology, also fostered an organization called *Hale Naea* or House of Science, whose object was to preserve this vanishing lore. The *Hale Naea* was a secret



IOLANI PALACE, NOW THE CAPITOL, HONOLULU

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order whose rites the king's sister and successor, Liliuokalani, attributed in her memoirs partly to those of the Masonic order and partly to "old and harmless" Hawaiian customs. This society, she explained, organized the benevolences traditionally carried on by chiefs and also the "science recognized by priests of the ancient time." Along with it was founded a "Hawaiian Board of Health," stigmatized by the king's foes as "an organized body of *kahunas*" or medicine men. There were whispers of pagan rites and weird ceremonies in an upper room of the palace, and of plots to restore the pre-missionary Hawaiian religion as a state faith. There were tales, too, of royal orgies in which were revived the ancient games of *ume* and *kilu*, which may be described euphemistically as Hawaiian forms of the once popular American childhood game of "post-office."

It appears from these conflicting reports that Kalakaua indulged his interest in Hawaiian antiquities partly out of genuine interest in ethnology, partly to increase his prestige among the Hawaiians, and partly as a protest against the increasing Americanization of the islands. One thoughtful observer has interpreted the *Hale Naua* as a political machine.

But Kalakaua had larger aspirations. Reviving a project once vaguely formed and later abandoned by the first Kamehameha, he conceived the idea of a federation of Pacific island states with himself at its head, a Polynesian empire. Government funds purchased the British ship *Explorer*, whose name was translated *Kaimiloa*. She was refitted as a warship and, under command of Captain Jackson, a former British naval officer, with a crew of boys from the reform school, became the Hawaiian "Navy."

*Kaimiloa* sailed on the embassy of empire—a century

## Hawaii—Isles of Enchantment

too late. European powers already controlled most of the island groups, and such independent chieftains as survived seem not to have been inclined to acknowledge an overlord. The ranking chief of Samoa did send Kalakaua a batch of grass skirts which the Hawaiian king, in compliment to his brother ruler, placed upon his court dancers—thereby fastening upon Hawaii, in the mind of the rest of the world, an emblem which never really belonged to it.

The grass skirts were the only tangible result of the embassy, but it was a holiday lark for the reform school crew. The log kept by Lieutenant Samuel Maikai is full of the attempts of Captain Jackson to maintain some semblance of discipline. There were receptions by kings and chiefs, exchanges of salutes—and that was all, except a carnival of revelry which destroyed any chance of accomplishing serious business.

*Kaimiloa* returned with the grass skirts and many complimentary messages, and later was sold and burned for the copper in her timbers. Thriftily enough, her engines were salvaged and put into use on a sugar plantation. The steering wheel eventually became the property of a post of veterans; the log went into the archives. And that is all that remains of Kalakaua's Pacific empire.

The king in 1881 toured around the world for the purpose, according to his partisans, of surveying foreign labor markets for Hawaiian fields. Vastly taken with the splendor of foreign courts, notably of Japan and Siam, he did his best, on his return, to emulate them. One of his companions related that although he was supposed to be traveling incognito, the king arrived at Yokohama with a full outfit of gorgeous uniforms for himself and staff. One thing he had neglected: a supply of decorations to present



## Gesture Toward Empire

to foreign rulers who similarly honored him. This did not handicap him long. Inventing on the spot a hitherto non-existent order of Hawaiian chivalry, he "presented" it to the emperor of Japan, informing him that this order was so exclusive and its insignia so rare that it had to be cast especially for each recipient. Whereupon Kalakaua had his aides send off a rush order for medals for this and future presentations.

Perhaps it was a more practical motive than mere love of display that led him to buy the Austrian field battery whose trim guns graced the palace grounds long after he was gone.

On his return he decided to be the first Hawaiian king to have a formal coronation—first indeed to wear an actual crown. Crowns for himself and Queen Kapiolani were ordered from England at a cost of ten thousand dollars. A pavilion, which survives as a bandstand, was erected in the palace grounds for the ceremony, which was as elaborate as he could make it, despite protest against it as needless extravagance.

The king and his adherents continued the political struggle, striving for legislative control and at times resorting to armed action. It has been conjectured that the king himself or his sister Liliuokalani instigated the "Wilcox rebellion" of 1889.

Robert W. Wilcox had been one of several students sent abroad at government expense. Recalled from military study in Italy by the reform cabinet of 1887, he immediately began plotting and was deported, or persuaded to go, to California. Returning in 1889, he organized an uprising.

The king was conveniently out of the palace when the rebel "army" of about one hundred and fifty men seized

## Hawaii—Isles of Enchantment

government offices and the palace grounds. The cabinet posted sharpshooters on near-by buildings and firing continued most of the day of July 30th. Marines landed to protect Americans. The insurgents held the king's bungalow the remainder of the day, surrendering with a loss of seven killed and a dozen or so wounded. Wilcox, at his trial, presented in defense that he had acted with Kalakaua's consent, and was acquitted.

The royalists were more successful in political action. A political society called *Hui Kalaiaina* opposed the efforts of the reformist Hawaiian League; the reform party developed internal dissensions and failed of a majority in the 1890 legislature. The king's power was not yet secure, however, and a movement for revival of the old absolutism was defeated.

Just when Kalakaua's hopes seemed possible of fulfillment, his health failed. Leaving his sister Liliuokalani in charge of the government, he sailed for California in hope of improvement. He grew worse. It became apparent in January of 1891 that he would not see his islands again.

The king lay at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, Chamberlain George Macfarlane and Major Robert Hoapili Baker, aide de camp, at his side. An early, crude phonographic recording instrument stood near him. Louis Glass, a representative of the Edison Phonograph Company, had brought it with a request that the king's voice be recorded.

The aides raised the weakened monarch; he spoke into the mouthpiece—slowly, feebly, pausing for breath.

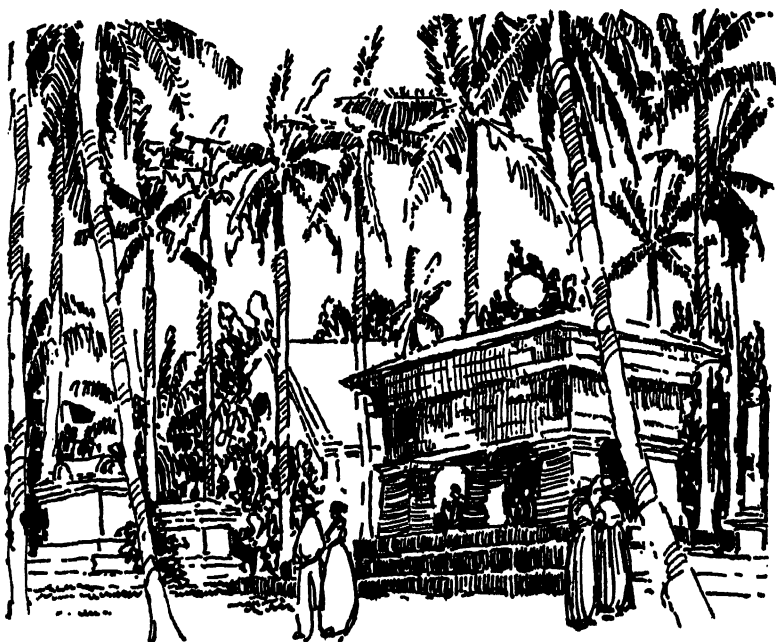
*Aloha kuaa . . . aloha kuaa*"—speaking to the instrument as if it were a personality. "*Ke hoi nei no paha makou ma keia hope aku i Hawaii, i Honolulu. A ilaila oe e hai aku ai oe i ka lehulehu i kau mea e lohe ai ianei.*"

## Gesture Toward Empire

"We greet each other. We shall perhaps hereafter go to Hawaii, to Honolulu. There you will tell the multitude the things you have heard me say here."

The king sank back, too weak to continue. Four days later he was dead. The record disappeared, to be recovered shortly before the centenary of Kalakaua's birth, in 1936, at the Bishop Museum—a scarcely audible utterance, but the first recording of a king's voice.

There was no cable to Hawaii in 1891. First news there of the king's death was the sight from Punchbowl Hill more than a week later of the *U. S. S. Charleston* with yards cockbilled in mourning as a funeral ship. A triple rainbow, ancient symbol of royalty, spread its colored arc over the palace as his body was carried through the gate.



## X LADY OF THE TWILIGHT

**I**T is related of Kalakaua that when he used to slip out of the back door of his palace to play pool at the British Club or walk through the quiet flower-hung streets, he was wont to call on Dr. John S. McGrew, outspoken advocate of annexation, and discuss the question over a drink.

"If annexation must come," he would say, "let it come after me!" .

Kalakaua appears to have had a shrewd suspicion

## Lady of the Twilight

that he would be the last Hawaiian sovereign to die a king.

Liliuokalani took the throne at this critical time, even more determined than her late brother to rule by her own will. When somebody mentioned the ministers' responsibility to the legislature, the queen replied: "My ministers will be responsible to *me*!" Criticisms against her were much the same as against Kalakaua: heeding unwise or unprincipled advisers, furthering schemes for lotteries and for licensing opium, leaning toward restoration of "paganism."

Like him, she was interested in ancient lore, a musician and composer. And now, old bitternesses healed by the years, she is remembered less for any act, wise or unwise, of her short reign than for the song she wrote before she became a queen, *Aloha Oe*.

Liliuokalani in her childhood attended Royal School, a boarding-house kept by a couple associated with one of the later missionary companies. Amusing, if touching, childhood memories are recorded in the book she wrote in a troubled time to justify her claim to a vanishing throne. She and the other young nobles, according to her story, were always hungry. The usual supper, she wrote, was "a thick slice of bread covered with molasses." So the young chiefs would raid the garden, make fire by rubbing sticks, and cook vegetables which no doubt tasted the more delicious for having been thus purloined.

She had a playmate there: John Owen Dominis, son of a Boston merchant and sea-captain who had sailed for China and never returned. John, a student at the adjoining day-school, used to climb the adobe fence to join her. Years later Dominis, a member of Prince Lot's staff, was riding

## Hawaii

at her side, returning from a party at Moanalua, when an awkward horseman collided with him, throwing him. Despite a broken leg, Dominis remounted and gallantly accompanied Liliuokalani to her home. They became engaged later and were married in 1862.

The queen's husband was a quiet, retiring man. She had a private gate made in the wall of the palace grounds that he might enter and leave without the customary salutes and passwords of the tinsel court. He died in August, 1891, seven months after Liliuokalani's accession.

*Aloha Oe*, reminiscent though it is of a hymn and of a once popular song in another tongue, is inextricably associated with Liliuokalani. It was "composed" in 1878, when her brother Kalakaua was king. With a party from the court, Liliuokalani had ridden to Maunawili, across the Pali from Honolulu, for the day. As they started home, a young woman called back Colonel Boyd, a member of the party, and gave him a lei of flowers. Princess Likelike, who had accompanied Boyd on the excursion, spurred her horse and rode away in apparent displeasure. Liliuokalani, last in the line of riders, saw these things, and she saw Boyd and the girl embrace. As they all rode home, her companions, hearing her humming an air, asked what it was.

"Just something running through my mind," Liliuokalani replied.

The refrain, all that most people know of the song, was the air she was humming on that ride down the Pali road. Next day she wrote the text in full, in Hawaiian, and translated it into English. Henri Berger, leader of the Royal Hawaiian Band, copied the music and may have aided in harmonizing it, but old accounts say he made no changes.

The song became more widely known than any other



WASHINGTON PLACE, HONOLULU, HOME OF THE  
LATE QUEEN LILIUOKALANI, NOW THE GOV-  
ERNOR'S MANSION

1

2



## Lady of the Twilight

of the hundred or more said to have been composed by Liliuokalani, and more than any other Hawaiian song. To mainlanders it is the symbol of Hawaii, often mistaken for the national song in place of the real one, *Hawaii Pono*, attributed to Kalakaua.

But in her short and troubled reign Liliuokalani can have had little time for songs.

Reform and anti-reform parties struggled while the queen tried to curb the power of the foreign element, mainly Americans. It was charged that legislators received shares of the Louisiana lottery for passage of a bill licensing it in the islands and that an opium ring offered a bribe for an act licensing sale of the narcotic. The queen signed both bills on the ground that the constitution provided no veto power and that the opium license was necessary to control a trade impossible to suppress. Her memoirs name some highly respected citizens in connection with smuggling of the drug.

But while Liliuokalani was queen, she wanted to rule. In response, as she declared, to a petition by "two-thirds of the registered voters," she had a new constitution drawn up, restoring royal appointment of the House of Nobles and the Council of State and disfranchising foreigners unless married to Hawaiians. Then she called out all her troops, and addressed the crowd from a palace balcony. Some of her adherents made inflammatory statements which alarmed foreign residents. There were threats on both sides; it looked as if Liliuokalani could not carry out her plan without a fight. The cabinet weakened and refused to confirm the new constitution, and the queen postponed its proclamation.

But it was too late; Liliuokalani had played into the

## Hawaii

hands of the opposition. The time had come to strike. A "Committee of Safety" was formed, mainly by foreigners, volunteer militia organized, and preparations were made for a provisional government. A mass meeting the afternoon of January 16, 1893, ratified the committee's acts, and civil war appeared imminent.

Some say the queen's government, if it had acted with decision, might have held on. The queen, they say, was "bluffed." But that evening marines were landed from the *U.S.S. Boston* at request of the American minister, John L. Stevens, "for the protection of the lives and property of American citizens and to assist in preserving order." Residents tell of a night of terror. Fires broke out in Honolulu; many people fled to the mountains. Meanwhile the marines did no fighting, but occupied strategic positions.

The revolutionary committee numbered names many of which are still prominent in the islands: Henry E. Cooper, Andrew Brown, J. A. McCandless, Theodore F. Lansing, John Emmeluth, C. Bolte, Ed Suhr, Henry Waterhouse, W. C. Wilder, F. W. McChesney, Lorrin A. Thurston, W. O. Smith—no Hawaiian names among them. They called on department heads to resign, proclaiming the end of the monarchy and establishment of a provisional government. The government offices were surrendered. The queen, perhaps recalling the "preservation of the land" in the time of the third Kamehameha, announced that she "yielded to the superior force of the United States Government" (referring to the marines), subject to restoration by Washington.

It was an embarrassing situation for the United States—a group of white men, mostly Americans, overturning a native government in the Pacific under cover of United

## Lady of the Twilight

States troops, and then knocking at the door to be admitted to the Union. For the new government's first act was to send Lorrin A. Thurston, W. C. Wilder, William R. Castle, Charles Carter, and Josiah Marsden to Washington to negotiate for annexation. Meanwhile Minister Stevens, fearing, as he said, a coup d'état, anticipated matters by raising the American flag over Honolulu and declaring a protectorate. The air was full of rumors. It was expected that troops would be landed from the British warship *Garnet*. Members of American and British naval crews clashed in the streets. Two Japanese warships loomed ominously in the harbor.

At Washington, President Benjamin Harrison favored annexation, and a treaty providing for it went to the Senate just before his term expired. His successor, Grover Cleveland, was not so favorable to the plan. He withdrew the treaty and sent James H. Blount to Hawaii to investigate. Blount reported that the monarchy had been overthrown by conspiracy between the rebels and Minister Stevens and by the use of United States forces. So Cleveland sent Albert S. Willis to Honolulu to restore the queen.

Willis told Liliuokalani she could have her throne back if she would grant amnesty to the revolutionists. A popular legend in Honolulu is that she replied that all might go free save Thurston and one or two others, but their heads must fall. The queen herself denied in print that she had ever mentioned beheading anybody. She gave Willis an official pledge of amnesty, and Willis asked Sanford B. Dole, president of the provisional government, to resign.

Dole, however, refused to do any such thing. The provisional government sat tight; the annexationists had come this far and they were not disposed to turn back and have

## Hawaii

to start the revolution all over again. This was another embarrassing situation; there was nothing Cleveland could do about it, short of going to war, and he was scarcely prepared to do so for that purpose. The Senate took testimony and reported early the next year that President Harrison had recognized the provisional government. Lacking congressional support, Cleveland dropped the matter. There was, however, no chance of immediate annexation.

The provisional government therefore placed itself on a permanent basis by calling a constitutional convention and establishing a republic, which was proclaimed on July 4, 1894. Contemporary critics declared the republic was a minority government, but it continued, through attempts at counter-revolution and renewed pleas by Liliuokalani to President Cleveland, until annexation was achieved.

Liliuokalani, more or less reconciled in her later years, continued to live at her estate, Washington Place, and so far forgot old animosities as to appear on a public platform with Sanford B. Dole. When she could no longer rule, she became universally beloved, and her funeral in 1917 was the grandest ever recorded in Hawaii. In her memory, residents of the islands to-day rise when *Aloha Oe* is played, and she is remembered as a gentle old lady, living in her quiet estate among her memories—as an island poet of the time, the late Herbert Melton Ayres, wrote: "The lady of the twilight, she sitteth all alone. . . ."



## XI COUNTER-REVOLT

**T**HE Hawaiian republic kept a firm hold, watching politics in the United States and waiting. Its object was to maintain the party in power until annexation could be achieved.

For tariff reciprocity was all very well while it lasted, but it might not last. The Hawaiian sugar industry was still dependent upon the caprices of the United States Congress in continuing or withdrawing the duty-free market. Thus economic as well as national security prompted union

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as early as possible with the more powerful republic across the Pacific.

But the queen's friends had not given up hope. Intrigue went on. When it became clear that Grover Cleveland could do nothing for her cause, the royalists decided to fight. In December of 1894 a schooner out of San Francisco slipped into Hawaiian waters with a cargo of arms and ammunition. But the queen's supporters played in ill luck from the start. The first time they tried to land the arms, the marshal of the republic, having a feeling, as he said, that "something was in the wind," stationed special guards along the waterfront and police broke up a meeting of royalists.

However, the arms later were smuggled ashore, and Samuel Nowlein, the rebel leader, ordered his squad captains to assemble their men at Kaalawai, just below Diamond Head, on the afternoon of Sunday, January 6th. According to one of the most circumstantial contemporary accounts, two o'clock of Monday morning was the hour set for attack. Other reports say the rebels were to march on Honolulu Sunday evening when many of their most prominent opponents would be in church. Central Union Church, according to this version, was to have been bombed, and some coconut shells, said to have contained explosives, are preserved in the archives of Hawaii. This may have been part of the plan. More responsible authorities state that the contingent assembling near Diamond Head was to march to Honolulu and seize government headquarters, while allies in town were to occupy the electric light plant, telephone office, and police station.

The queen later recorded her belief that the plans leaked out. Royalists and adherents of the republic had continued to mingle socially in the easy spirit of Hawaii and

## Counter-Revolt

secrecy must have been difficult. About two hundred revolutionaries met, under command of Nowlein and the irrepressible Wilcox. Colonel C. W. Ziegler of the government forces said many years later: "There was no discipline among the rebels and some of the men got out of hand; also some shots were fired which were heard by people out that way who telephoned in."

Government troops mobilized. There is a legend of a Hawaiian "Paul Revere" who called the men out of church to march against the rebels. Somebody reported to the marshal that arms were stored at Henry Bertelmann's house on the townward side of Diamond Head, and a squad of policemen went there to seize them, joined by some civilians who wanted to "have some fun." This was an error of judgment on the part of some of the latter, for one of them, Charles Carter, fired upon by a rebel outpost, became the first mortal casualty of the campaign.

It was the most formidable "war" that had occurred in the islands since Kamehameha's time. Skirmishing continued through the night and the next few days. But the government had struck the first blow and the rebels, who had expected an easy surprise seizure, were kept on the defensive. Wilcox and about seventy men held ravines on Diamond Head until artillery began shelling them from Kapiolani Park and from the tug *Eleu* offshore.

When the shells began bursting around them, "it was every man for himself," Iole Kiakahi, one of the embattled revolutionists, later revealed. "A few lay down flat. Everybody else ran toward the hills. Wilcox swore and said it was no use."

Meanwhile Nowlein and his party, who had started Sunday night for Punchbowl Hill, overlooking Honolulu,

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were headed off on the way, near the district of Moiliili. The royalists were driven out of both positions, some captured and some escaping to the mountains. The two leaders were taken a few days later, Wilcox in a fishing hut at Iwilei, not far from Oahu Prison, Nowlein and three associates at Kanewai Springs, between the Moiliili "battlefield" and the city.

Last of the leaders to be captured was Lot Lane, a six-foot part-Hawaiian claiming descent from Kamehameha and from the kings of Ireland. Lane hid in Manoa Valley for ten days. Then, hearing a salute fired in honor of the anniversary of the provisional government, he thought it was a signal that the war was over and martial law revoked. So he gave himself up, with the frank statement: "I went into this thing with my eyes open and on principle. We are whipped and I only hope none of my friends on either side are hurt."

Hawaii seems to have had an unusual capacity for playing with dynamite to but slight damage. Casualties in one revolutionary "battle" are reported by my *kamaaina* friends to have consisted of one cow, struck by a bullet near Punchbowl. The 1895 campaign was more sanguinary, but deaths were few.

About two hundred insurgents were brought to trial, among them Wilcox and Prince Jonah Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, each of whom later served as delegate to Congress. Liliuokalani was a prisoner of state for nine months in an upper room of the palace. She issued a formal abdication, asking mercy for her adherents. In the heat of the moment, under apprehension of further disorders, government leaders were for summary elimination of the rebels, and several death sentences were passed which, after intercession by the





CITY HALL, HONOLULU



## Counter-Revolt

United States minister and the British commissioner, were commuted. After the scare had abated, all were pardoned, including the former queen, who declared allegiance to the republic.

When news came of the election of William McKinley, annexationists revived their hopes. Republicans in the United States generally favored annexation and Democrats opposed it. A treaty was signed and was ratified by the Hawaiian Senate, but McKinley could not count on the necessary two-thirds majority in the upper house at Washington. So the matter dragged on, a controversial issue in American politics, while the McKinley tariff, reviving fear of loss of the American market for Hawaiian sugar, strengthened island sentiment for annexation.

The Spanish-American war afforded the opportunity. Hawaii, instead of remaining neutral, became an ally of the United States. Attention was drawn to the Pacific by the naval campaign in Philippine waters; the strategic value of Hawaii and the convenience of a spot of land in the Pacific at which to refuel and provision ships and rest troops, was appreciated.

A joint resolution, requiring only a majority vote, passed both houses of Congress and was signed by President McKinley July 7, 1898. When the news reached Honolulu a week later there were manifestations of rejoicing comparable to those when the Armistice ended the World War. It may be presumed that the populace was not unanimous in this enthusiasm, but under the republic, sentiment for annexation had grown and many people felt it was for the islands' best interest.

Point had been added to the evidence of its need by a dispute with Japan the previous year. Emigration companies

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had been inducing many Japanese to go to Hawaii and investigation had revealed frauds. Though the Japanese element had originally come to Hawaii by invitation, to fill a gap in the labor supply, it was felt that in this instance the Hawaiian laws were being evaded, and more than a thousand arrivals were sent back. This action created feeling in Japan. A Japanese cruiser appeared at Honolulu, and an indemnity of \$75,000 was added to the burdens of the republic.

"We can not let the islands go to Japan," President McKinley told a Senate leader at that time. "If something is not done, there will be another revolution and Japan will get control."

Sovereignty was transferred August 12, 1898. President Dole, his cabinet and staff, foreign diplomats and local officials met with Harold Sewall, United States minister, Colonel J. H. Barber of the United States Army, and Rear Admiral J. N. Miller of the Navy on the steps of Iolani Palace while thousands of citizens looked on. Many Hawaiians, out of respect for the former queen, remained away.

"Precisely at eight minutes to twelve to-day," says a contemporary newspaper account, "the Hawaiian flag descended from the flagstaffs on all the government buildings, and at exactly five minutes to the same hour the Stars and Stripes floated on the tropical breeze from every official flagstaff.

"The ceremony was an impressive one. To hear the strains of *Hawaii Pono*i for the last time as the national anthem, to hear the bugle blow taps as the Hawaiian ensign sank from its position . . ."—all this brought tears to many eyes, but the same newspaper reports that hearty

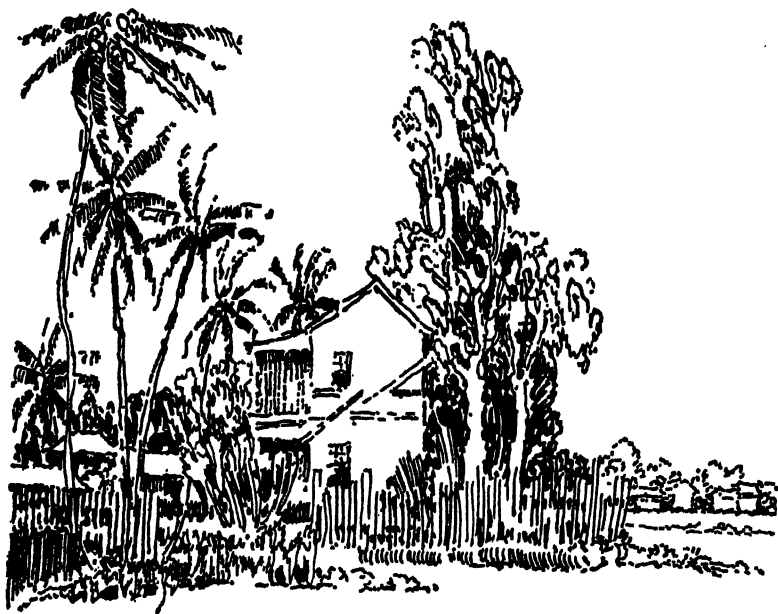
## Counter-Revolt

cheers went up as "the red, white and blue flag was unfurled to the breeze."

Words were few; Minister Sewall presented a copy of the joint resolution to President Dole, and in a brief address Dole transferred sovereignty to Sewall as representative of President McKinley. Salutes sounded from warships in the harbor and Chief Justice Albert Judd administered the oath of allegiance to Dole as governor.

The "lady of the twilight," in her garden-circled home, heard the guns boom that signaled the last act in the drama of her country, merged henceforth with the greater country whence had come, more than three-quarters of a century before, "the god in the black box." And the bronze figure of the first Kamehameha, on his pedestal opposite the palace, stood with hand outstretched, as if welcoming. . . .

But Liliuokalani never ceased to be called by an affectionate people, white and brown, "the queen." And as her funeral cortège passed through the gates of Nuuanu, the gilded crown on the catafalque toppled and fell.



## XII THE ISLANDS NEVER LET GO

**R**ESIDENTS of Hawaii insist more strongly than perhaps any other citizens upon their citizenship; so strongly, indeed, that some mainlanders are inclined to think they "protest too much." At the same time they never let it be forgotten that they are Islanders with a capital I. National patriotism is entwined with a peculiarly intense sectional pride.

They are sensitive on both subjects. They must keep reminding the United States, they explain, of their connec-

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tion with that nation. They have spent large sums to do so. For men even in high office forget it at times inconvenient for Hawaii. Many a mainlander has not even heard of it.

Continental Americans, especially east of the Pacific Coast states, commonly think of Hawaii vaguely as a "South Sea island" and locate it "somewhere near the Philippines," if indeed they do not move it to the Caribbean and confuse it with Puerto Rico or the Virgin Islands. Annexation occupies only a few lines in most history books, and the average mainlander's contact with the islands is confined to sight of a grass skirt (made in New Jersey) in a shop window, an ukulele (which he mispronounces "youkalayly"), a "Hawaiian" hula in a side-show or "Hawaiian" music on the radio.

Hence the governor's secretary patiently replies to inquiries addressed to the "American consul"; bank tellers with bored courtesy explain to visitors why they can't change dollars into "Hawaiian" money; the Chamber of Commerce laboriously translates commercial inquiries written in Spanish under the impression that it is the language of the islands, and the Honolulu postmaster grins ruefully at the disappointment of customers whom his clerks direct to curio stores for Hawaiian stamps, while he totals up an estimate of the probable sum wasted annually by mainland business firms in affixing postage at foreign rates to mail addressed to Hawaii. It is whispered that none other than a postmaster-general—or somebody in his office—once did that very thing.

Such trifles are amusing, but when the confusion hits the purse, that is different. For example, an author whose works sold rather largely in the islands received royalties at the "foreign" rate amounting to only half his normal per-

## Hawaii

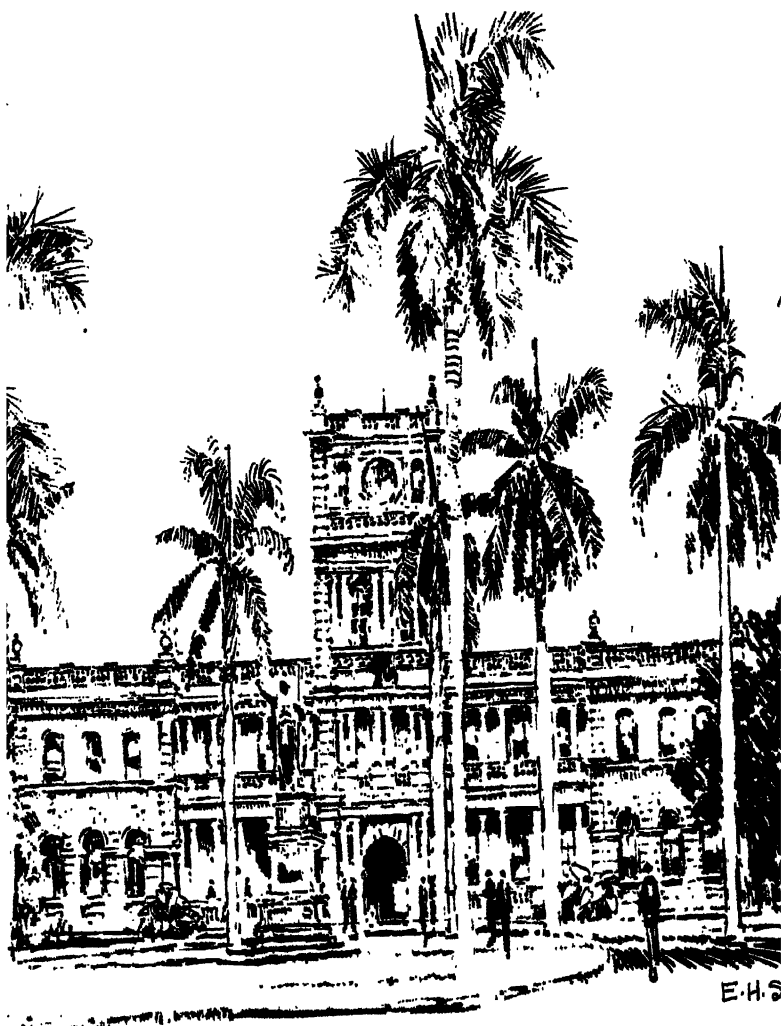
centage. Another writer living in the islands received a check for an article sold to a magazine of national circulation, minus four per cent income tax required of "all non-resident aliens." Business houses in Honolulu have in their files letters from mainland firms who "do not carry on business outside the United States." Hawaii had a long fight in Congress for an equal share of Federal appropriations and still must watch against being left out of general legislation—or, as in the case of sugar quotas in early stages of the "New Deal," being lumped with the Philippines and all other offshore areas either as "foreign" or as an "island possession."

So there are very practical reasons for the islanders' insistence, and the greatest of these is sugar.

But they never forget, either, the islands' former independence. Processions march each June 11th in trappings of bygone royalty to honor the memory of Kamehameha the Great. Hawaiian words flavor conversation. There is a distinctive intonation, a peculiar falling of the voice at the end of a sentence, a curiously wrenched emphasis on certain words and syllables, a half-obliteration of certain word-endings, making the island manner of speech a distinct dialect. Hawaii spells its favorite breakfast fruit "papaia"; mainland publishers, with dictionary authority, spell it "papaya." Hawaii writes "chop sui"; the mainland, "chop suey." A New York publisher held up the plates of a book to query an island author on his use of the word "sampan."

And residents of Hawaii insist on their difference. Island customs, climate, conditions—all are in some way superior. Merit is attached to the status of a *kamaaina*, and a slight flavor of opprobrium to that of a *malihini*. Just what a *kamaaina* is, it is a bit difficult to define. The word means





HALE ALIOLANI, HOUSE OF HEAVENLY CHIEFS, FORMERLY  
HALL OF PARLIAMENT, NOW JUDICIARY BUILDING,  
AND STATUE OF KAMEHAMEHA I, HONOLULU



## The Islands Never Let Go

literally "child of the land," and I suspect it was originally applied only to actual Hawaiians, in respect to more restricted locality of origin within the islands. Nowadays the word is used as often of non-Hawaiians but with varying requirements for eligibility. Some insist that no one can become a *kamaaina*; *kamaainas* are born, not made. These are the literalists: a *kamaaina*, to them, is one born and reared in Hawaii. In practice, however, the term often includes those who have lived long in the islands and become identified with them and molded to island manners and thought.

The opposite is a *malihini*: a stranger, a new-comer. No more deadly argument can be advanced against a candidate for office than that he is a *malihini*—except perhaps the accusation of being *hookano*, which may be translated "proud," "arrogant," or "high hat."

Fundamentally they have some right. Islanders really are different. But I hold with those who say that being a *kamaaina* is an inward, not an outward, quality. The islands whisper into one's blood, until his thoughts slant with the slant of the trade wind over the lava mountains. Though he may have been born far away, perhaps deep inland, he becomes a man apart from what he once knew and felt; the locality of his birth becomes to him more foreign than he himself may suspect. He has become a *kamaaina*.

Americans thronged into the islands after annexation. With a free market-assured, industry and business surged forward. A million tons of raw sugar go each year from Hawaii to mainland refineries; the greater part of the world's pineapples are grown in Hawaii's red volcanic soil and packed in Honolulu canneries. Hawaii sells to the continent close to a hundred million dollars' worth of these

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and other products annually and buys back seventy to eighty million dollars' worth of other goods. And Hawaii is constantly lobbying to protect this market.

Thus two currents flow in island life, mingling, sometimes opposing. Along with a trend, deplored by lovers of all that makes Hawaii distinctive, to imitate San Francisco or Los Angeles, there is a simultaneous backfire of effort to preserve what is left of old Hawaiian life and to stress regional characteristics. This is partly to meet the demands of *malihinis* who spend eight to ten million dollars a year in the islands, expecting the place to be "native" and disappointed not to find it so; partly out of islanders' genuine love for island ways.

Islanders are clannish. A few years ago, according to popular report at times pretty well supported by evidence, it was almost impossible for a *malihini* to enter business in the islands, and even more recently outsiders have found competition difficult. There is some foundation for the popular belief that vice-presidencies and other jobs not demanding too much ability are reserved for members and married-on relatives of island families. Call it nepotism, or merely say more kindly that the islands take care of their own.

Outside the islands, bonds between islanders draw closer. People who may not have been friendly in Hawaii, meeting elsewhere, hail each other like brothers. A group of them, who may not even have known one another in Hawaii, gather like members of a secret order. There is a current of understanding, of appreciation of something in common, that sets them apart from the unfortunate ones who have not known the islands. Even a fairly brief visit to Hawaii has something of this effect.

It is more than a mere convention. There is something

## The Islands Never Let Go

in the atmosphere of Hawaii that brings it about. It is an intangible: compounded of climate, scene, association, tradition. One can't quite put a finger upon it, but occasionally something occurs which seems to epitomize the outward expression of something inward and deep that makes the peculiar intertwining of old and new that is Hawaii. . . .

The march had been set for midnight. It was long past that hour when the first sound of it reached the packed watchers standing rows deep along the narrow borders of Punchbowl Street: dim and uncertain at first, then growing clearer—a sound as of distant mysterious drums, the tramp of many feet.

We waited, in the soft moist hush of a January night. A stir shivered through the thronged ranks as the footsteps swung slowly around the corner out of Beretania Street and a flare of torches glowed against flickering leaves. Above the tramping lifted a shrill keening wail; from the gray steeple of Kawaiahao a bell tolled deliberate strokes.

"It says '*Mai! Mai! Come!*'" whispered Hawaiians crowded along the iron railing that then stood before the Library of Hawaii.

The marchers approached: a dark phalanx faintly outlined against the vastness of the night. Smoky flames of torches flared left and right, their orange gleam flickering over barbaric reds and yellows of feather capes, tapered points of long wooden spears. The wailing grew; old women in the watching crowd took it up; a thin high chant quavered down the seaward wind.

Silently the marchers passed, with deliberate step, above them the torches, strings of pierced kukui nuts, blossoming

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in fiery petals out of sheaths of green leaves: torches of Old Hawaii, heraldic emblem of him whose body lay on that dark catafalque within the solid phalanx of marching men—tall men, in whose veins ran blood of chiefs and kings, and whose broad bodies bore the feather insignia of the old Hawaii above the somber vestments of the new.

Into the broad street below they passed: Alanui Moi, Street of Kings; across it and through the wide gate and up the steps of the historic church. The bell ceased its troubled calling. Jonah Kuhio Kalanianaʻole had answered the summons of that lonely bell that called "*Mai—come!*" That which remained of the last prince of Hawaii lay, guarded by his chiefs, in the temple their forefathers had built, eighty years before, to the god from overseas.

It had been known that Prince Kuhio was to die. The red aweoweo fish, harbinger of the death of chiefs, had appeared in Honolulu harbor while he lay struggling for breath in his home at Waikiki, that gracious house called Pualeilani, Flower of the Heavenly Wreath. Shadowy shapes of ancient gods had been seen walking, cloud-wreathed, on the sharp volcanic peaks. Relatives and friends had gathered around him—chiefs and commoners, the sun-burnt white-skinned men of the territory that had succeeded the kingdom of his race and which he had served in Congress for twenty years. And then the word ran through the shaded streets: "The Prince is dead!" He who had been so loved should have the honor that remained: the rites of the old Hawaii and the new. So his body was borne by night, as bodies of chiefs must be, from the vine-wreathed villa at Waikiki to the church that had replaced, in but little more than a century, the temples of his fathers' gods.

Thousands of mourners, and thousands more of the

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curious who had not known him, entered the church in the days that followed. From all the islands of Hawaii they came, and filed down the long hall to look upon the olive-tawny face beneath the steady sweep of royal *kahilis*—feather standards, tall and stately, insignia of his rank. Men and women of all estates were among them, to the old Hawaiian from a remote part of the farthest island, with head shaved in nine stripes symbolic of the nine days his prince lay in state.

Day and night the chanting continued and the *kahilis* waved: chants of time before history began, songs of the Hawaii that the white strangers from over the sea had touched and altered, Christian hymns in the soft island tongue. Half hour by half hour, the Hawaiian societies changed guard: the House of Chiefs, the Order of Kamehameha, the Kaahumanu Society, Daughters of Hawaii, Daughters and Sons of Hawaiian Warriors, and many more; men in dark suits under short feather capes; women in black flowing *holoku* gowns with narrow orange-yellow fillets and neck-wreaths. Now and then an old woman from a distant village broke again into a weird, shrilling wail. Day by day the widow, quiet and dignified in mourning white, sat in her place by the bier.

Outside, light of stars or sun gleamed on the bayonets of smartly uniformed National Guardsmen, trim khaki contrasting strangely with the chiefly vestments and the ceremonial spears.

In the gracious sunlight of an island Sunday, the final tribute was paid: a double tribute to the deceased as prince of an ancient line and as the ten times elected representative of his people.

Between lines of guardsmen, a solemn procession filed

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down the steps of Kawaiahao and through the thronged streets. Companies fell in as it passed intersections: Hawaiian societies in barbaric splendor; carriages and motorcars bearing the highest in the land in government, business, and social life; school-boys in blue-gray; army and navy detachments in olive-drab or white or blue; the National Guard, company by company, whose faces showed light or dark beneath the sun—faces Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Portuguese, Filipino, and of all the races that had inherited the land Kuhio's people once had ruled, uniting to honor him who had been their spokesman in the far, cold capital of their newer allegiance.

Personalities emerged: a tall, spare justice of the territorial Supreme Court, black silk hat glistening, robe of peacocks' tails brushing the pavement behind him as he walked at the head of the order of which he was chief; a bent veteran of two revolutions rode up and down the line of march as marshal of the day.

Red-shirted stevedores walked gravely, hauling by hand the draped catafalque. Guns boomed in slow measure, minute by minute, from Punchbowl Hill; military airplanes circled overhead.

For hours the procession moved through downtown Honolulu and up the flower-scented street to the royal tomb in Nuuanu Valley where lie the past rulers of Hawaii—save one whose dust reposes in Kawaiahao churchyard and one whose bones, guarded by ancestral spirits, rest in a secret place.

Christian prayers alternated with ancient chants. Dark-faced bearers lowered their burden into the crypt. The widowed princess, pale with emotion, followed slowly down. An Episcopalian bishop pronounced the ritual words. A



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choir sang, in the island language, *Abide With Me*. The chant and wail of Old Hawaii rose again. The princess wept.

A band played the song that symbolizes both meeting and parting—*Aloha Oe*—with its memories of the queen who had preceded by a few years him for whom it was played this day. The tender, melancholy strains ceased, and the instruments swung into the national anthem that has survived from the days of the king who wrote it to remain the musical emblem of Hawaii:

Hawaii's own,  
Look now upon your king,  
The Heaven-descended One,  
The chief!

A fine, misty rain sifted down from the savage, watchful mountains as the mourning throng dispersed; and Charles Eugene Banks, gentle, beloved poet—gone, now, too, with the bards of Old Hawaii—went home to write the lines opening:

I can not think the gentle prince is dead!

Jonah Kuhio Kalaniana'ole represented in a peculiar sense a link between the old Hawaii and the new. Nephew of Queen Kapiolani and descendant of kings of Kauai, he had been reared in Kalakaua's court and, though not by blood of the direct line of rulers of the united monarchy, had been declared such, with his brother Kawanakoa, by act of the royal legislature. He was the last prince to bear the title otherwise than by courtesy.

Imprisoned for a time after the royalist counter-revolt of 1895, he had retained his popularity among Hawaiians and others alike. While he lived, no candidate could defeat

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him for the post he held those twenty years as his people's delegate among the representatives of the states, who knew him affectionately as "Prince Cupid." It was considered that he had given his life in this service; extremes of heat and cold in Washington had worn down the royal frame that had been accustomed to the mild climate of his native islands.

"This is the last royal funeral," I heard an old resident say. In a sense, that was true. Others of high rank among the families of chiefs remained, but the death of Prince Kuhio, on January 7, 1922, was felt at the time to be the breaking of the last link with the old royal days.

So the ceremonies that followed it were appropriately eloquent of the old and the new Hawaii: Polynesian and Yankee, threads inextricably intertwined, the gold-brown and the tawny-white—and gleaming through them the newer pale-gold thread of Asia.

Such an event, typical of the islands, served to emphasize this quality that is evident in innumerable touches surviving to-day from Hawaii's varied origins: the very street names, so many of them drawn from history or legend in soft-syllabled Hawaiian; the faces and costumes in those streets; even the intonation and accent of white residents born and bred in the islands or many years resident there; something in the appearance itself of such a one, of whatever racial ancestry, that singles him out, in any land, as of Hawaii. The gods of Polynesia have left their signatures upon these islands and upon all who dwell within their shores.

In a hotel suite in San Francisco I have watched a man who was born in Germany and educated at Heidelberg sitting on the floor as cards were dealt for poker, and heard

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him mutter a Hawaiian chant that was old when Heidelberg was founded—a prayer-chant out of the unfathomable past, to gods whose names are unknown in the land of this man's birth, and I know he believed the words brought him luck. I have heard a man born in Missouri and resident of California for many years, when confronted with a difficult business situation, call upon the name of a Hawaiian *kahuna* who lives in an unidentified retreat on the slopes of Mauna Loa, for *kokua* in solving the problem. I have known a man born and reared in the Middle West, who never saw the islands until he was near middle age, to lapse, under stress, not into the patois of his native state, but into Hawaiian "pidgin." And often I have heard islanders, long resident in mainland cities, use the word forbidden to be used to a Hawaiian by a non-Hawaiian, refer to themselves as "us *kanakas*."

Island life in the Pacific does something to one. I hold with those who consider the subtle change an improvement. Be that as it may, one who has known those lands is not again the same. Genevieve Taggard, a *kamaaina* not indeed by birth but by early affiliation, condensed the complex of islandization into fourteen lines that remain as true as when they appeared in a too rare volume, *Hawaiian Hilltop*: \*

### *To a Brown Face*

We two have known an Island and a Sea  
That keep us ever foreign to this shore:  
For you, the sun; in my dull ears, the roar  
Of that surrounding ocean haunting me.

\* Quoted by permission of Genevieve Taggard.

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We dream, and still are dumb, unwillingly  
To that far kingdom subject. Long before  
I knew your name, your very presence bore  
A portion of its warm serenity.

Once, when we sat at tea, among the rest,  
Come from the foggy hills, I saw your eyes  
Stare at the fire, and with a grave surprise  
Knew on your lonely face my own heart's quest.

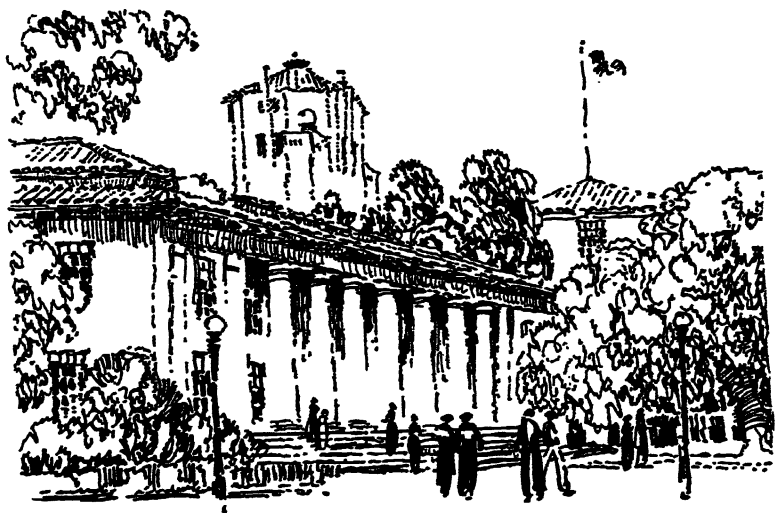
To that far land the wind forever flies,  
And all the waves of earth move to the west.



Book Three  
HAWAII TO-DAY

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### XIII PLACE OF ABUNDANT CALM

**F**RAGRANCE poured into the tropic night. Rich earth seemed to breathe into the velvety darkness. Trees, invisible fruits and flowers, the ancient land itself seemed alive, reasserting primeval dominance where man had deserted for a few hours the streets that man had made.

Along Beretania Street, to be sure, infrequent motors roared, but up through Makiki and Punahou the odd little open trolley-cars had long ceased to groan up the paved

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hills. As I climbed slowly those deserted ways after my first evening's work in Honolulu, it seemed as if I were the only human being stirring in a world given over to the mysterious sounds and scents of night.

The soft darkness of the islands folded around me, a darkness that asserted personality, not as the darkness of longer civilized lands. Into it those waves of fragrance rolled: unknown, mysterious. Fresh from cold northern countries, I had not yet learned to distinguish the tangy scent of mango blossoms, the exotic incense of ylang-ylang and stephanotis and lady-of-the-night, the rich fruity odor of cup-of-gold. With them mingled the night breath of many leaves, the delicate distillations of earth and dew.

Somewhere a heavy fruit loosened and fell on thick turf. In a wide garden lawn, a long palm frond rustled down and crashed hollowly to earth. Ripples of sound widened out in concentric circles, seeming to assume solidity and form, the spirit of the forest creeping out by night into the empty streets.

Honolulu seemed very strange and foreign and romantic in those first weeks, and never more so than in that stroll beneath the enchanted night. Those streets were to become familiar to me by day until they wore the aspect of old friends' faces; I was to enter those gracious houses that seemed, that night, so withdrawn, and sit upon their wide verandas.

The daylight atmosphere felt heavy and slow at first: it was as if one swam in a golden fluid which retarded motion and thought, as if muscles and will were held in an invisible net of languor. I learned later to absorb strength and freshness from that mild sunshine and breeze-tempered air, but



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in the time of my *malihini*-dom, exertion seemed almost impossible.

Every day, every evening then, was an adventure. I would board open framework trams on bright mornings and ride to the end of every line, savoring the sight of many-colored tropical vegetation and many-colored, often quaintly costumed, humanity. Once, beyond the end of the car line in Manoa Valley, I found a Hawaiian, stripped to the waist, wielding a stone poi-pounder above a wooden tray spread with the blue-gray mashed root of taro. Most poi, even then, was made by Chinese in factories with modern machinery, but the Hawaiian said: "It tastes better made in the ancient way."

Or at evening I would pass through downtown streets, stopping at little Chinese fruit stands to sample delicacies then new and strange to me: pulpy, hard-shelled water-lemons, pungent Chinese dragon-eyes, cool, white-fleshed soursop.

The first warm, orange-yellow papaia, with tart juice of lime upon it, the first juicy, aromatic mango, were experiences through which one entered physically into the life of the islands, absorbing through every cell the flavor and substance of southern sunshine and rich volcanic earth. I still think no other fruit equals a good mango.

I marveled at the giant flying cockroaches, like foreshortened bats, that beetled awkwardly through open windows before storm; the six-inch, wicked-looking centipedes; the small, angry scorpions; the friendly little house-lizards that perched on a human shoulder to snap at mosquitoes or lay visibly fattening inside electric lighting fixtures awaiting prey; the huge "doorknob" spiders so terrifying in appearance but encouraged by householders for their ravages

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among more annoying insects. These, too, were to become commonplace, as were the fat, saucy mynah birds that set up such a racket at early evening, and by day hopped carelessly over lawns and roads, barely deigning to flutter away just ahead of an approaching foot or wheel.

The flowers that bloomed from every hedge and doorway in such incredible variety of color and form were to become so much a part of daily background that on return to the mainland all seemed unaccountably dull and gray. The subdued colors of the east, even of the west, seemed almost as strange as the children wearing shoes. I have never had quite the same respect for orchids as something costly and rare, since a Japanese laundress brought a bunch of them to her work, plucked in her own dooryard, and since I have seen them growing wild in the forested hills.

Honolulu was a quiet place, despite the Japanese vendors who called under windows in early morning: "Frow-er!" and the newsboys who shouted at morning and evening: "Papel!" By contrast with mainland cities, it is still quiet—and clean. No coal smoke soils the air that is continually washed with wind and sun; amazingly little trash litters the streets. Houses, except at Waikiki and a few other congested districts, are set wide apart, so much so that the smiling Hawaiian mail carriers make their rounds on motorcycles. Even business buildings do not tower into the sky, but stop short at four or five floors, letting the clean air and light stream through. Honolulu wears the aspect of an overgrown village rather than a city—a village in a huge park.

One is scarcely prepared for Honolulu by the approach from sea. The sharp mountains of Oahu lift steeply out of the Pacific. Tawny and arid they look at first sight from an

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incoming steamer: the windworn southern tip of the Koolau range, the rugged promontory of Makapuu, the fluted broken cones and dry craters of Koko and of Diamond Head—not like one's preconceived notion of a "tropical" island.

But as the ship rounds the two Heads, green valleys open between cloud-wreathed peaks; surf curls against a ribbon of sand under the feathery green of tall coconut palms; the city appears, its greater part all but hidden beneath trees and vines.

An atmosphere of fragrance and friendliness reaches out from that city, from the time the first launch noses against the ship's side to let wreath-bearing welcomers climb the "Jacob's ladder"—not, one hastens to say, a greeter or a wreath for every comer; there are too many now. The custom is now observed mainly for personal friends. But there is something in the very beholding of these things, in the sound of Hawaiian melodies played by the band as the ship docks, with the powerful voice of a native soprano soaring above it, that is immediately exciting, a beckoning to adventure, the signature of a friendly land.

Strangers, prepared for grass houses and hula dances, are surprised by the modern piers, substantial buildings, activity and traffic in the narrow but well-paved streets. Yet these same streets, in many a downtown block, are canopied over to shield from sun or the light Honolulu rain, and along their sidewalks generously molded brown women offer wreaths of flowers.

Here again the new-comer experiences a slight shock. Visions of alluring island belles are rudely dispelled. Almost without exception the lei sellers are middle-aged or elderly—and fat. Yet their faces wear a kindly smile as they urge

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softly: "Lei, Mister? Nice ginger lei, only twenty-five cent. *Pua mele* lei, two for a quarter."

A sense of leisure and well-being flows about one in these streets. Here no one seems to be in a hurry; everybody has time to stop and chat. Business goes on—close to two hundred million dollars a year of it—but something of the old Hawaiian timelessness lingers. Honolulu business men take the day's work in their stride, apparently accomplishing as much, with less fuss and fretting, as their more harried correspondents on the mainland. Offices of the same firm, in Honolulu and in mainland cities, present atmospheres as different as if they were situated in mutually foreign countries.

No doubt, however, the pace is far brisker than it was in Kamehameha's time when Honolulu was a cluster of fishermen's huts, called Kou, around an inlet at the mouth of Nuuanu stream.

It was Captain Brown of the ship *Butterworth* who first entered the harbor of Kou in 1794 and named it Fairhaven. An aged chief told Hiram Bingham nearly thirty years later: "When Brown came to Waikiki I showed him the harbor of Honolulu, not before known to foreigners. He showed me dollars and said, 'These are the best treasures of my country.' I wanted them and stole three forties of them."

The name Fairhaven did not adhere long. Known among seamen as "Brown's Harbor," the place early came to be called Honolulu, a fair enough translation, though probably derived rather from the name of a chief's land in Nuuanu Valley which bore that title. It was, wrote Kama-kau, "a pleasant land looking toward the west, a fat land with flowing streams and springs of water, abundant for

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taro patches. Mists resting inland breathed softly on the flowers of the *hala*."

That description was not true of most of Honolulu then as now. Memoirs of early visitors exclaim over the dusty barrenness around the grass houses like "sunburnt hayricks" and equally scorched dwellings of coral or adobe. The shore plain was bare of vegetation except occasional cactus; in the walled dooryards of the mission houses pathetic attempts at gardening found only hibiscus and cereus to thrive. Only along Nuuanu Stream was there sufficient water to clothe its banks with green. To-day's verdure is the reward of persistent irrigation, as one may realize when, driving through the streets, one sees citizens standing in the rain with garden hose, in complete distrust of the elements, watering their lawns.

The business district has grown up, in its present form, largely since 1920. Most of the modern buildings have been erected since then, replacing shabby but age-mellowed structures of the type that still lingers here and there between them. Banks and office buildings bloom with flower-hung courts and cool fountains playing among giant ferns; orchids flame sultrily from inner walls of vines; outer façades are brushed by fringing palms. Honolulu architecture has begun to take advantage of Honolulu climate.

And the old keeps its dignity among the thrusting new. Memories cluster about the very names of these streets that bend at odd angles following the curving shore: Fort Street, named for the coral-walled citadel that commanded the harbor in Kamehameha's later years; Hotel Street, for the original Royal Hawaiian hostelry built at government expense where the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. stands to-day; Beretania, "Street of Britain," for the site of the British

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consulate in turbulent years. Halekauwila Street preserves the memory of the government house with rafters of kauwila wood from the dismantled mausoleum of chiefs on the island of Hawaii. A trust company rears its white façade where warriors once bowled with stone disks.

There is a saying that if one stands long enough at the intersection of Fort and King Streets one may see anybody in Honolulu, if not in all the islands. Like many exaggerations, it is founded upon fact. Here sleek silvery buses from the valleys transfer to open-faced street-cars that still clang through King Street, the northwest-to-southeast artery extending almost the entire length of this stretched city. Here business and shopping center; many-colored streams of life swirl and mingle beneath the gracious island sunshine or the almost equally mild island rain that has an odd habit of wetting one side of a street while leaving the opposite side dry or of skipping one block to wet lightly down the next.

Within five minutes' walk of that busy center, Kala-kaua's palace rears five towers from an expanse of lawn. Its ornate architecture, identified by a newspaper at the time of its construction as "American Florentine," stands as symbol of the petty-kingdom brilliance of the "merry monarch's" court. In its verandas still hang the round mirrors in which officers on duty spied out by reflection who was entering the grounds. Massive chandeliers that lighted stately receptions overlook the deliberations of the House of Representatives in the former throne room. Across the corridor, the Senate meets in the royal dining-hall. Paintings of Hawaiian and European royalty hang on the walls: dark faces of chiefs, pale ones of bejeweled French and German rulers look down over the men of mingled races who now throng the place.



E. H. Snydeman

MERCHANT STREET, HONOLULU





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Across King Street, in front of the square dark Hall of Heavenly Chiefs that once housed the Parliament and now accommodates the Courts, stands a heroic bronze statue of Kamehameha the Conqueror—not an actual portrait, but rather a representation in spirit. It is a copy of the original which came from Florence around the Horn. Off the Falkland Islands the ship sank, the bronze Kamehameha with it. With insurance collected by a for once thrifty government, the copy was made and set up on a pedestal decorated with bas-relief scenes in the Conqueror's life.

The original, somewhat battered, was recovered by a salvager, from whom it was purchased at Port Stanley by a shrewd sea-captain for sale to the Hawaiian government. Hawaii thus having two identical statues, the repaired original was sent to Kamehameha's native Island of Hawaii. The story goes that the people of Kohala, claiming it on the ground of Kamehameha's birth in that district, went to fetch it, but neglected the custom whereby all operations connected with deceased chiefs must take place at night. Thunder rolled from the mountains; a furious storm bespoke the anger of the gods. The Kohala men fled in terror, leaving the statue lying on the ground. Later, with proper rites at dead of night, the sculpture was retrieved, and now stands in Kohala.

But the copy in Honolulu has its own legend, albeit a more recent one. Visitors in the 1920's were wont to send home snap-shots of a patient, stooped figure in faded, patched overalls who daily patrolled King Street, pausing now and then, with hands clasped behind his back, to look up at the ancient king. The Statue Worshiper, they called him, for the legend arose that all those thirty years or more that he paced there, Joe Medeiros was waiting for Kame-

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hameha to step down from the sculptured pedestal and rule the land as of old. Joe had had a vision, it was said, and he grew gray awaiting its fulfilment. Hardened newspaper men maintained that his real concern on that daily vigil was cigar butts, but he must have had some reason for choosing that particular spot in which to collect them.

This is not a guidebook, and I must pass by the somewhat ill-proportioned Territorial Office Building and the Spanish-California style Federal Building that flank the House of Heavenly Chiefs, the massive City Hall in whose open court the annual Lei Festival is held each May Day, and many another location of more or less interest.

In the grounds of the gray coral Kawaiahao, the "Stone Church" of early mission days, stands a small stone house like a chapel, inscribed "*Lunalilo ka Moi*." It is the tomb of King Lunalilo, built at his dying wish, in which he was laid wrapped in his feather cloak, for "there is none left to wear it."

An amusing incident of the early 1930's gave rise to the rumor that the tomb was "haunted." It was during the search for a convict who had escaped from Oahu prison (intending, according to his own story later to the prison board, to stay out only long enough to get some *okolehao*, the distilled liquor of the islands). On his return, "somebody had taken the ladder away and I couldn't get back in," so he camped in a forest near the airport, making nightly forays upon householders' ice-boxes for several months.

Prison and police administration were a bit haphazard in the old-fashioned Honolulu that then retained more of its easy-going insular ways. Prisoners were not always closely held; it was reasoned that "they can't get off the island." Once, a few years earlier, newspaper men entering

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a "restaurant" on Beretania Street where inquiries of the uninitiated for sandwiches elicited the bland response, "We don't serve food here," expressed surprise at seeing the bootlegging proprietor in his usual place behind the bar.

"I thought you were in jail," one said.

"I am," the dispenser of illicit liquor replied, "but I come home to lunch."

In those days, a party of Sunday hikers reported finding a headless body on the heights near the Pali. A reporter next day called at the police station to get the "story." Returning to his city editor, he reported: "The coroner's busy today. He and the cops will go up and look at the body Tuesday."

Danny Lyman's escape, however, occurred at a time when the community was exercised over a somewhat exaggerated "crime wave," and he was being hunted with unaccustomed activity. A newspaper woman reasoned: What better hiding place than the royal tomb? Unpacking a rusty revolver, she and a woman friend stole at night to the churchyard, opened the worn door, and tiptoed down the stair. The ancient steps gave way and with a crash they plunged headlong into the vault, to arise and flee forswearing any further attempt to recapture the fugitive. It is likely that to this day the custodians of the tomb have not known how the steps were broken.

The mission buildings a block away have stood there since the 1820's: the oldest frame building in the islands, whose timbers were brought from Boston; the coral stone printing house where a king pulled the lever for the first printed page.

The street runs on between avenues of trees and houses set back in vine-tangled dooryards, toward Waikiki.



#### XIV WAIKIKI: A STATE OF MIND

**W**AIKIKI is not so much a geographical as a psychological locality. Waikiki is a state of mind.

At first sight it is disappointing. Visitors stare at the narrow beach of sand which is neither white nor golden but a pale tan, at the huddled, thin-walled cottages and apartments, at the motley hot-dog stands, filling stations, curio shops, and fried fish cafés of Kalakaua Avenue, and ask what there is to rave about.

At that first sight, the coral-pink and quite un-Hawaiian

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towers of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel seem the sole bit of distinction, architectural or otherwise, the world-famous beach can claim.

And then—the Waikiki mood begins to creep over one. Sun-mornings and sun-afternoons glide imperceptibly into the spirit; the caress of warm, clean, sea water and of mild sunshine relaxes every nerve and muscle; live, sparkling surf tones and invigorates; soft nights and haunting island music beckon to gaiety and dancing under the stars that seem so near. And Waikiki becomes an addiction, a passion. Winter after winter, summer after summer, one returns again and again.

It is a place of ease and rest and swift violent sport, a place of gaiety and revelry and relaxation, of tenderness and passion and comedy; a bewildering tangle of ugliness and beauty, of tawdriness and smartness, of naïveté and sophistication; the daily resort of proud and humble among Honolulu residents and the tourist capital of Hawaii—a playground of the world. Alluring and disgusting, restful and exhilarating, it contrives somehow, in its very maze of contradictions, to keep its unaccountable enduring charm.

I didn't want to mention a single hotel, even less to emphasize one. There are others at the beach as comfortable if not as lavish—the Halekulani, for instance. But the Royal Hawaiian, architecturally and by virtue of geographical location, is inescapably the center of Waikiki life and cannot be ignored, any more than its thrusting bulk and ornate style can fail to catch the eye from any angle within miles.

It is set within a huge garden of tropical shrubbery among coconut palms that waved over Kamehameha's court.

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Its broad verandas open upon a garden terrace where of nights one dances literally "under the stars" while the murmur of waves on the sand below the sea-wall and the low thunder of surf along the reef play a soothing obbligato to the man-made horns and strings.

By day it looks out upon a beach gay with many-colored sun umbrellas and thronged with visitors in fashionable bathing costumes, served with every attention by solicitous "beach boys." Here an eastern lady of fashion lies prone beneath the sun while a smiling Hawaiian youth anoints her back and legs with coconut oil to encourage protective and ornamental tan. Near-by, another bronze boy kneels over another fair visitor, kneading and manipulating the muscles in the soothing and relaxing Hawaiian massage. Here a brown lad braids a hat of young coconut leaves; there one with guitar or ukulele entertains a group with island songs, pausing to remark, if applause is not satisfactorily enthusiastic, "Luffly!"

The beach boy is guide, instructor, nurse, outdoor valet, and a dozen other things. He teaches guitar and ukulele playing, takes care of children while parents are otherwise occupied; when things grow dull he plays the clown, performing amusing antics in the water or on the sand. No visit to Hawaii is complete without a beach boy to teach the art of surf riding and to pilot an outrigger canoe for thrilling rides under the urge of rushing waves.

Waikiki is said to be the world's most favored spot for surf riding. The curve of shore and the formation of the reef set up long, smooth, far-running swells that carry skilful riders at times a half mile or more.

This kingly sport had been almost forgotten when, around the opening of the present century, it was revived,

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like many other native things, by a group of white men. It is not quite like anything else in the world; the nearest approach to it is skiing. One launches the curved, slant-shaped board with a run and a smooth glide, then leaps upon it and lies prone, striking out with arms at either side, paddling out to the encircling line where the white beards of sea gods stream in the wind. One ducks under crashing waves, glides over smaller ones, till the "break" is passed; then sits astride, watching for the bulge on the horizon that heralds the coming of a wave.

There it is, a darkening signal at the watery edge of the world. Lying flat again, you paddle swiftly from it, straining for speed. The wave comes on; you feel it under your feet, lifting the board. You put every ounce of strength into the last quick arm-strokes. For a moment you hang poised on the crest. It is the crucial time: you shift position, judging quickly the height and speed of the wave; if your weight is too far back on the board, you will lose momentum and fall behind the swell; if too far forward, you and the board will dive together with a ton of water upon you, perhaps to strike hard against the coral bottom.

But if your coördination is just right—you rise to the knees, to the feet; you stand erect, deftly balancing, guiding the speeding board by shifting the weight. Shoreward you soar in the grip of the wave—birdlike, godlike, exultant with the joy of that swift motion. In immediate physical sensation it approaches wings.

If surfboard riding suggests skiing, canoe surfing somewhat resembles tobogganing—down a moving wall instead of a solid mountain. The technique is similar in principle to that of the board, but with arms extended by paddles. Spray dashes over you as you hurtle at seemingly express-

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train speed before the wave that carries the canoe often to the very edge of the sand.

One has not felt fully the magic of the islands until one has ridden a canoe beneath the moon. The sea is silvered with mellow light; the shore is mysterious beneath the shadows of palms; the wind comes cool and soothing to the half-bared flesh. Far out, the rim of a wave reflects the ghostly light; "*Huki!*" the steersman shouts; bending in time to a rhythmic chant, you plunge the broad paddle into the curving sea. The overtaking wave hurls the canoe forward till you seem to soar clear, between earth and sky, with cool spray flying about you and the voices of the night calling in accents of forgotten gods.

Tourists—especially ladies—commonly begin their surf riding in "tandem," under instruction of a beach boy. The pupil lies forward on the board, the instructor behind and partly over her, his strong arms furnishing most of the motive power for the long pull outward bound and the swift fierce struggle to catch the wave. When it is caught, he lifts her to her feet, and she has all the feeling of conquering the surf when in reality her brown companion has done most of the work.

Romances develop out of these beach and surf associations. One is so carefree at Waikiki, and a stalwart surf rider has appealed to some visiting ladies as an evening escort as well.

The shore of Waikiki by night is mellow with lights, gay with music and cool drinks and dancing. The outdoor terrace ballroom glitters with fashion; from the dance floor floats the fragrance of flower leis that match the gowns. Either night or day, it is a place of joy: the spirit of Waikiki is careless, indolent, remote from even the island-



## Waikiki: A State of Mind

tempered struggles of the town. One can't take life quite seriously at Waikiki.

Thus has the marshy area of taro fields around the thatched palaces of the kings grown to a modern play resort, a Lido and Riviera of the Pacific—and largely within the memory of living residents. Record remains of the gift of a black pig by a king to a loyal subject for pulling him out of the mud where a sluggish stream once crossed Kalakaua Avenue near the site of the Outrigger Canoe Club. Indeed the country immediately mountainward of the avenue retained that primitive aspect when I first knew it, before its steaming stagnant pools had been transformed by drainage into residence lots at \$1.25 a square foot.

Waikiki above Kalakaua Avenue, then, was a scene for a poet or an artist rather than for a realty operator. A haze hung at morning and evening over that enchanted plain; even at midday the bold outlines of the mountains beyond were softened by a humid refraction that stretched the distance. Quaint little huts stood on dikes of earth between rush-bordered ponds where ducks swam; along these borderways rows of date palms tossed their peculiarly untidy frondage skyward; higher up the valley the heart-shaped leaves of taro sprang out of dark rich mud and nearer the oleander-bordered highway, beds of lotus flourished for Chinese soups. From those ponds and the weeds along their banks, a dank odor breathed forth, compounded of rotting vegetation, ancient eggs, and the living and dead creatures of the slime.

The track of the Honolulu Rapid Transit Company—for it was single then, with switches and sidings for passage—crossed the pools and marshes. There was no hurry in those days. Compared with the scramble of mainland

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cities, there is little now, but then there was none at all. Often I have seen a tram back up half a block to recover a lady's handkerchief or shopping bag. No one ever ran for a car. It was necessary only to attract the motorman's attention; he would wait. And cars would stand, apparently with all the time in the world, on those sidings, waiting for opposite-bound cars to pass, while at early evening the conductor and motorman would slip away to hunt duck eggs in the gathering dusk.

We who knew Honolulu in that period regretted the passing of those absurd tram-cars. They were open at both sides and one could board them anywhere the length of a car or the length of a block. They were abolished for safety. Too many Japanese women alighted from them on the wrong side in the path of oncoming vehicles. And the free list had grown to such proportions that the franchise of 1924 abolished that, too.

Those cars have always been to me symbolic of the open, easy-going, freedom-loving atmosphere of Hawaii.

The suction dredges were already working, in those years; the night was punctuated with their glaring lights and noisy with the rattle of old coral, like broken bones, bumping through the pipes. A canal was cut through and the coral floor of the area poured on the low land, creating for years a wilderness of white debris and sending down the wind toward the avenue an odor as of decaying eggs, with a gaseous vapor that corroded the paint from the cottages among the giant oleanders.

Time has healed those scars; a forest of algaroba has masked the disintegrating coral, and along the boulevard that parallels the seaward bank of the canal, modern bungalows stand among flowers. The canal itself has become a

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speedway for motor-boats, but from its low mountainward bank patient fishermen still cast hopeful lines.

It must be admitted that Waikiki, as a whole, is congested and unbeautiful. Beyond the small shops of the avenue, it is a place of thin-walled, closely crowded cottages and weirdly designed apartment-houses, abode of the overflow of tourists from beach hotels and of hordes of young downtown office workers. Dwelling there, one becomes accustomed to hearing one's neighbor taking his morning shower and to the noise of nightly revelry—or one moves to the more spacious, sedate, and quiet residential districts farther from the beach.

Yet one loves that joyous, heedless atmosphere; even the sole-scorching pavement over which one treads gingerly for hours of sunlight on sun-warmed sand. I discovered long ago that the faster you run, the hotter the pavement feels; the solution is to walk deliberately like those sorcerers of the South Seas who march bare foot across white-hot stones: the feet become toughened and resistant until one may proceed leisurely, as if shod.

Perhaps this toughness underfoot is the first mark of a *kamaaina*. Inured residents seldom gash their feet on the coral that still thrusts up from the sand just under water at Waikiki, despite years of blasting, raking, and hauling fragments away. We used to say the perennial throngs of newcomers had tramped it down till it no longer was sharp enough to pierce our more accustomed feet. But more likely the answer is a simpler one: *kamaainas* have learned to swim so easily that they seldom think of putting their feet on the bottom.

At any rate, morning and afternoon see a steady procession of motley-clad bathers and sun-seekers stepping across

## Hawaii

that pavement or walking along the sea-wall to the beach: some in kimono, some in bathrobe, some in more fashionable wraps, and many in the scanty Waikiki bathing attire alone, in defiance of the old law that commands them to appear "in suitable covering to the knees" without specifying in which direction, up or down. Waikiki was one of the first beaches in modern times to undress; the fashion of trunks alone for men, and trunks and brassière for women is said to have originated there.

The acres chiefs of old reclaimed from the marshes for a summer residence have gone the way of "subdivision." Flimsy dwellings occupy the site of the gardens of Captain Cleghorn where Robert Louis Stevenson sat with the little Princess Kaiulani as the peacocks screamed beneath the banyan tree, and where, when the princess went abroad for education, he wrote:

Forth from her land to mine she goes,  
The island flower, the island rose,  
The daughter of a double race....

Stevenson loved Hawaii, and twice made his home at Waikiki, when he was writing for periodicals at less than ten dollars a column. Down the shore toward Diamond Head stood Sans Souci, where Allan Hutchinson modeled the bust now in the Honolulu Academy of Arts, and Stevenson wrote: "I am being busted by a party named Hutchinson." The sculptor seldom saw Stevenson otherwise than in shirt sleeves. The Scottish writer would lie propped in bed while his Samoan servant, squatting on a mat, lighted innumerable cigarettes for the master and chased away the flies.

Romantic honeymoon couples of the early 1920's used



E. H. Snyda

WAIKIKI BEACH LOOKING TOWARD ROYAL  
HAWAIIAN (LEFT) AND MOANA HOTELS



## Waikiki: A State of Mind

to camp in the grass house in the grounds of the former Cleghorn estate that was said to have sheltered for a time the beloved Scotsman—a hut since removed to the grounds of the Salvation Army girls' home in Manoa Valley.

Stevenson's more authentic lodging at Sans Souci is no longer a place of pilgrimage, as is the aquarium that stands not far from that historic site, opposite Kapiolani Park. Here are concentrated the color and form of the denizens of the reefs: bizarre, incredible in design. The black- and yellow-barred Moorish Idol looks as if he had been created purely as a decoration; the sluggish toadfish can scarcely be distinguished from a moss-grown rock on the sea bottom; the octopus coils and uncoils long snaky arms over which changing delicate tints shudderingly chase one another in rainbow variety. Bright blue, green, yellow, red, in every conceivable shade, the most fantastic shapes inhabit this under-water wonderland—down to the small fish with the long name about which every visitor inquires—the humu-humunukunukuapuaa, and up to the big fishes with the short names—ono, a'u, the delicious-fleshed opakapaka. There is seemingly no end to their variety.

The park across the way, under the shadow of the burnt-out crater of Diamond Head, stretches in a long field of sunburnt grass studded with rows of ironwood trees, and frequented on Sundays and holidays by swarms of children, most of them looking out from the upcurved eyelids of Japan. A zoo formerly occupied the townward end. But Daisy, the lonely elephant on whose back the children used to ride, suffered a nervous breakdown one morning and killed her keeper, and a policeman's bullet exacted the penalty. The municipality got rid of the mangy bears and bored lions, and a bird park replaced the zoo—a wire-netted

## Hawaii

enclosure of trees where birds from many lands, some of them very rare, can be almost as free and much safer than in the open. The monkeys, however, remained. Honolulu could give up its bears and even the moth-eaten camel, but not these amusing caricatures of man.

The polo grounds occupy a corner of the park under the shadow of Diamond Head. Here island patricians and hard-riding army officers play the game of East Indian rajahs with apparent disregard for life and limb.

Waikiki, too, houses one of the few attempts to recreate something of the old life of Hawaii. To be sure, the grass houses of Lalani Village are wired for electricity, but on festal occasions the white man's lamps are switched off and torches flare—torches which, alas! will not bear close inspection, for they are of the kind used to mark obstructions on roads at night, fueled with petroleum, but, masked in green leaves, they at least suggest the genuine kukui-nut torches that are too much trouble, in these modern times, to make.

The houses are genuine grass huts, whose neatness is a revelation to the stranger who supposes "primitive" habitations to be abodes of filth and squalor. One may suspect, however, that they are used mainly for exhibition purposes, as the founder of the village once revealed in an amusing slip. In his customary address to the eager tourists who had gathered for the evening program and feast, he had discoursed eloquently of the healthful advantages of grass-house life. Then, introducing the performers, he expressed regret that the pride of the village, Kuluwaimaka, last of the royal bards, was unable to participate that evening. The old man, he explained, had caught cold from sleeping in the draughty hut.



## Waikiki: A State of Mind

In the village, poi is pounded from taro root with a stone pounder; a boy in a red *malo* walks up an almost perpendicular palm for coconuts; *tapa* is beaten out, for exhibition, with a carved wooden instrument on a sounding log.

We had viewed these things, one night; we had eaten pig baked in the earth oven, chicken with taro tops and coconut milk, and all the other things that the stranger samples doubtfully and the old resident savors with deep enjoyment. We had heard the pleasant if unoriginal and somewhat stagey "Hawaiian" singing and seen the hula dances. And Kuluwaimaka, rigidly held to brevity for fear of boring the tourists, had gladdened those of us who understood with authentic chanting from his people's past.

Alexandre Tansman, the composer, asked to meet the aged bard. We entered his hut, a low-roofed, clean place, bare of furnishings, lit by the smoky flare of the dying torches outside. The last representative of the ancient learning squatted on the mat—a bent old man, with thick gray hair and seamed, beardless face, looking at us from eyes dim with age, eyes that had seen the kings pass into the darkness and the white strangers overrun the land.

Questions, through an interpreter, aroused his pride in his art. Rising, he poured forth a flood of archaic learning. Hour after hour his quavering voice sounded on through the shadows, speaking out of the age of spears, of battles and flights and tremendous voyages under the ancient stars. Bronze armies marched before us in the march of his words; tawny princesses swept by in wreaths of unwithering flowers. The volcano goddess walked, beautiful and terrible, with streaming hair among the firelit clouds. It seemed as if ancestral spirits hovered in the shadows, as if the neglected gods of Old Hawaii stood about us, listening.

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The composer sat entranced, marveling at the richness of this man's knowledge and the beauty of his rhythms. As we arose to go, Kuluwaimaka halted us. "No man must leave my house without a blessing," he said. And he chanted then to the ancient gods of his people to watch over us and protect us, "till the time of the withered leaf shall come, and to the threshold of night and the gateway of the day."

Tansman, in his delight, exclaimed: "I must come back to-morrow and photograph this place." He did, but he regretted it. "By day," he lamented, "the village was an abandoned stage set, strung with electric and telephone lines, in the dooryard of a modern house. I wish I had left with the impression only of that night, for the spell had vanished."

It is thus with most attempts to revive what can not be revived. The old life is gone; only under the covering wings of kindly darkness can even its ghost be brought back.

But Kuluwaimaka, at least, was genuine.

He doubted, at first, when the Bishop Museum and the Anthropological Society of Hawaii recorded his chants. "Why should I talk into a box?" he inquired. When the first record was played back to him, he exclaimed in surprise: "The white man's machine speaks with a Hawaiian voice!"

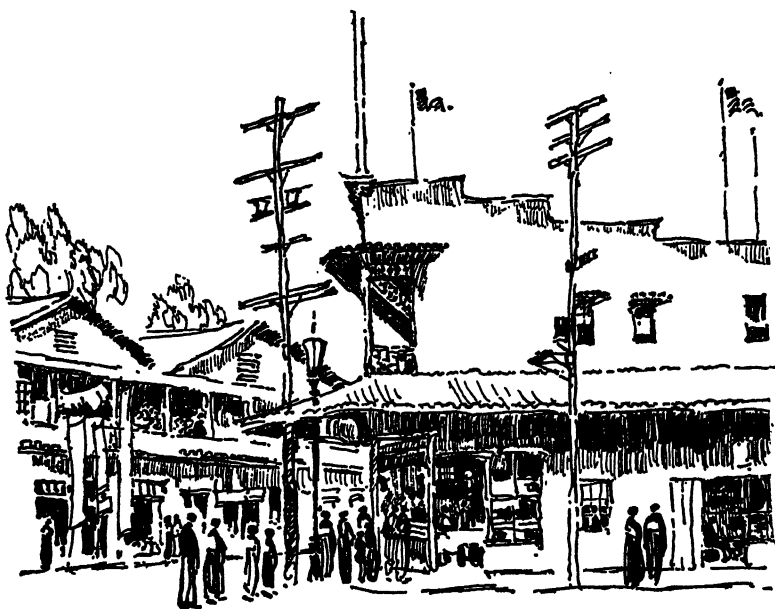
But he was still dubious.

"It is of no use," he said. "I am old; I shall die soon, and the breath will fade out of the box."

He could scarcely credit what the ethnologists told him: that his "breath" would remain in the "box" long after he had joined the spirits of his ancestors in the Great Darkness and that his voice would be heard by students who had never seen his face.

## Waikiki: A State of Mind

Thus the mutilated remnants survive, almost within the shadow of that crater slope where the last victims appeased on the altar the wrath of the gods and within the width of a street from the spot where Kamehameha is said first to have set foot upon Oahu soil. Lalani—"an unbroken line . . . to be carried on. . . ."



## XV "EWA OF NUUANU"

ASK a Honolulu resident which way is north, and the chances are he will hesitate. Ask him at Fort and King Streets, and if he has studied it out he will reply: "*Mauka* and a little *ewa*."

For directions in Hawaii are conditioned by contours of islands. Roads bending around irregular coasts make the conventional points of the compass inapplicable. To be sure there are East and West Maui, North and South Kona, and North and South King Street, though since King Street

## “*Ewa* of Nuuanu”

is more an east and west than north and south thoroughfare, the latter division only adds to confusion. The major cardinal points to which residents of all races refer are *mauka*, toward the mountains from any given point, and *makai*, toward the sea. The poles of orientation are those of the old time, when islands were divided, as old land grants testify, like cuts of a pie, flaring in segments from the center of an island and bounded in the sweeping phraseology, “from the mountains to the sea.”

This simple division leaves a gap, however, and some designation must be provided for directions to right or left as one faces *mauka* or *makai*. Such supplementary directions vary with locality. In Honolulu, as one faces seaward, the left is *waikiki* (spelled in lower case), toward that district; the right is *ewa* (pronounced “ev-va”), toward the plantation of that name.

This usage is no affectation. Even legal titles read “*mauka-ewa* corner of such-and-such streets”—which is understood by everybody and more definite than the ancient phrasing: “the land of So-and-So from Such-and-Such a stream to the kamani tree at the edge of the land of This-and-That.”

Nuuanu Street, running irregularly from the waterfront up the valley of that name, is the line of division between numbers “north” and “south” which are really neither. It is also, rather vaguely, a racial boundary. Though in Honolulu there is no such rigid segregation of racial elements as in some cities, no clearly defined “Chinatown,” still “*ewa* of Nuuanu Street” has a meaning to Honolulu people.

Chinese lived there when they were comparatively new in the city. Many of their descendants linger there, though

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as many, perhaps, have scattered to other sections. It was "*ewa* of Nuuanu" that the bubonic plague appeared in 1900 before modern sanitation and port inspection had reduced the chances of such a calamity. Medical officers burned infected houses. The fire escaped control and roared through the narrow, winding streets and blind alleys of the quarter. The whole area became a mass of charred ruins.

It has been rebuilt. Streets are still narrow, by spacious western mainland standards; there are odd passages between buildings, and quaint corner-turning alleys that lose themselves in strange mazes. But the authorities have seen to it that fire engines can get through, and the rate of fire loss in Honolulu has been lower for some years than in most mainland cities.

For blocks along the shallow, walled Nuuanu Stream or back from it along winding streets, the Orient is concentrated. Shops bear signs in decorative Chinese and Japanese characters or in Filipino dialects. The architecture itself suggests the Orient—not indeed in peaked roofs and scroll gables, except in occasional Buddhist or Shinto shrines and Chinese club-houses, but the low, blank-faced, wooden buildings, with wide lower doorways closely shuttered at night, and overhead balconies hung with pots of flowers and ferns, are reminiscent of portions of Canton.

Aromatic Chinese drug-stores exhibit dried sea-horses and preserved snakes in their windows. At the shrine in a near-by club-house a relative of an afflicted person casts irregularly-shaped wooden dice or shakes bamboo sticks out of a box before a cavernous-mouthed image. I have been told the sticks are numbered; so are the medicines in the store. The number of the stick that falls first from the box indicates the proper prescription, such as powdered dino-

## “Ewa of Nuuanu”

saur bones. At least the patient has a fifty-fifty chance: the medicine will help him, or it will not, and he can shake again. It is mainly the old who cling to this practice. The young consult their contemporaries who have taken medical degrees in universities.

“Ewa of Nuuanu Street” the clack-clack of wooden *geta* sandals is still heard, and the shuffle of Chinese slippers, though again it is the old who adhere to the old ways. The young are smart in the latest modes; the girls fresh from beauty-shops operated by their own kind. But at evening you may see a man in a long dark kimono on his way to the neighborhood bath-house to soak in sociable hot water while he discusses the price of rice or the quality of tea. Women in sober street-kimono, a hard, square pillow at the back tied with a narrow sash, squat on curbs to wait for street-cars. They take little sacks of tobacco from their sleeves and roll wispy cigarettes, a spiral of paper around a bit of the cheapest brand of the weed, the corner of the paper tucked in at the funnel-shaped end. Younger women appear in brighter garments: tea-house waitresses or entertainers, or domestic servants whose white employers require them to wear the kimono because it is “so picturesque.” Often they prefer Western dress for street wear, carrying kimono and obi in a bundle and changing only for working hours.

An elderly Chinese woman passes in black trousers and jacket, her straight black hair drawn tightly back and trans-fixed with a long gold pin. Infrequently one hobbles on feet that were bound in youth; there are still a few whose parents were conservative. Now and then Korean women of the old school walk down King Street in short jackets and contrasting skirts of bright colors. More often a Filipina

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minces along with smooth brown arms gleaming through puffed sleeves of transparent piña fabric. For the Filipinos are more recent comers to the Place of Abundant Calm.

But in the main those who continue "picturesque" are the old and the very young. Doll-faced children with bobbed black hair run nimbly on wooden sandals and play in gay kimono. Most of these are below school age. Western clothing is preferred for classrooms.

Along River Street, a pungent odor assails the nostrils from tubs of pickled *daikon*, the sour radish beloved of Japan. Bulbous roots of lotus, star-shaped bitter squashes, aged eggs encased in black or yellow salted mud, livid Chinese sausages, sweet cakes bearing pictographic characters painted in red, squares of insipid red gelatin, cheese-like red-cased fish-cakes, white cubes of soy bean cheese adorn windows. Above a barber shop a sign reads, "Ears cleaning five cent." In an alley near-by a group of men, with eyes ever wary for approaching policemen, throw dice, chanting, "Phoebe *desu!* Little Joe *ari masu!* Hai!"

In one of those alleys was a famous oasis in the years of prohibition. A Chinese peanut store was the land-mark—a place where one bought little peanuts salted in the shell or big crisp roasted ones hot from the oven. A narrow passage ran a few feet *mauka*, turned abruptly, then turned again at right angles beneath a sign reading "*Kapu*"—the island equivalent of "No Admittance." A Chinese-Hawaiian shuffled smiling forth in Chinese sandals to unlock the door of one of a row of small rooms, all alike, each with a scarred table and a few chairs, its walls decorated with "stills" from ancient motion pictures. He would serve ice-cold home-brewed beer in the cans that had contained the malt,



## “Ewa of Nuuanu”

and dump on the table a sackful of hot peanuts from the store.

It was rumored that an opium den hid somewhere in the confused collection of broken-down buildings beyond the courtyard with its gnarled papaia trees to which Pete's Hawaiian wife attached her clothes-line. Frequenters of the forbidden beer parlor claimed to have detected the odor, described as that of burnt onions, characteristic of the poppy smoke. Pete suavely disclaimed knowledge. Opium “dens” are rare in Honolulu. Use of the narcotic is said by government officers to be confined mainly to a few old Chinese who cannot exist without it. In recent years, they say, as a result of vigorous suppression, it has become difficult to obtain.

Nor are there tales of “slave girls” or of “tong wars.” Honolulu's “*ewa* of Nuuanu Street” is as tame and safe a place as any other part of the city, without even the surface front of mystery that is cultivated as a tourist attraction in the Chinatown of such a city as San Francisco. Walking through its streets, one realizes that these are simple human beings, living their lives much as you or I, though perhaps eating more rice and less meat, and speaking among themselves in one of the numerous dialects of Cantonese or the few of Japanese or the eighty-seven of the Philippines.

There are tongs, but they do not employ hatchet-men. The tongs of Honolulu are commercial associations or benevolent fraternal orders. Their club-houses look mysterious enough, with dark stairways going up to dim rooms where fantastic images glare from gilded pedestals and gaudy paper lanterns hang, emblazoned with red-scrawled prayers, and where an object like a stove receives bright red strips of paper “temple money” to be burned that its smoke may ascend to the ancestors.

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Seaward of King Street is a district of retail markets whence arises a permeating odor of fish. Meats and vegetables, too, are sold there; I saw a Chinese butcher in one of those stalls, laboriously chopping with two huge knives, to the accompaniment of a singsong chant, making hamburger steak by hand. But it is fish that make the market a showplace. The same fish that swim behind the glass tank-walls of the Waikiki aquarium lie here on slabs for sale—bright blue, red, yellow, striped, in bewildering variety of color and shape: great firm-fleshed ono and red ulaula, small awning-striped manini, tiny whitebait—it would take pages to enumerate them. And among them, slimy-looking octupuses, known locally as “squid,” whose tentacles, properly prepared, are one of the most delicious foods the sea can offer.

I stopped once to buy bananas in one of those stalls. The merchant picked up a “hand” of the yellow fruit, cutting off two or three whose contours had been marred by the attacks of some rat or other predator. “*Haole* eat no can,” he exclaimed. “Filipino eat all right.”

Along Aala Street, whose name means “fragrant”—close to the fish markets, O well-named Aala!—banners depict scenes from Chinese and Japanese plays and, in these latter days, motion pictures. Aala is the street of the Oriental theaters. The low platform between the stage and the first row of seats, where mothers used to effect needed changes of raiment for their babies or sit watching the play while the infants took nourishment in the classical manner, seems to have gone out of fashion, but the metal drums still set up a prodigious clangor when the show is about to start—or at least they did when I last visited Aala Street.



JAPANESE THEATER, AALA STREET, HONOLULU



## “Ewa of Nuuanu”

There was a steady procession of Japanese to the noisy toilet just offstage; in the theater itself rice cakes were unpacked and munched; vendors dispensed paper cones of shaved ice flavored with vividly-colored syrups; tired mothers, worn out with a day of scrubbing some one else's floor or washing another family's clothes, frankly snored.

The show that night was a movie made in Japan. On the screen, Japanese in kimono and derby hats stalked in a furious gale or sat on their heels for many feet of film around a tea-table, talking. An announcer emitted a machine-gun fire of dialogue, for sound had not yet reached the Oriental screen. Reel after reel passed thus; then action, hitherto lacking, became rapid and concentrated. A girl, registering terror, ran down a seemingly endless pier; a house burned, a ship sank; the hero committed ceremonial *hara-kiri*. Tears streamed down the heroine's chalky face. The announcer doubled his speed of utterance, almost tying himself in knots to keep up with the story.

I asked him afterward what it was all about. He looked embarrassed. “No speak English,” he replied.

There are Japanese tea-houses where one sits on the floor, after removing one's shoes at the entrance, to partake of *daikon* and *miso* and tiny cups of steaming white or pale-gold *sake*. There are Chinese restaurants where the innumerable delicacies known to Cantonese cookery are served: chicken with chopped almonds; steamed cress with fried walnuts; soup in a hollowed-out melon; such combinations as lobster, preserved lichee, and pineapple. One of the humblest of these places became a resort of white newspaper men, who had learned to follow where the Chinese themselves went for the best food. They told their friends; local versifiers and columnists celebrated the place in print;

the white population flocked there until the proprietor, in defense of his Chinese customers, built a lavishly decorated café at Waikiki to draw off his white clientele at slightly elevated prices, leaving the downtown hole-in-the-wall to his own countrymen and the more discriminating of the *haoles* who refused to be led away.

In a street that bears the un-Chinese name of Smith, a worn stairway ascends to a loft where great brick ovens turn out the most deliciously flavored chicken noodles in Honolulu. Only advance order entitles one to that delicacy. At noontime the fare, for the select who come early, is fat dumplings stuffed with shrimps or pork, sweet little cakes, and bowls of tea with another bowl for cover, which invariably spills scaldingly when decanted by any but a Chinese. Come late, and you get not even that. When the capacity of the place is reached the proprietor hangs out a sign: "No lunch to-day." Apparently it would be too much trouble to cook an extra portion or expand the business.

There is a place where the daily dish, at ridiculously low cost, is *pipi kaula* (a Hawaiian version of spiced beef) with poi, the mashed root of taro. In a blind alley at the rear of a warehouse is an open-air lunch "room" where those too poor to eat elsewhere are said to consume the leavings of the "chop sui" customers. Off Pauahi Street, through a winding alley and up a leaning stair, I came once upon a Chinese employment agency for unskilled labor, where a bowl of rice retailed at five cents and a cup of fiery *samshu* for ten.

From a balcony on Maunakea Street, of evenings, a Chinese orchestra uncoils the strains of *The Jade Princess* into the trade wind. There is a legend of an American artist who joined that club, lived in its quarters, and learned

## *“Ewa of Nuuanu”*

to play in that orchestra. The story may be exaggerated in detail, but he came out of a year's seclusion with a collection of very interesting life sketches.

Here and there, crowded among the buildings, stand the gateways of Japanese shrines. I am told those hung with frayed strands of rope are Shinto; the others, one or another of the many Buddhist sects. Dedication of one of the more elaborate of the latter lasted three days, under supervision of a Buddhist archbishop from Japan. Gongs clanged; priests in robes that I recall as of scarlet and orange and ultramarine chanted slow words like the chiming of those gongs and beat their foreheads against the floor before a colossal image. Short, slight men in ill-fitting American clothes and chalk-faced women with purple-black rolls of hair, holding babies in their arms or strapped to their backs, listened gravely while the archbishop or one of his assistants discoursed of the Way of Enlightenment and of Peace. The third day there were crisp rice wafers, and unlimited quantities of the beverage known to my boyhood as “pop” but here as “soda-mizu,” and—quite characteristically of Honolulu—ice-cream.

Byways in and out of Nuuanu Street are endless in variety for one who has time and patience to explore them gradually and come back often. From gray lava-stone retaining walls, houses fronting on obscure alleys lift flight after flight, jutting over the stream. In a lower floor, jelly is made of guavas that grow wild in the mountains. Across the street, men weave brooms by hand. Farther down a candlemaker works with infinite care, moulding the wax with intricate design. Maunakea Street, for a block or two, is the street of the lei-women. Strands of bright blossoms hang behind them from the fronts of Oriental shops. Ample

## Hawaii

Hawaiian women sit on boxes or on the sidewalk, each with her basket of carnations or ginger flowers or what not, weaving them into wreaths or pounding small dark green maile leaves with little hammers to bring out their fragrance. Unlike those who throng the entrances of piers, these flower merchants seem unconcerned whether one buys or not. Prices are standard the length of the block. When the purchase is made, it is carefully coiled and dropped into a paper sack—unless, indeed, a gorgeous white ginger or purple-and-white maunaloa lei is encased in the halves of a split bamboo or wrapped in a sheath of green ti leaves.

Farther down, at the great market, one may order a wreath for special occasions. It will be plucked and woven on the other side of the island and brought over the Pali in early morning with the dew still on it, in its green wrappings.

Seaward from the triangle where Beretania and King Streets merge is Iwilei, once a name known in every port of the world, the Street of the Collarbone. Iwilei Road branches off King Street near Aala and forks in the shape of the anatomical feature, whence its name. Years ago this was the segregated district: the place whence "Sadie Thompson," heroine of fiction and drama, went to Samoa to become celebrated in literature. Time has romanticized it; in reality, it was a shabby and dispiriting place, as such haunts of vice are likely to be. When it was evacuated the reformers found, according to report, that many of the buildings were owned by substantial citizens of high repute—another indication that Hawaii and the mainland are not very different where profits are involved.

As elsewhere, vice was not abolished, but merely dispersed, to become a matter of extra-legal but tacitly recog-



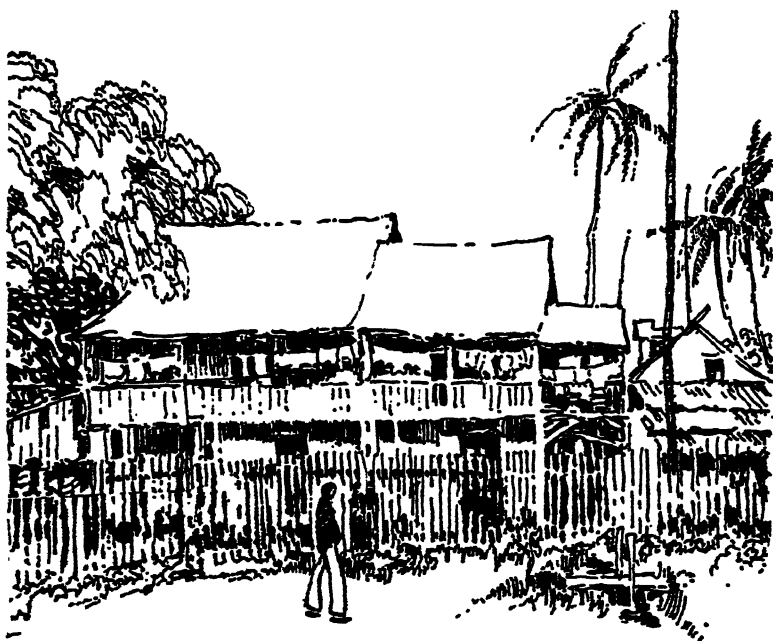
## *"Ewa of Nuuanu"*

nized regulation by army, navy, and police. Those who have investigated say the inmates of the several "hotels" that have replaced Iwilei are seldom if ever of local origin, but brought in changing shifts from the mainland.

With the passing of the "district" Iwilei became an industrial area, a place of factories. The world's largest pineapple canneries are here. Tins pass on endless belts from the can factory to the cannery where girls with hands in rubber gloves drop slices of pineapple into them and a bewildering whirl of machinery does practically all the other work. The red lamps of a cruder day have given way to a new symbol: a huge water tank built in the semblance of a pineapple, illuminated at night until it is visible for miles at sea.

But the dubious past of Iwilei has not been entirely forgotten. When an ordinance was proposed a few years ago for the building of sidewalks in that district, a veteran supervisor arose to ask:

"What's all this talk about building sidewalks in Iwilei? Nobody goes down there any more!"



## XVI VALLEYS WHOSE NAMES ARE SONGS

A POLITICAL campaigner was speaking. He was speaking in the Hawaiian language in behalf of Prince Jonah Kuhio Kalanianaʻole, candidate for his last term as delegate to Congress.

"His opponents say," the speaker declared, "that his name is of ill omen. But was not Jonah a sacrifice for the safety of his shipmates? And was not his integrity recognized by the Lord, who brought him safely out of the whale's belly? Thus does Jonah Kuhio sacrifice himself

## Valleys Whose Names Are Songs

for the common good, and the Lord will preserve him.

"His opponents say 'Kalaniana'ole' means 'the greedy chief.' Let me interpret that name for you aright. It means 'the chief who is not satisfied.' Not satisfied with what? Not satisfied with what has been done for the people, but eager to do more.

"As for the name 'Kuhio,' his opponents say it means 'standing crookedly.' Let me tell you a story:

"Long ago there were no islands here. The great sea rolled over this place. And a sacred bird flew over it—the great red fowl of the god Kane.

"In his beak he bore a calabash, and dropped it on the sea. It broke, and the pieces became islands.

"Kane came and looked upon the land and moulded it with his fingers. You can see here on Oahu the imprint of his hand, in the valleys that run from the mountains to the sea. The valleys are where his fingers pressed. The sharp ridges between are the spaces between his fingers.

"When Kane had shaped the land, Lono made the rain to fall upon it that it might be fruitful. Plants and trees grew: all the things of the forest that are good for food and use.

"Last came Ku and stood leaning—leaning and looking. *Ku* means to stand, and *hio* means to lean and to look. He was looking to see what more was needed to complete the islands. He saw that the land needed people, and he brought the Hawaiians.

"This, my friends, is the true interpretation of the name Kuhio: he who stands leaning and looking to see what more can be done for the country."

It was a magnificent example of Hawaiian campaign

## Hawaii

oratory. It was essentially poetry. For it was a vivid description of those valleys behind Honolulu that have become the choice residential sections of the city, Manoa, Makiki, Pauoa, Nuuanu, Kalihi—their very names are songs.

Old Honolulu stood on "the plain." But as the city grew, wealthy residents abandoned their unpretentious but dignified mansions along Beretania Street and the streets intersecting, and moved to the valley and the heights, closer to the trade wind, closer to the rain that reduced the labor of irrigation by which alone the "plain" had been made green and blossoming.

Nuuanu, nearer town, was an early residential district. That, too, has been largely abandoned, save in its upper reaches, to the population of Oriental origin. Manoa came next. Houses there stand in wide lawns among feathery clumps of bamboo and festoons of flowering vines. Residents of the valley have stoutly resisted encroachment of sidewalks. An attempt to enforce their building almost started a revolution. There was much argument. Proponents asserted that the people opposing it rode downtown in automobiles and did not have to wet their feet on the morning and evening grass, but that the sidewalks were for the humbler folk farther up the valley who had no automobiles. Sidewalks were duly built on the main street that enters the valley along the night-blooming cereus hedge of Punahou. But elsewhere, for the most part, the side-paths of Manoa are still of grass.

Makiki, beginning humbly at Beretania Street, increases in social prestige as it climbs mountainward. At the actual valley mouth the street divides into two ascending, winding roads, coiling through residential sections at either side of the valley to join amid forests aromatic with eucalyptus



iam.

JAPANESE HOUSES AT KEWALO BASIN, HONOLULU



## Valleys Whose Names Are Songs

near the top of that part of the range in the region known as Tantalus.

It was a group of school-boy hikers who named it after the fabled Greek whose punishment in Hades was to be "tantalized" with visions of luscious fruits just out of reach. They had started to climb to the dominating peak of the region, called by Hawaiians Puu Ohia, Hill of the Mountain Apples. They wandered through blind gulches choked with shrubbery, waded in mud along streams where fragrant white ginger grew and the rank red ginger whose buds make a shampoo fabled to cure baldness. They floundered through thickets of fern where feet could find no bottom, and long grass like a living haymow. They followed pig trails that led nowhere. As the day advanced, they came at times to open spaces whence the peak appeared ahead, seemingly as far away as hours before. So they named it Tantalus.

This height is several degrees cooler than lower districts. So Tantalus and its approaches have become a place of large and small residences interspersed with week-end cabins and surrounded by gorgeous gardens. In a few minutes' drive from downtown, one can change climate and, among riotous tree and vine and flower, feel far from business cares in a woodland retreat whose peace it seems no worry can invade.

Tart red thimbleberries hide in the long grass beside the Tantalus road. And thence a way winds down to Punchbowl Hill, a late volcanic crater known to an elder time as Puuowaina, Hill of Sacrifice. For there were sacrifices there in the old days. The fires of that volcano are as cold as whatever fires may have burned on the sacred ledge that overlooks the town, where now each Eastertime a tall cross

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stands, illuminated at night by army search-lights, to tower above community services on Easter morning. The hill is overgrown with prickly-pear cactus that forms an impenetrable thorny hedge wherever it is allowed to spread. Legend has it that Marin brought it from Mexico and that it escaped from his garden to run riot over the hills. The purple-pink fruit is delicious if one has the patience to peel away its prickly coat, holding the "pear" firmly fixed upon the point of a sharpened stick. But woe to any tongue in which the fine, hairlike bristles become embedded.

Crack of rifles and stutter of machine guns of the National Guard may be heard on Sundays from the target range within the crater. Around its mountainward edges cluster the huts of "squatters" whom an indulgent government has permitted to remain. The townward slopes are traditionally the home of the Portuguese. Lusitania, Funchal, Azores—its street names bear out the tradition. Ethnic boundaries have a way, however, of overlapping, geographically as well as otherwise, in Honolulu. In recent years those known to census enumerators as "other Caucasians" have been building on Prospect Street, lured by cool altitude and pleasant view, until the street has been termed jestingly "the *haole* side of Punchbowl."

Nuuanu, the "cool craig niche" designated in Hawaiian poetry as "the long hall of the rain," mounts to the pass where Kamehameha confirmed his conquest. Its middle-upper areas are one of the newer residence districts, with spreading, comfortable houses behind walls of shrubbery.

The view at night from Alewa or Pacific Heights is one of the treats accorded by residents of all parts of the city to visiting friends. Lights of the city twinkle starlike be-



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neath; headlamps of moving motor-cars glide between red neon signs; toward the center of town the red-outlined tower of a broadcasting station points a glowing finger to the sky. Off to the right the clouds reflect the lights of Pearl Harbor. From Diamond Head, flaring pencils of white search-lights rake the heavens, or from the opposite quarter come swift flashes like heat-lightning, followed by the dull boom of night-firing from a coast defense post.

Streets between the plain and the heights are planted with flowering trees. Delicate blue of jacaranda, vivid scarlet of poinciana, pinks and yellows of cassia form in season solid blocks of color. Wilder Avenue between Makiki and Kewalo Streets is ablaze as if hung with lanterns. A street farther *ewa* is a mass of pink. A drive leading seaward glows with the delicate tracery of "golden shower." Here and there trees have been interbred to produce that curiously variegated hybrid, the "rainbow shower." Door-yards, too, are gay with color. Purple or red bougainvillæa and yellow alamanda sprawl over fences and walls; candle-bushes flame warm gold; wide chalices of copa de oro pour a fruity fragrance into day or night. And everywhere are hibiscus—block-long hedges in every conceivable shade. It is said there are two thousand varieties.

The "shower" trees are seasonal, roughly from May to September, but at their best in June and July. The cereus on the Punahou wall opens waxy-white golden-centered fragrant blooms into the night at intervals of several months. Its blossoming is heralded in the press, and residents and visitors flock in nocturnal pilgrimage to Punahou. Automobiles line up with headlamps lighting the flower-curtained wall. Not that cereus is rare in Honolulu; there are many hedges, and a garden in Moanalua where the cactus has

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climbed trees, forming a fairyland bower. But the mile-long Punahou hedge is the most accessible and the most widely known.

Eastward Honolulu has spread to occupy the district of Kaimuki—up to the early twentieth century a barren plateau of swirling red dust among scattered algarobas, where in the “monarchy days” the court physician, Dr. Trousseau, kept—of all things—ostriches! It is the home now of people of every class but mainly those of moderate means, of many races, in trim cottages among flowering dooryards behind low walls of red-brown volcanic stone. It has been estimated that more than twenty thousand inhabit that red earth. They have their own stores, schools, churches, parks, theater—a city within a city.

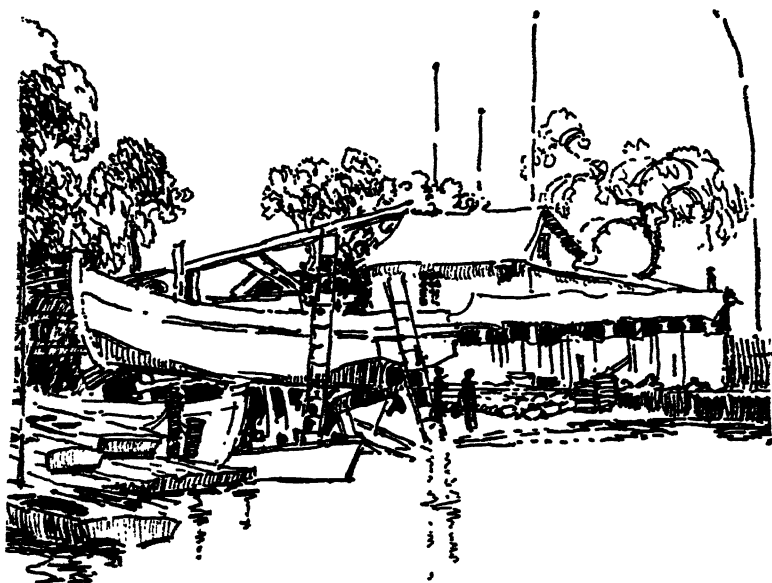
They have spread, too, up the heights. The pineapple fields of Wilhelmina Rise have been plowed up for house lots to which one climbs precipitously as up the pitch of a roof or spirals more gradually upward around the hill. The Korean flower gardeners are being crowded out as more and more Honoluluans mow the weeds and uproot the persistent stunted pineapples to build their homes in that bracing air and enjoy the wide sweep of view from one of the most pleasant and healthful residential locations in the city.

Seaward, Kahala, low-lying but sea-cooled, looks out toward ocean ways where ships ride in. Bathing pools have been blasted and hewn out of the coral; grounds here and in the adjoining district of Kaalawai have been made one huge garden; houses are wide-eaved, spacious, open-doored, and cool. Waves dash high on the black lava headland that separates these suburbs, filling a pool on its seaward edge, and residents of those rugged slopes can, if they choose,

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wander down to the sea of mornings and spear their breakfast fish in their own front yards.

The waters off the point toward Koko Head were once a royal fishing preserve. Hither the king would send his stewards, with instructions to bring so many ulua, or mahimahi, or octopuses. All along this shore, Hawaiians still wade with spears, and women, with skirts tucked up around ample hips, gather seaweed while their babies play on the sand. Here one savors Honolulu life in its most gracious mood: sun and wind and sea, with the fluted dome of Koko Head towering beyond, above the fishponds of the kings.



## XVII BLUE SAMPANS

**S**EAWARD from South King Street a few blocks *wai-kiki* from Aloha Tower is still another Honolulu. Narrow streets curve down between walls out of King Street, bending back behind Kawaiahao churchyard into a gridiron of cross-streets, still for the most part unpaved. One loses oneself easily in confusing angles and turnings, runs into blind alleys, but eventually wanders out to the broad boulevard that is the seaward boundary of the district—the curving Ala Moana, “Sea Way,” that leads to

## Blue Sampan

Waikiki. This huddle of factories, small, dingy stores, and humble homes is Kakaako: a place not mentioned in tourist literature, hidden away behind the more ambitious thoroughfares that border it. Here, if anywhere, dwell the Hawaiians of Honolulu, here and in a myriad lost lanes that dive inland from King Street in the long reaches of Kalihi, and along the streams near the heads of the less developed valleys. Here in Kakaako dwell the stevedores and the humble folk of a hundred obscure occupations. Among them are Chinese and Japanese storekeepers, Filipino laborers, and the fishermen who moor their oddly-shaped craft at Kewalo Basin on the edge of the district.

The streets of Kakaako, in popular report, used to be considered dangerous. Just how real the danger was, I am not prepared to state, having a long-standing suspicion that one is safer among poor people and working folk than in most places. But I did come, in a hot, dusty noonday, upon two Filipinos, surrounded by a cheering ring of their countrymen, dueling with knives in a sun-baked courtyard.

There is poverty here but not, apparently, squalor. For that, one would have to penetrate among the more noisome of the tenements of Palama and those that stood until recently, at least, farther hillward along Tin Can Alley off Beretania Street. A flood roaring down Nuuanu Stream drowned the denizens out of that huddled maze and gave birth to a "better housing" project that was to erase it from the map. Some residents of the district opposed the movement at first.

"Yes, very poor house," they said. "But s'pose more better house, more money. How can pay?"

But Kakaako is a rather cheerful place, despite the

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washings that hang over neglected tombstones at the rear of the churchyard that is so trim and decorous from the front. Flowers bloom in little dooryards; papaia trees rear pale boles above roofs and drop great golden melons; bananas wave broad, wind-tattered leaves and bend with yellowing clusters of fruit. Broad Hawaiian women look out of windows or sit comfortably on doorsteps; brown children play noisily in the dusty streets. Once in early evening, driving down one of those dim ways, I passed a little orchestra in full bloom of tune: two ukuleles, if I remember correctly, a guitar and—of all things in that place—a harp!

Dominant over Kakaako is the Honolulu Iron Works: without, a drab collection of buildings; within, an inferno of clanging machinery. Honolulu is not primarily a manufacturing center, but there was need for the iron works. It took time to bring tools and machinery around the Horn; even in later days it was a considerable voyage from the Pacific Coast to Hawaii. So the iron works grew up here in the middle of the Pacific, expanding with the sugar industry and the growth of shipping until to-day it makes equipment for the sugar mills not only of Hawaii but of the Philippines and many another far field.

Where Kakaako merges into Kewalo is the center of commercial fishing. Long, low, blue-painted boats lie in the deep blue basin or moor along Fishermen's Wharf. Sampans, they are called, and the name sailed out of the west from the lands beyond the setting sun.

The first sampan came to Hawaii under sail, from Japan. The voyager engaged in fishing and eventually became a builder of sampans for other fishermen. The sails came down; the ships were modernized with power. Gaso-

## Blue Sampans

line engines were installed at first, and later Diesels. The bow was raised and sharpened to cut the water more smoothly under greater speed. But the design of the hull remains the same—slanting off from the bow to a flattened bottom and rounding back to a low, square stern. Above water, the sides slant back downward, rakish, exotic-looking, suggesting piracy in strange seas.

The smaller sampans still are steered in the old manner: the helmsman stands in the stern, facing forward, the long tiller-arm gripped between his knees. The larger craft nowadays often are steered from a pilot-house forward, by a wheel geared to chains running back to a cranky rudder.

They are built without ribs, of pine planks bolted to a frame like a house, and without plans, blue-prints, or specifications other than length. The builder calculates with a pencil on a bit of plank and cuts the timbers to fit. When the boat is ready it is slid into the sea and he weights down one side or the other with lead or cement to make it ride evenly.

Launching of a sampan is a merry occasion, with a flavor of deeper seriousness derived from misty things in the forgotten past. *Sake* is poured, rice cakes eaten, and the builder is tossed into the harbor—a sacrifice, no doubt, to the sea gods, for future protection of the ship.

I asked fishermen why sampans are always painted blue. "Blue is a lucky color," some one said. "Blue is the color of the sea and doesn't scare the fish," another offered. A third was more explicit. "We have our favorite fishing grounds and a blue boat in the water is less conspicuous, so our competitors can't follow us and spy out our fishing places." But the fourth gave the most convincing answer: "Blue paint," he explained, "more cheaper."

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No pirates these, however piratical their ships may look, but honest working-men in one of the most arduous occupations. It is a hard life they live, these brown, lean, hardy fisherfolk with their seamed, leathery faces and wrinkle-rimmed, sea-wise eyes. A sampan, if a seaworthy craft, is not the most comfortable. It pitches with a motion all its own, the high prow rising with waves and falling in a shuddering slap that lifts a sleeper bodily out of his bunk in the cramped fo'c's'l. The narrow deck is nearly always wet. But it is a stout ship, during its life of five years. Swift, with high power and light draft, it is the ideal boat for island fishing, capable of sliding over submerged reefs and taking shelter in shallow bays. The Bishop Museum chose a sampan for its Mangareva Expedition over ten thousand miles of imperfectly charted sea to two score and more of islands.

There are more than a thousand licensed fishermen in Hawaii and two hundred and fifty sampans out of Oahu harbors alone. They do a million dollar a year business, for every man, woman, and child in the islands eats an average of seventy pounds of fish a year. Most fishermen work for a few large companies which finance operations, pay taxes, oil, gasoline, and wharfage fees and support the families of fishermen while the men are at sea.

Sampans are of four classes. "Aku" boats, about thirty miles offshore, fish with hook and line over the side for striped tuna, using as bait a fingerling called nehu, caught with nets at sea or with weirs in streams. "Ahi" boats have a more complicated task. The aku or striped tuna is used to catch opelu, which in turn becomes bait for the white albacore known in the islands as ahi. Large deep-sea boats, with a load of ice, stay out days or weeks at a time, voyag-





SAMPANS IN ANAHULU STREAM, HALEIWA, OAHU



## Blue Sampans

ing to French Frigates Shoal, a thousand miles or more northwest, or to Palmyra or Fanning, an equal distance south. Occasionally one goes to Christmas Island, half way to Tahiti. Small "akule" boats operate along the coast, using live shrimps as bait.

Sea rations are meager, for there must be economy of storage space. A dried fish, a bowl of rice, a little soy sauce—and the fishermen look out to sea watching for the birds that betray the presence of fish.

"Booby" birds, those big but dull-witted fishers of the sea, lead the way to schools of aku. The sampan makes for the spot. Engines are stopped. Live nehu are tossed over-side. As the fish rush for them, polished, unbaited, barbless hooks are dropped, glittering like the sleek sides of the fingerlings. Aku are tossed into the well-deck as fast as the fishermen can pull in their lines. Two tons sometimes are obtained from one school.

About a third of the aku and ahi go into tins as "tuna" in a three-acre factory near Kewalo Basin—a factory complete with shipyards, repair plant, and a Buddhist shrine. The sixty-five sampans belonging to the company tie up at the company wharf and unload into steel-bottom slatted cars on a narrow gauge railway. Weighed in the cars, the fish are cleaned on a concrete floor and cooked, a ton or two at a time, in steam-jacketed cookers. After three hours in the cookers, it takes them ten hours to cool before they are stripped and sliced, oiled and sterilized, and cooled again.

"Independent" fishermen prefer the fish auction at Aala market. They may get a better price.

The auction starts at about seven o'clock in the morning. If it is late in opening, it is probable that the auctioneers are waiting for Mr. Otani, who takes as much pride in the

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acquisition of a choice seventy-pound tuna as a collector in the discovery of a Ming vase—and is hence one of the most dependable bidders.

All kinds of fish are brought in, from tiny whitebait to swordfish almost as big as a boat. The auctioneer rings a bell to give everybody warning, an alarm sounds in neighboring stalls, and the buyers assemble. Bidding starts first for the big fish: tuna, swordfish, ono, shark, mahimahi. Each fish bears a tag denoting its weight. This makes it easy for the bidders, who know just about how much a pound it will bring at retail. Swordfish in the market runs as high as five hundred pounds, and not long ago a sampan brought in one that weighed half a ton. Tuna often exceed eighty pounds.

The men who have risked their lives under hardship to catch the fish divide among themselves seventy per cent of the profits. The owner of the boat gets the rest.

Most of them are hard old veterans. "The young men don't like to go to sea," an old-timer explained. "They're not as tough as we are. They demand more pay than the owners will give."

But with the depression, some young men were forced into this robust trade. Others than those of Japanese ancestry are entering it—boys out of university, unemployed lads around town. A new spirit is growing up on the boats. There was even, a while back, a strike.

Kewalo in recent years attained a vogue among diners-out, who flock to the sea-food inns near Fishermen's Wharf where fish and shell-fish only a few hours out of the sea are served at astonishingly moderate prices. One may see almost anybody in those upper rooms whose open balcony windows look out upon the basin starred with the riding lights of

## Blue Sampan

sampans: at one table, men in dinner coats and women in evening gowns; at another, nondescript young men in sweat-shirts. The smiling, nimble-footed waiters treat all alike.

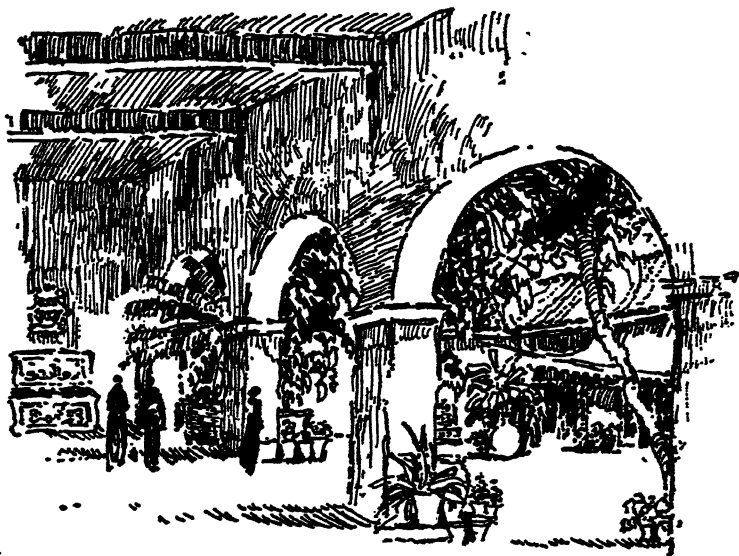
The Ala Moana, which runs past these places in a whirr of motors and a stream of lights, was long a neglected road, traversing a waste of dumping grounds and swampy lotus patches. Improved, it is now a favorite drive to Waikiki. The old municipal dump, seaward of the road, has been converted into a seventy-eight acre park, complete with goldfish ponds, swimming pools, athletic fields, a municipal concert hall, even a Hawaiian village—and modernistic paintings in the concrete sports pavilion beside the colored pool. The park extends a mile or more along the waterfront to a yacht basin near the entrance to the Ala Wai Canal. It is planted with rare trees: the fish-poison tree whose pods used to be ground up and spread in reef water to stupefy fish that they might be picked up by hand; the lip-stick bush which grows a natural rouge in its seed-cases; the ice-cream tree whose white fruit is good to eat.

The shacks of the squatters who named their settlement Kaakaukui—"To the Right of the Lighthouse"—have been cleared away and the squatters settled, through the generosity of a princess, in the fields *mauka* of the road. The lotus beds and taro and rice fields between Sea Way and King Street are disappearing. Another boulevard cuts through the palm grove of the Old Plantation and swings across the vanishing ponds to bisect Kalakaua Avenue just above the Ala Wai and bends eastward to join Waialae Road near the entrance of Kaimuki.

Honolulu grows up: the quaint and picturesque are modernized away—or do they only appear in a new dress?

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But always the sprawling bougainvillæa and the gay hibiscus spring up to cover the scars, and the many-colored children, themselves like so many varieties of hibiscus, swarm over the altered streets.



### XVIII · "LAND WHERE OUR FATHERS DIED"

**C**HILDREN—one of the first impressions of a visitor is their prodigious number. Schools seem to overflow with them: a hundred thousand or so in the classrooms, one out of four in the population going to school.

Barefoot children wearing wreaths of fresh carnations board tram-cars and buses in the cool morning. Barefoot boys kick footballs in city playgrounds, sending the calf-skin spheroid as far and true as any cleated boot. Sturdy

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Hawaiian girls in scout costumes march on Saturday afternoons and Sundays up roads that lead to mountain trails. Shy-faced slender Chinese and Japanese girls with straight hair brushed back, and dark-eyed Portuguese, hurry along with books under their arms.

Children from a dozen races sing "Land where our fathers died, land of the pilgrims' pride," in accents that may sound odd to unaccustomed ears and with an intonation surely taking its place as a peculiarity of one of the many dialects of the English language.

Oldest of Honolulu schools is Punahou, on the ninety acres Boki and Liliha gave Hiram Bingham for the missionary group. Mission families tired of sending their sons and daughters around the Horn to school in New England, not to see them for years. They built their own school around the "new spring" whence it was named—a spring now glorified into an ornamental lily pond in which boys and girls swing bare feet from the curb.

Children of California forty-niners learned their letters here. It was a shorter voyage from San Francisco to Hawaii than back east around the Horn and less dangerous than the trek across the continent. Punahou is still a private school and a rather exclusive one. Children of the "better" families go there before they are sent east to Harvard or Yale or Vassar. Punahou wears an air of condescension toward the public schools: the younger, aggressive Roosevelt High School, the huge and crowded McKinley. There are forays from one campus upon another; nocturnal paintings of the Punahou observatory dome with colors of rivals, and no football games are so hard fought or so vociferously "rooted" as those in which Punahou is a contender.





OLD SCHOOL HALL, PUNAHOU SCHOOL, HONOLULU



## “Land Where Our Fathers Died”

It was at Punahou that a shocked teacher discovered in Herman Melville's *Typee*, on the supplementary reading list, uncomplimentary references to the missionaries and to a king of Hawaii in Melville's time, whom that plain-spoken sailor described, rather unfairly, as “an ugly, Negro-looking blockhead.” The book was summarily banned until a contrite publisher hastily assembled a revised edition from which the offending passages had been removed.

Punahou is about ninety per cent *haole*,\* and for many years most white families who could afford it sent their children there, but with the rise of the “English standard” public schools, some of the white population are drifting to them. Its rivals accuse Punahou of a certain snobbishness, perhaps confused with the “old family” spirit which resembles not a little that of the ancient chiefs.

On the heights of Kapalama, above Bishop Museum, stands Kamehameha, gift of a princess who refused a throne. Bernice Pauahi, acclaimed in her time as the last of the Kamehamehas, founded at her death in 1884 the Kamehameha Schools for boys and girls of Hawaiian blood. It was from Kamehameha that the boy colonists went to take weather observations at Baker, Howland, and Jarvis Islands for the airplane line to New Zealand, and lived months at a time on those bits of coral near the equator. The boys came so close to the stars on those lonely reefs that on their return they built a telescope in the school workshop and began studying astronomy.

St. Louis College (really a high school), on the heights above Waialae Road just before one enters Kaimuki, is

\* *Haole* originally meant “foreigner”; it was applied in historical times to persons of Anglo-Saxon blood. More recently, the term is sometimes extended to include, roughly, most, but not all, “white” people. The nearest equivalent is the census bureau classification, “other Caucasians.”

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the fruit of another missionary endeavor. Early Roman Catholic brothers built their school first at Ahuimanu, "Gathering Place of Birds," across the island near Kaneohe. Later for many years St. Louis occupied a cramped site on the walled bank of Nuuanu Stream. A few years ago it was moved to the cooler heights. Many boys of Portuguese ancestry are students there, and some Hawaiians.

At the entrance to Makiki Valley stands a group of bungalowlike buildings in a generous space of park. This is Honolulu's select kindergarten, Hanahauoli, "School of Joyful Work." Advanced modern methods are the rule there; individuality is fostered and the school makes a consistent and, on the whole, successful effort to live up to its name. Here go the children who later make up the bulk of the student body of Punahou.

Down on King Street near the business section is Castle Memorial Kindergarten, a bright and cheerful place where doll-like tots of many races begin their education: each with his little roll of grass matting for the mid-session nap and his bottle of milk for the between-classes lunch.

Chinese and Japanese have their own schools, outside the regular system, where their languages and traditions are taught. There was opposition to these schools for a time, but the principal objection in later years has been that they encroach upon the playtime of children, who are also required to attend the public schools.

Beyond Punahou and beyond Mid-Pacific Institute which serves educational needs of boys and girls of Oriental ancestry, a group of white buildings stands in green lawns of Manoa Valley. It is the University of Hawaii, whose founding a late governor of the islands ascribed, in a public address, largely to the efforts of a Honolulu Chinese banker

## “Land Where Our Fathers Died”

who worked for years to help bring about its establishment.

When it was founded in 1907 as the College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts, it had but one building and the faculty outnumbered the students. The banker, William Kwai Fong Yap, saw it grow from that small beginning to a full university with an enrolment of more than three thousand. He saw its first football team, in 1909, lose three out of four games against Honolulu high schools, with three faculty members playing as there was not enough material among the students. He saw, twenty to thirty years later, the university's “Roaring Rainbows” meet on equal terms with teams from mainland universities.

The College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts, which graduated in 1912 its first class of four members, became in 1920 the University of Hawaii. In several ways it is unique. There can be but few others where Hawaiian, Chinese, and Japanese language and literature are offered within one curriculum, or whose students are more diverse of racial origin. It has the only school of tropical agriculture in the country and one of few in the world. And it is further remarkable for its Oriental Institute, which gathers students and educators from all the countries bordering the Pacific.

Creamy-skinned Chinese girls trip up the steps of Hawaii Hall; slender, studious Japanese; dark Portuguese; big Hawaiian boys troop off to the football field; *haoles* from many a mainland state as well as from the islands mingle with these and with scattering Koreans, Filipinos, young Samoan chiefs, and East Indian princes.

Scholarship honors seem most frequently attained by those of Oriental descent. This might be attributed in part to their superior numbers, but teachers throughout the

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islands remark the seriousness of Oriental students. A debating team which won the greater share of its contests in a mainland tour was composed of one Japanese, one Chinese, and one Anglo-Saxon. A distinguished student in the middle 1930's was a blind native of the Philippines who, taking lecture notes with slate and stylus in Braille and having reference assignments read to her by fellow students, surpassed many schoolmates who enjoyed unimpaired faculties.

One of the most interesting student activities is the dramatic society which each year produces one play of Caucasian, one of Chinese, one of Japanese, and one of Hawaiian theme, with appropriately selected cast and often in translation or adaptation by Hawaii students from foreign originals. These plays are marvels of stagecraft and costuming, and the English department makes heroic efforts to polish the diction. At a performance of an ancient Japanese heroic drama, the scene was carried out to the extent of building the actual "flower path," a raised platform down the aisle, for spectacular entrances—a circumstance which caused an amusing incident. A prominent social leader, arriving, with characteristic hauteur, in the middle of the second act, trod the flower path to her seat, avoiding by a bare minute collision with the embattled samurai as they stormed over it to rescue their comrades from a burning castle.

Elaborate performances on Hawaiian themes, involving much pageantry, take place appropriately in an open-air theater constructed, in somewhat rash defiance of Manoa rain, on the university grounds.

The nearly two hundred public schools naturally reflect the racial composition of the island population. A platoon of khaki-clad youths marches down King Street, eyes slant-

## “Land Where Our Fathers Died”

ing from light-brown faces beneath jaunty military caps, rifles at the correct angle over the shoulder. Japanese reservists? Far from it; they are a Reserve Officers' Training Corps unit from McKinley High School.

About half the children in the schools are of Japanese ancestry—a proportion somewhat in advance of that which the same racial element occupies in the total population. These children have been coming of school age in numbers reflecting the peak of Japanese immigration. Sociologists predict subsidence to a probable permanent level of about twenty-five per cent. About one-sixth of the school population is of Hawaiian blood. The others grade down through Portuguese, Chinese, the many Caucasian stocks, Filipinos, Koreans, Puerto Ricans, Spanish, and others.

With exception of this racial distribution, schools of Hawaii differ from those of the mainland chiefly in organization. Public schools are under a single centralized administration, enforcing uniform standards. It is the boast of Hawaii that its rural schools are as good as its city schools and their teachers equally paid. There are no local boards to cramp school expenditures. And efforts are made continually to adjust education to environment, coöperating with local industries to fit the student more adequately to take his place in community life.

The great difficulty in the past has been the imperfect language equipment with which many children entered school. This difficulty is disappearing, but meanwhile it has been met by a device similar to the “select schools” of a century ago. Students with insufficient command of English were retarding classmates. So “English standard” schools were created, with certain language requirements for admission—not, as school authorities were careful to emphasize,

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with any notion of racial discrimination, but merely to make education more efficient.

In schools of both kinds, Murasaki and Ah Goo and Keoki write compositions about "Our Pilgrim Fathers," and it does not occur to their classmates to see in such references by Japanese and Chinese and Hawaiian students to Myles Standish, the Bradfords, and John Alden, anything amusing.

To be sure, there was the incident of the half-staffed flag over McKinley High School. Franklin K. Lane, former secretary of the interior, had died that day. As it happened, that was the day Myles Fukunaga, a demented lad of Japanese ancestry, was hanged for a kidnapping and murder that shocked those of his own race as much as others. Pointing upward, students were heard to say: "Flag half mast, Fukunaga hang!" And there is the story of the Hawaiian boy answering questions in class:

"To whom did the islands belong in the old days?"

"To the king and chiefs."

"That is right. To whom do they belong now?"

"To the Bishop Estate!"

There was, too, a British visitor who questioned a history class in Honolulu.

"What," he inquired, rather rashly, "happened at Yorktown?"

A little boy in a rear row, of obvious Chinese origin, lifted his hand.

"Yorktown," the Chinese boy replied to the British visitor, "was where we licked you!"

He had studied his American history lesson. Yorktown, to him, was where his "fathers" had died.

Churches, too, reflect racial diversity. Kawaiahao, oldest on the island, lifts gray walls and square tower above the



## “Land Where Our Fathers Died”

mission site. There Hawaiians hear sermons in their own language and sing hymns with a vocal quality and volume that attract many visitors who can not understand the words. The Chinese Christian Church advertises its origin with roofs up-curving at the corners like those of an Oriental temple. Harris Memorial gives no hint, on the other hand, in its severe Methodist architecture, of its Japan-descended congregation. The chaste spire of Central Union, however, reflects the New England influence that founded it in 1887 when the older Fort Street Church and the Bethel Seamen's Chapel merged, to outgrow the original downtown site and erect the present edifice in 1922. St. Andrew's Cathedral stems from royal days and the period of British influence. The Cathedral of Our Lady of Peace, still occupying its historic site on Fort Street, houses memories of persecution of early Roman Catholics in the islands. Buddhist and Shinto shrines peep from the foliage of shaded streets; Chinese ancestor-chapels hide away in obscure club buildings "*ewa* of Nuuanu Street."

Oriental influence is honored, too, in the modified Chinese design of the Honolulu Academy of Arts which raises tiled roofs from Beretania Street opposite the landscaped Thomas Square. Mrs. C. Montague Cooke, beloved member of a missionary family, gave her home site, and she and her family the endowment of this gracious art museum and free school of the arts which has become the cultural center of Honolulu.

Hawaii remembers gratefully that motherly woman, aureoled in white hair, sitting in a great arm-chair, unfolding her dream of years to make for Honolulu a place where the treasures of the arts she loved, and instruction in those arts, should be free to all.

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Within and without, the academy is a place of dignity and quiet beauty. Clear pools stand in open courts green with leaves and bright with flowers. Happy children of many races mold clay or apply paint in cheery classrooms. Art objects from many lands are arranged in cool, airy halls, on some rare principle that avoids the tomblike atmosphere of most such institutions. Here there is no crowding: treasures are exhibited a few at a time, and tastefully. The trade wind breeze blows through: art here is not lifeless or imprisoned, but a free and blending part of the garden atmosphere that surrounds the place. Here one may stand before one of the finest surviving Gauguins or an exquisite Cézanne, a bold Rivera, ancient Chinese landscapes, works of the old masters of Japan. In these courts one may hear concerts by local and visiting artists, attend lectures on the arts. Here the racial holidays are remembered: the Chinese moon festival with its fruity moon-cakes and the music of Oriental instruments; Japanese Boys' Day with its symbolic carp banners; Girls' Day with its rows of traditionally costumed dolls; Hawaiian anniversaries with island songs; Christmas with carols by white-robed choirs.

Bishop Museum, near the schools that bear Kamehameha's name, is equally interesting from another viewpoint. It does not claim to be a showplace, though it has plenty of fascinating things to show. It is a research headquarters, subordinating its exhibitionary function to the uses of science. The museum was founded in 1889 by Charles Reed Bishop, Honolulu banker, in memory of his wife, the Princess Pauahi.

Here are concentrated relics of Hawaiian antiquity and examples of native arts and crafts, evidences of native origins and customs, from all that vast island-strewn Pacific



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area known as Polynesia. A full description of this museum and its collections would fill volumes. An account of its researches would occupy more. Since 1920 the museum has been engaged primarily in recording rapidly disappearing data on native races, plants, and animals of the hundreds of islands that come within the scope of its activities. In more than a score of expeditions, field parties have studied the central Pacific and some outlying islands in Melanesia, and in coöperation with the Japanese government, a scientific survey has been made of many islands in Micronesia. More than two hundred printed publications and thousands of objects in scientific collections embody the results of these expeditions. Here the dying culture of the Polynesians is preserved for study—like the land-shells arranged in ordered rows and the marine animals in bottles of alcohol, but preserved in a time when otherwise much of it would be not even a memory.

Research of another kind goes on for world benefit at the Queen's Hospital, carrying on in memory of its founder, Queen Emma, for relief of suffering humanity. Through its airy halls step brisk nurses of every racial origin and every blend, all alike smiling and kind. In laboratories above, tropical diseases are studied, dietary formulae worked out. Under the leadership of Dr. Nils P. Larsen, for many years medical director, the Queen's has become a model institution of its kind. It was Dr. Larsen whose fight for pure milk led Honolulu to a higher milk standard than many mainland cities; under his supervision research established the superior healthfulness, in warm climates, of root starches rather than grains; he had much to do with the plantation health clinics where scientific diet has been applied to saving children's teeth.

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Out on Beretania Street, midway toward Waikiki, an old residence houses a world institution. It is the Hawaiian headquarters of the Institute of Pacific Relations, an international organization that aims, by study of actual conditions, national needs and aspirations, and by conferences in a spirit of mutual good-will, to promote understanding and to work for peace by uncovering potential causes of conflict among the peoples of the Pacific. Although the main seat of the Institute has been transferred to New York, the organization has been from the beginning peculiarly identified with Hawaii. Island leaders, notably Frank C. Ather-ton, descendant of missionary families, a high chief in island industry and a man of many quiet benevolences, were active in its founding.

But Honolulu proper is only a part of the island included in the city and county limits. "Let's drive around the island. . . ."



## XIX "AROUND THE ISLAND"

**A**LL RIGHT, let's drive around Oahu: past the mouths of green valleys and the stone walls of ancient fish-ponds, with the sea gleaming, many-colored, beyond.

It is a gracious landscape. But there is something missing. At first one doesn't know just what it is. And then one realizes: all is open to view, unimpeded. No vista of mountain or sea is shut off by signboards advertising the virtues of this or that tobacco or chewing-gum or motor oil; no cliff is defaced with painted lettering. The women of Hono-

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lulu saw to that, long ago. "Outdoor advertising" once flourished in the islands almost as blatantly as on the mainland. But the clubwomen banded together: their "Outdoor Circle" fought determinedly. Resolutions and protests mounted; boycotts were discussed; at last they bought out the only surviving outdoor advertising business and the last billboard came down. It was a blow to the advertising profession, but a victory for natural beauty. The Outdoor Circle is still a power in the islands. Alas for any man who cuts down a tree without their sanction!

At one side, as we drive south and east from Honolulu, rises the furrowed cone of Koko Crater, its cup shape clearly visible; on the other, a long hump of lava and ash reaches seaward like a lion's claw—Koko Head. From the saddle between, a loop of highway descends to the drowned crater Hanauma Bay, a blue jewel set in a ring of dark rock.

Somewhere along these shores a cave plunges beneath the hill, and popular belief tells of treasure—not, indeed, silver or gold, but feather robes wrapped around the bones of chieftains centuries dead. In another cave, closed at high tide by boisterous surf, strange carvings have been cut deep into the basalt floor: human figures, square of body, with knees and elbows bent, hands pointing downward, as if dancing some obscure rite. One, with right hand aloft, wears a head-dress like a sunburst.

On around the shore we go, looking down at the sea dashing restlessly against the rocks, at the tawny headlands in procession along the curving road, or across the deep-blue channel to the hazily distant shore of Molokai. Surf water gathered in rocky caverns spouts upward in a cloud of spray through chimneylike openings; as the water



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gurgles away, there is a long sighing of downward-sucked air.

On a rocky height stands a stiffly sculptured figure, holding a long staff: Jizo-sama, guardian of Japanese fishermen who throng these seaward rocks, too often caught unaware by furious waves and swept to death. Here and there stand little piles of stones or single oddly-shaped boulders, fishing shrines at which Hawaiians place offerings to bring them luck.

Disordered heaps of stones mark the outlines of habitations of long ago: a deserted village of ancient time, looking out toward a hunched volcanic islet where unafraid seabirds nest in shallow depressions in the rock. George Mellen of Honolulu, who has studied the place, believes that here, and not at Waikiki, was Kamehameha's landing place, to march over the mountain pass and fall upon Waikiki unaware. A broad pavement of flat stones, older than surviving record, leads up over a ridge to vanish under the modern highway: a prehistoric military road, perhaps, that knew the tread of barefoot armies in the wars of chiefs. An eerie silence lingers about these ancient stones, a sense of something waiting. Even under the mellow sun, the old persists among the new.

There are stories that this secluded beach has been used for secret landings in more recent times. After the disastrous Dole “Air Derby” of 1927, a group of news writers drove just after dark to this locality to investigate a rumor that one of the airplanes lost in that trans-Pacific flight had been washed up on the shore. Alighting from their cars, they picked their way over the uneven ground toward the beach. Suddenly some one spied a small fire in a gully. “Survivors! What a story!” They hurried forward. As they approached

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the place, dark figures rose around them, hemming them in. A harsh voice demanded, menacingly, "What are you after?"

"We-we're l-looking for an airp-p-p-plane," the foremost stammered.

"Well, there's no airplane here. And if you want to be healthy, you'd better get out of here, and get out quick."

Not pausing to investigate whether this was a nest of opium smugglers or what, the intruders melted back over the ridge and fled to town.

We can go on around the island from here. Or come the other way, from Honolulu up Nuuanu Valley between mountain walls carved like the artificial peaks of painted scenery. Waterfalls streak down their abrupt faces; gusts of wind hurl the water back up the cliffs in clouds of spray. Huge triangular arum leaves spring from streams along this winding way; wild ginger buds hang in fragrant sheaves; ti plants whirl windmill leaves toward tall ironwoods. The air cools with height; the valley narrows between somber mountains, their notched peaks trailing veils of mist.

Halt with me at the summit of that climb and gaze from the precipice over which Kamehameha's fugitive enemies leaped, upon a scene no camera has successfully gathered within the scope of a lens. The view from Nuuanu Pali is never twice the same. Shifting lights bring out ever varying hues in the misty deep-cut and bold-buttressed palisades, in the checkered fields and pastures beneath, and in the waters of Kaneohe and Kailua bays. It is a spacious scene, as if one stood at the top of the world and looked out over its last sheer edge. Peaceful, dreamy, the country lies below, in rolling meadows fringed with tattered banana fronds or bordered with thorny guava bushes. The spirit lifts, as if it

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would fly with the wind that tugs fiercely at the rocky walls, with the white fleets of clouds that sail forever over.

Every foot of this ground, every turning of the road below, is saturated with history and legend. Here Namaka the bird-man, hurled treacherously over the cliff by a defeated rival, spread arms like wings and glided to safety, as in a modern day Lieutenant William Cocke soared on these air currents to a world record in a glider plane.

Below, the road descends in hair-raising angles and zig-zags to the shore, to curve on through ever-changing vistas of mountain and sea. This road, built originally by convict labor and at that time a tremendous engineering feat, replaced a rude trail up which gangs of Hawaiians hauled early white settlers with ropes.

On we drive through Windward Oahu, an enchanted land. Here, only a few minutes from busy Honolulu, time ceases to matter. Hawaiians sit on porches of little unpainted houses, looking tranquilly out to sea. Men in faded loin-cloths—or in trunks and old shirts—stand motionless on rocks with thrownet ready, waiting for fish to come within cast. Oriental children sit on platforms in rice fields, manipulating strings hung with tin cans or rags to scare away grain-robbing birds. Other children at roadside stands offer plump yellow papaias and clusters of fat bananas, juicy red ohia-apples and fresh wreaths of maunaloa flowers.

See that odd little island in the rainbow-hued expanse of Kaneohe Bay, that rears conically skyward surmounted by straggling palms. Some one with no respect for antiquity has christened it “Chinaman’s Hat.” But those who know remember that this islet was once a dragon. Hiiaka, sister of the volcano goddess, broke him in pieces and hurled his tail into the sea to form the island Mokolii. The trees,

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legend says, represent lingering life in the monster's tail, though if you ask the territorial forester, he can tell you who planted them and when.

We pass through the lands of Kualoa, now a cattle ranch but remembered by Hawaiians as sacred ground. A ghostly atmosphere clings to the place, in the droop of red and green kamani leaves along this somber shore and the mists that walk in god-shapes over sharp, weather-pierced mountains. It is not difficult, looking upon the scene even from a motor-car, to fancy oneself back in the days when temple drums beat on this shore for the blood of the sacrifice, to the priests' chanting. Not difficult half to believe in tales told of the vicinity: how on nights once sacred to the god Kane, ghosts of warriors rise from cavern tombs in that haunted mountain and march in horrible procession to the affrighted sea.

The great ridge that thrusts seaward holds many caves, some known only to the wild goats that stand at times in silhouette upon inaccessible crags. Mrs. F. M. Swanzy, queenly woman on whose estate the mountain stands, and who, in the minds of the Hawaiians of the neighborhood to whom she has been unfailingly kind, takes the place of their ancient chiefs, tells of a native tradition that one of these caves extends through the mountain to the site of the old royal tombs in the palace grounds in Honolulu. In the cave, Hawaiians say, is a pool. He who has courage to dive into the pool and breath to swim under water emerges into a treasure chamber of feather robes and other relics of by-gone kingdom. One of the feather garments, they add, once drifted by underground streams to float in a spring hence named the Feather Cape.

On we speed, past nets drying in the sunshine; past

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abandoned rice-threshing platforms and crumbling Chinese clubhouses. Let us turn here up a side road through the cane fields, following it till the road ends in a jungle of many-colored flowering lantana, to alight and pick our way over a narrow trail up Kaliuawaa, Valley of the Sacred Falls. Before we cross the stream, pluck a leaf and lay it on a stone, and lay another stone upon it. Only so may we placate Kamapuaa the Pig-Child who haunts this valley and the heights above. Else he will roll stones upon us from the frowning cliffs or confuse the trail with hoofprints, leading us astray. Hark, don't you hear, echoing from rock to gloomy rock, his distant, mocking laughter?

Clambering over stream-worn boulders, wading waist-deep through drenched grass and shrubbery up the narrowing valley, between the overhanging cliffs, we halt where a stream plunges from a height into a deep, dark pool that never knows the sun. We swim in its cold water, breathing the dankly aromatic odor of the forest, feeling always something mysterious about this shadowed place, half believing in the mischievous sprite who, legend says, rubbed his bristly back to wear these channels in the rocky sides. As we pick our way down the valley a half-human sound, between a chuckle and a grunt, follows us toward the sun-drenched road between the cane.

That tall, white structure, as we drive on around the curving shore, standing on its grassy hill above formal gardens ascending in terraces and deep-blue pools: what an odd and magnificent thing to be dropped here in the countryside! It is the temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Lost tribes of Israel, the elders say, dispersed by Jehovah to the isles of the sea, became the Polynesians, and these lost children have been gathered here to

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till the sugar fields about the temple and to serve the Lord.

But what are these open oval houses with curving thatched roofs? They can't be Hawaiian grass houses like those in Lalani Village. No, they are a memory of Samoa. For Samoan "Saints," to be near the temple where they can pray for the salvation of unenlightened ancestors, have settled here in hundreds. Let us pause while the young men strip to the kilted loin-cloth for the stirring *siva* dance, the tattooing on their thighs showing darkly upon the brown skin. A smiling Samoan girl strains the shredded root of *kava* in a carved wooden bowl; a tall young chief serves the bitter narcotic in a coconut shell with formal gestures prescribed by custom older than memory of man. He offers us a taste: the cloudy, cool liquid is slightly astringent, rather refreshing.

Keen blades flash as the men, with beautiful precision, enact the war dance—bending, dodging, executing complicated movements in split-second coördination as broad knives cleave the air where a moment before a head has been; tossing, juggling the heavy weapons with amazing skill.

Don't they ever hurt anybody? Once they did. A blade flew from the handle, clipping off neatly a portion of an ear and narrowly missing a distinguished California news commentator—thereby causing a hazily informed mainland press to report, somewhat inconsistently, a "Japanese plot" and a "native uprising."

There is too much to see and hear, to recite it all, though we may wish to linger along the beautiful oval of Kawela Bay, where the god Kane struck a stone whence thereafter flowed clear water to assuage his people's thirst, and where cattle and dogs to-day wander into the sea and plunge their



E. R. DU

BUILDING SAMOAN COMMUNITY GUESTHOUSE  
AT LAIE, OAHU





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heads beneath the surface to drink from other fresh springs that well up from the bottom. I would like to take you up the winding foot-trail into Waimea Valley to a larger and freer waterfall than that of Kaliuawaa, and to the wide sunny basin into which it plunges, and picnic there upon the sun-warmed rocks.

But we must hurry on where tall waves send up white plumes of spray, to halt perhaps briefly for a swim at the curving beach of Haleiwa, whose straggling village loses itself among cane fields stretching to the horizon. No trace remains here of the early mission where, to instil habits of industry, a conch shell was blown at early morning to send the people to work. The zealous pastor noted in his memoirs with horror the finding of a Hawaiian sleeping in broad daylight. It didn't occur to the godly New Englander, a Hawaiian commented when I showed him the passage, that the man might have been fishing all night to provide food for his family. The hotel which succeeded the mission—a hotel likened by uncomplimentary guests to a railway station—did not prosper. For, Hawaiians say, memories older than hotels or missionaries haunt this spot: on the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth nights of the month the sound of drums and ghostly flutes can be heard from the temple site where the hotel stood. Such a site, in Hawaiian belief, is not a lucky business or residence location.

But we drive on along the tree-bordered road, past a tall sugar mill and little shops bearing Chinese and Japanese names, to dive inland, climbing in and out of deep gulches. Sugar gives way to pineapples in green gridiron rows running away toward distant mountains.

A very ordinary plantation road branches redly off among spiky pineapples to a eucalyptus grove like an island

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in the fields. Those great stone slabs beneath the trees have stood here since the twelfth century. Royal women leaned against them when the hour came, for a chief born here would never lose royal power. A history-respecting plantation manager and the Society of Daughters of Hawaii have saved this sacred place, Kukaniloko, from being swallowed up, as so many have been, by the fields.

These other stones, near the dusty, sun-baked "pineapple town" of Wahiawa, were also for many years a place of pilgrimage. Perhaps a few withered wreaths, a few decaying bits of food, still lie at their bases. They were originally not sacred. A plantation man, attracted by the curious shape, set the tallest of them, which he had found in a gulch, among the genuine sacred stones of the royal *acouchement* place. Somebody conceived the idea that it had healing powers, and sufferers flocked from all parts of the islands to bring offerings and burn candles. Wax spattered the birthstones of the chiefs; decaying food and withered flowers littered the sacred ground. So the Daughters of Hawaii moved the stone to Wahiawa, where its fame grew and extended to other stones near by. Thousands came daily to be "healed" or to see the sight. Hawaiians were outnumbered by Orientals who flocked to do homage to this accidentally created Hawaiian Lourdes. Like most fashions, this, too, passed. Few go there now. Perhaps the cures were not lasting.

We shall come back and visit Schofield Barracks another time. Let us drive on through the resumed sugar fields where tall jungly cane lifts blue-green spears from green or yellow or reddish stalks at either side, and turn near the plantation village of Waipahu, clustering about its mill as the towns of medieval Europe huddled about the feudal castle

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which it resembles, west and northward toward another enchanted land and sea.

Signs by the roadside bear the names of “contractors” in charge of various fields and the production figures for the year—a graceful and inexpensive way of rewarding industrious laborers. Farther on, tall sisal plants thrust bald spikes from sheaves of swordlike leaves—memorial to an industry that failed—and untended cotton blooms. As we curve along the shore, spurs of the Waianae range gleam in shifting hues beneath moving sun and clouds; white-flecked water lifts combing waves to crash on sandy beaches among dark rocks. Shacks of homesteaders group behind hedges of red hibiscus; the beach is dotted with week-end cabins and tent camps. Inland, toward those opalescent mountains, hides the mysterious Lualualei munition depot, and a military road climbs through a red notch in the range over the roof of Oahu.

Beyond the sugar fields of Waianae and the fishing fleet of Pokai Bay, the country grows wilder, the road poorer. When it dips down into an arm of the sea, most people decide their cars are not amphibious and turn back. But it is possible to go on by road or rail up that little-visited shore, past hewn rock basins that collect sea salt, past Hawaiian fishing shrines and an old royal swimming pool turned, in these democratic times, into a watering place for cattle.

But we must either take the railroad around the barren point or drive back to the junction near the center of the island, to penetrate the north shore between Kaena and Waialua. I stopped once among the few country homes in dark ironwood groves at Mokuleia to look at the shrine, with its fading flowers, that turns its back to the sea. I could

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unearth little record of its history, but it is evidently of Japanese origin. I was told it was the Shrine of the Drowned. For this is a famous fishing coast and fishermen have been lost in these waters.

Most residents ride in their own motor-cars, for there is one to every seven inhabitants, and most visitors see the island in the automobiles of their hosts or in luxurious tour vehicles driven by liveried chauffeurs. He has missed an experience of human interest, however, who has not made a journey in one of the so-called buses that ply irregularly between Honolulu and the Windward Side. I refer not to the sleek coaches that communicate between the island capital and Schofield Barracks, but to the touring-cars of ancient model that start from Aala or Pauahi Street, pick up passengers here and there and voyage in haphazard fashion to the country towns.

Every seat was filled, when I ventured that trip, and planks had been balanced on boxes between, while some passengers sat on others' knees. Hawaiians, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese—the car seemed to bulge with them. We halted midway up Nuuanu Street while a Chinese wriggled out of the back seat and over the laps of those seated on the middle plank, to buy oranges. A little way the other side of the Pali, a Japanese struggled out, upsetting half a dozen fellow passengers, to disappear for a few minutes among the trees. The fat Hawaiian women at either side of me chuckled with Polynesian mirth. "He drink too much water," observed one, and the two rolled into waves of laughter. The car edged up narrow lanes, stopped before dingy roadside shops, rattled and groaned on. At Hauula a large Hawaiian passenger alighted and bargained for a pig, and the pig, squealing in protest, was added to the

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party. I disembarked a little way up the side road out of Hauula, near where the stones of an ancient temple lie in confusion among the shrubbery, and I don't know what happened after that. But there is more to Oahu than can be viewed from car or railway or bus.

The roads and the railway follow the shore or cut across the plateau between the ranges. Really to know inland Oahu, we must discard modern transportation and revert to the old Hawaiian way: mount foot-trails along sharp ridges where one may sit astride and look into deep hanging valleys. Invisible elepaio birds flutter near, hidden among guava and lantana bushes, twittering at the intruder. Ripe red ohia-apples hang from stems growing strangely direct out of tree trunks. Peace broods in the clear air about these wind-washed heights.

Yes, peace lies full and deep in the still Valley of the Birds, where no one comes save hunters following the wild swine. But if one plucks the red lehua there, the gods send storm. . . . Or the long ridge that overlooks the Pali from the left: Lanihuli, Mountain of the Whirling Sky. The trail struggles up worn pinnacles of rock and dips into lush thickets. Mists coil around rugged points. Sometimes, indeed, the clouds hang so low that we must hug the ground lest we miss footing in the gloom and hurtle down the precipice. It is said the sky hung always thus in the morning of time, until the demigod Maui pushed it up. Drinking magic water from his mother's gourd, he inserted finger tips under the edge of the sky, and all green growing things helped him, wherefore their leaves are flat from the pressure. Another draught, and he got his elbows under; a third, and he lifted it on his shoulders and moved it high, that his people might have room to walk about and breathe.

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But it still brushes the top of Lanihuli and the greater mountain opposite, the notched Konahuanui.

Greatest of Oahu mountains, however, is Kaala, the Fragrance. We left the car near the firing range at Schofield Barracks and toiled up a trail like a giant dark stairway, stepping on great buttressed roots beneath high arching boughs. In some places our feet could not find the ground, but must tread on tangled vines and branches. Once we scrambled up a sheer cliff, holding for safety to a rope. At mid-morning we halted around a cold spring, redolent with odors of the wilderness, where grew that incredible plant, the apeape: thrusting thick hairy stems to uphold round leaves four to six feet across, like giant geraniums. Then we climbed on in half-darkness of profuse foliage till we stood on the swampy summit, the top of the island. Clouds gathered around us; rain sifted down among the ohia trees.

"There was a pond here in my grandfather's time," said a Hawaiian. "He caught mullet here, and the goddess Kamaoha presided over the waters."

It is good, at quiet noon, to be on some such island hill and lose one's thought; merge into forest and sky and distant lyric sea; to lie like some free dreamless beast in rain-drenched grass and sleep, to a refreshed awakening. In such moments there can be no loneliness.



## XX SPEAR-HEAD IN THE PACIFIC

ONE experiences an odd feeling at times in Hawaii. Swimming at Waikiki, out in the clean depths beyond the crowded beach, one will lie back and rest on gentle waves, looking up into cool green valleys over which rainbows glow. Then there is a humming overhead and a V-shaped squadron of bombers or pursuit planes flies over. Or perhaps a submarine squats in the water a little way out. Or at night, parked on Wilhelmina Rise or Alewa Heights, one sees the flash of night-firing from the forts

## Hawaii

that flank Pearl Harbor. Almost any night, looking up from Honolulu streets, one may see search-lights fanning the clouds with long fingers of light, crossing and recrossing until they meet like chop-sticks, picking up an airplane that glows like a bright metal toy. Driving on Oahu, one is likely to be impressed by the number of areas marked off as military reservations.

Hence an uneasy mood comes over one now and then, as if the volcanoes that built these islands had only given place to another kind of volcano, as if all this pleasant flowering earth were stuffed with high explosive. A reminder of stern necessities in a still savage world thrusts up through all this easefulness of climate and atmosphere, this soft-aired land of peace.

Then one remembers that it was largely because of army and navy needs, from the American point of view, if rather for the benefit of the sugar industry from the viewpoint of the island magnates, that the islands were annexed in 1898. Since then Hawaii has become probably the most important defense area for the entire Pacific coast. There is Panama—but Hawaii defends Panama.

Major General Hugh A. Drum once said: "By our location here in the center of the Pacific basin we could flank any attack made upon the west coast or the Panama Canal."

Defenses in the Pacific, military authorities say, form a triangle, or an outward bending arc if one prefers that figure: in the north, Alaska and the chain of islands extending toward northern Asia; in the south, the Canal Zone. The center, the "spear-head" as generals and Congressmen are fond of calling it, is Hawaii.

Hence the steady development, the spending of growing sums on fortifications, navy-yard, air fields, every form



## Spear-head in the Pacific

of military and naval activity—more than fifty million dollars on Pearl Harbor alone.

Pearl Harbor is a cloverleaf of water, the stem of the leaf pointing south. Though naturally the best harbor in the islands, it was originally difficult to enter. Vancouver looked upon it and passed by. The reef across the narrow entrance seemed too formidable an obstacle. In 1873 a United States military commission surveyed it under secret instructions and suggested cutting through the reef. Twenty years or more later it was found that there was a natural channel through the reef, as any one familiar with coral formations in the vicinity of fresh streams might have guessed. It had not been discovered earlier because the channel was filled with sand.

White men or other moderns, that is, had not found it. Hawaiians knew of it long ago. According to old Hawaiian tradition, Keaunui, a chief of the Ewa district, cut a canoe channel into Pearl Harbor in the eleventh or twelfth century.

It is said the harbor had been granted to the United States at the time of General Schofield's survey in 1873, but that the cession was withdrawn. The navy had, however, a foothold in the islands. In 1860 Kamehameha IV had permitted it to dump coal on the Honolulu waterfront. The Pearl Harbor grant was made, against British protests, by King Kalakaua more than twenty years later. After annexation of the islands, work began on clearing away the bar across the channel, but actual construction of the naval station and dry-dock was not commenced until 1908.

There is no particular point in describing the naval station. It looks much like any other base: the administration buildings of somewhat antiquated architecture, the barrack-

## Hawaii

like quarters, the shops and wharves, hospital and recreation centers—a town of five thousand or so population in itself. The dry-dock stands up like one of the locks in the Panama Canal. Wireless towers shoot skyward in a network of steel. A huge floating crane stretches its neck over the harbor like some prehistoric monster. Squat round tanks, resembling ant-hills, store the oil that sent the late Senator A. B. Fall into the courts and E. L. Doheny abroad.

Pearl Harbor has become a major overhaul base. More and more ships are stationed there each year. On the inner island where the ghost of King Paleioholani appeared to his retainers in the 1770's and that of Chief Kaleioku to Marin in 1818, naval airplanes soar from haunted ground which twice has lost its name. Mokuumeume, Hawaiians called it. Then it became Rabbit Island. Now it is Ford Island and Luke Field.

But the coast defense post that commands the entrance is fittingly named Fort Kamehameha. Opposite, the great guns of Fort Weaver guard the approach.

The name Pearl Harbor itself is a translation rather than a change. Hawaiians called the place Wai Momi, Pearl Water. There were pearls there in early times. Kamehameha reserved them for himself and hired divers. Oysters do not thrive there so well now, and there are no reports of sailors, in their hours off duty, diving for pearls.

Here, too, pursuits of peace and playtime penetrate the very stronghold of militarism. The "Peninsula," between the east and middle lochs, is headquarters of the Pearl Harbor Yacht Club, whose sails slant brightly into the breeze within and without the harbor waters.

On the flats near Fort Kamehameha is the new army airport, Hickam Field, largest in the service. Each of its

## Spear-head in the Pacific

twelve hangars will accommodate an entire squadron of land planes. Two double hangars house seaplanes which alight in adjacent waters.

The twenty-six-hundred-acre site between Pearl Harbor, Fort Kamehameha, and the civilian John Rodgers Airport was chosen because it was the only sufficiently large level area near Pearl Harbor for large bombing planes. The land alone cost the government more than a million dollars, and a whole village was moved out to make room for the development, which began in 1935.

Another little "city" takes the place of the condemned village: quarters for 175 officers, 180 non-commissioned officers and 1,200 enlisted men, with mess halls, hospital, post exchange, recreation facilities, school, shops, laboratories, and all that goes with such a base. All are set in a tropical garden of 300,000 trees, shrubs, and flowering plants.

From here, coast defense posts spot the shoreline eastward: Armstrong, commanding Honolulu harbor; De Russey, whose big-gun practice shatters windows left inadvertently closed at Waikiki; Ruger, on the inland slope of Diamond Head and seaward toward Black Point. Fort Shafter, at the edge of Honolulu proper where Kalihi Valley merges into Moanalua, is headquarters of the Hawaiian Department.

The big post, however, is Schofield Barracks, on the inland plain between the two mountain ranges. Schofield is headquarters of the Hawaiian division, whose members wear the green taro-leaf shoulder insignia in distinction from the plain "H" of those in the department but not in the division.

One recalls with mild amusement an old law not, as of

## Hawaii

record, repealed, forbidding shooting on the lands of Leilehua, site of Schofield Barracks. These lands were a ranch up to 1908 when the war department ordered a post built on the red plain. Quadrangles of quarters follow in orderly precision along paved streets guarded by military police who rigidly enforce a speed limit discouraging to all but the stoutest motors. Past the golf course, the polo field, and assorted target ranges, a military road ascends to Kolekole Pass in the Waianae Mountains overlooking the western shore.

The celebrated "sacrificial stone" in this pass is an example of the growth of myth. It stands about eight feet high, with a bowl-like depression a foot and a half deep and about two feet in diameter at the top. The sides of this striking monolith are ridged and furrowed as if for drainage. Fairly recently a part-Hawaiian woman, in jest, told visitors this stone had been a place of human sacrifice. A projection is pointed out against which, the story runs, victims were made to lean when the stroke was given. Old Hawaiians, however, say they never heard this tale. The stone, they recall, represents only the guardian spirit of the pass.

Adjoining Schofield Barracks, beyond the road to Wahiawa, is Wheeler Field, inland twin of Hickam. Its officers' quarters, on the Wahiawa side, form a rainbow village of variously tinted concrete and stucco cottages, standing out vividly in the clear air around flower-bordered, winding driveways.

The big field has been the landing and take-off place for most pioneer trans-Pacific aviators. Lieutenants Lester Maitland and Albert W. Hegenberger, in June of 1927, settled their tri-motored army Fokker down on this field,



FUNSTON GATE, SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, OAHU,  
LOOKING TOWARD KOLEKOLE PASS



## Spear-head in the Pacific

completing the first successful non-stop flight to the islands. The same summer the first civilian ocean-hoppers in this part of the Pacific, Arthur Goebel and Martin Jensen, landed here in the Dole "Air Derby" from California to Hawaii, of which they and their immediate companions were the sole survivors out of five crews. Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, on his flight to Australia in 1928, and Amelia Earhart on her flight from the islands to California in 1934, used Wheeler.

Constantly, too, these defenses are widening out from Oahu to other islands, some of them only recently occupied. The navy has taken over Kure or Ocean Island, beyond the commercial air station at Midway and more than thirteen hundred miles northwest of Honolulu. Some years ago it assumed control of French Frigates Shoal, another potential seaplane harbor about half-way between Honolulu and Kure, and Johnston Island, southwest.

Even the tiny bits of land near the equator, colonized in 1935 by boys from Kamehameha School, fit obviously into the picture. Baker and Howland, two thousand miles southwest of Honolulu, and Jarvis, almost as far south, have been listed as weather observation stations for commercial air routes. But everybody knows that commercial and defense flying go hand in hand. Those islands will be as useful, in case of need, to scouting and patrol planes.

A glance at a map of the Pacific is sufficient to reveal why Hawaii is the key to the West Coast. Any course from Asia or the South Seas must pass within effective range of island bases. Fortifications at that key point save the enormous and almost impracticable task of fortifying the entire coast line from Alaska to the tip of California.

Suppose an American fleet in the Pacific were defeated.

## Hawaii

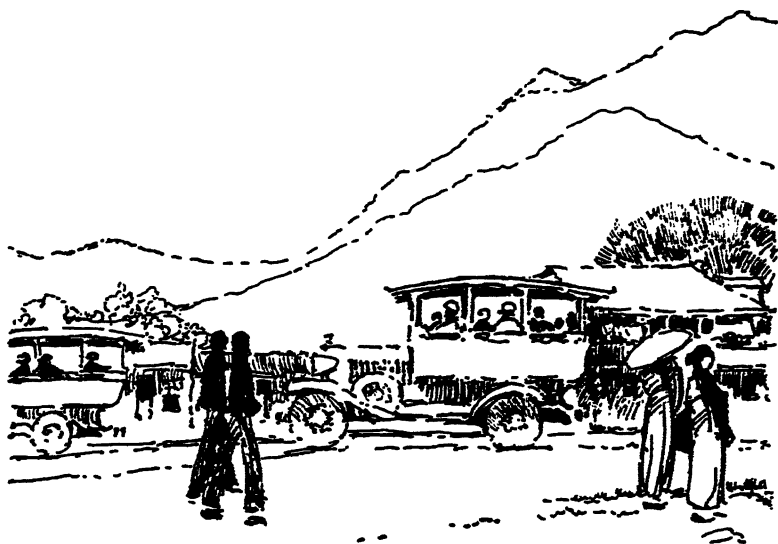
It would fall back to Pearl Harbor. The island of Oahu, according to military estimates, is capable of defense against a larger force than took Gallipoli in the World War. It has been calculated that at least two hundred warships, transports, and tenders would be required to carry and support a force capable of attacking Oahu at all.

And no enemy could blithely steam past, leaving such a stronghold in its rear.

To go around, like an end run in football, would mean a detour, to reach the Canal Zone, of more than forty-five hundred miles. While that was going on, the rest of the fleet could be rushed through the Canal, far ahead of the enemy.

Not that there necessarily is any enemy. Military and naval men agree with civilians in expressing the hope that there never will be. But, they point out, there has been in the past and there may be again. And the surest way, according to their experience and training, not to have an enemy is, they believe, to keep the island bases so strong that nobody will dare to attack. That, they add, is just what is being done.





## XXI EARTH IN CREATION

**A**LL these islands are fire-born. But only on the southernmost, the island of Hawaii, the fires still burn. Pele, volcano goddess, Hawaiians say, made her home first on Niihau and moved from north to south, island to island, until she reached the largest and youngest of the archipelago, where she remains. Legend here agrees with science. Volcanic activity, building the islands, progressed in about that fashion.

The northern islands have been worn down by many

## Hawaii

centuries of wind and weather; their lava carved, on Kauai, into deep sculptured canyons. The peaks and ridges of Oahu are sharp, the cliffs deeply furrowed. On Maui the fires have not been cold so long. A man-built wall embedded in a lava flow on the slope of Haleakala is evidence. It has been calculated that this last Maui flow may have occurred about the middle of the eighteenth century. But on Hawaii the mountains are still young. From a distance they are smoothly rounded domes, ascending so gradually from tremendous bases as to deceive the eye in guessing their height. Only in the north, in Kohala, are they cut into deep precipitous valleys like those of Kauai, Maui, and Molokai. In the south, Pele still shakes the land and at intervals pours forth torrents of liquid rock.

Five mountains form the irregular parallelogram that is the island: Kohala in the northwest, 5,500 feet above the sea; Hualalai in the west, 8,200 feet, active early in the nineteenth century; Mauna Kea in the northeast, rearing a snow-capped summit 13,784 feet toward the clouds; Mauna Loa in the middle south, almost as high, whose summit crater still smolders and flares and from whose scarred sides lava courses to the sea; Kilauea, on the east flank of the greater mountain and merging with it, whence at all times sulphurous vapors rise and in whose inner crater on occasion surges a fiery lake.

The only one easily accessible is Kilauea, 4,000 feet high on the slope that continues gently upward to the top of Mauna Loa. A road leads southward out of the seaport city of Hilo, between fields of cane, climbs through a growth of red-blossoming ohia trees springing from hummocks of old lava, and then between tree-ferns shooting fronds twenty

## Earth in Creation

to thirty feet high, to the great "tame" crater in Hawaii National Park.

Most of the time Kilauea is just a huge, roughly circular hole in the ground, surrounded by steep cliffs, with wisps of vapor arising from rifts here and there. From the pavement before the Volcano House near the rim, one may look over fields of congealed lava to the higher mountains in the distance.

The road bends through the fern forest, circling and entering the crater, penetrating to a point near the firepit, the crater within the crater, called Halemaumau. Some one with more poetry than exactness of etymology has rendered the name "House of Everlasting Fire," a "translation" which, appropriate though it is to the place, can not be more than slenderly borne out by the language. Hawaiians say the name means "House of Ferns," either from fancied resemblance of lava formations to vegetable forms or from the rude shelters of fern fronds formerly erected there by pilgrims to the haunts of the volcano goddess.

Looking down from the fenced observation post whither park rangers guide visitors, one sees earth still in creation. Even in times of inactivity, the pit is impressive: twelve hundred feet deep and more than two miles around, a place of mystery and awe within the jumbled slag-heap of the larger crater. Slanting piles of talus slope from the steep walls; yellow banks of sulphur emit acrid fumes; avalanches of rock slip into the pit, sending up clouds of dust.

When Pele is at home and functioning, this desolation springs into fiery life. A lake of lava boils up; cascades of it stream glowing down from rifts in the sides. Islands of slag form and are melted down, disappear in the swirl and form again. A dark crust films over the lake; then the

## Hawaii

molten rock beneath bubbles up in flaming fountains; glowing cracks open in the black surface, spread and interlace. Bubbles form and burst; clouds of fume drift over the caldron.

From the floor of the larger crater that encloses this firepit, fumaroles build up like monstrous blast-furnaces, hissing, roaring, spattering liquid earth-stuff. Between blasts, one may look down into their red, glowing throats.

It is a weird scene at any time; most of all at night, when the red glow is intensified and the pools of bubbling lava stand out against surrounding darkness.

Here came Princess Kapiolani, in the fourth year of the mission, to set an example to her people by defying the goddess of the volcanic fires. Kapiolani, described as "formerly intemperate and bigamous," was an early convert. It may be hazarded that the missionaries' joy over her conversion was not fully shared by the junior of her two husbands, who was required to move out of her house.

But Kapiolani's exploit is credited with having done much to shake lingering belief in the island gods. Kane, Lono, Ku, and Kanaloa might be dead. Their temples and images had been destroyed; the god of the white men clearly was stronger. But Pele, whose temple was the indestructible crater, whose altar fires were kindled by no human hand, whose anger at intervals still shook the mountain—what of her?

Kapiolani started from Kaawaloa, where Captain Cook, in the guise of Lono, had fallen forty-six years before. Missionaries from Hilo were to meet her at the brink of the crater; of these missionaries, "Mr. Ruggles, having been for six months destitute of shoes, was unable to go. Mr.

## Earth in Creation

Goodrich, who sometimes traveled barefoot, undertook to go without him."

It comes down to us with a warmly human touch, through the years, that the princess's own feet were cut and bruised by the journey. On the way she met a prophetess, who warned her:

"Beware to anger the goddess. Do not stir the sand of her sacred temple place!"

Unrolling a sheet of white *tapa*, the prophetess read a "letter" from Pele, in an unintelligible jargon which she said was the "ancient language." Kapiolani, countering, read from her Bible. The prophetess was vanquished. "The spirit has left me," she said, "I can not answer."

The princess went on.

"If I perish by the anger of Pele, then fear Pele," she declared. "If Jehovah protects me, then fear Jehovah!"

Fumes rolled out of the vast crater. Far below, a pool of lava bubbled, crusted, broke into fountains of liquid fire. A great mass of slag toppled and crashed into the boiling pit. Kapiolani and the missionary and her half fearful, half admiring Hawaiian followers stood at the brink of that awful chasm.

The princess raised to her lips a handful of little red berries—the ohelo, sacred to Pele, gathered by the way. Reversing the sacred formula: "I eat your berries, Pele! None I give to you," descending to the very edge of the firepit, Kapiolani, in an act, by ancient standards, of unutterable sacrilege, hurled stones into the caldron, then knelt and prayed.

And nothing happened. No devouring fire swallowed her. News spread through the land that the white man's god was stronger than Pele. It had been only thirty-four

## Hawaii

years since the goddess had breathed death upon Keoua's army in the desert of Kau.

Nevertheless some of the old beliefs linger even yet; Kapiolani shook the faith but could not utterly destroy it. To-day, when the Hawaiian people are nominally Christians all, when Kane and Lono and Ku are remembered only by antiquarians, Pele still lives. No eruption occurs without report of the goddess, in the guise of an old woman, passing a rural doorway or pausing to ask for food. It is reasonable to suppose that few elderly women go unfed. For there are tales of swift destruction falling upon the inhospitable. Of two sisters, one mocked the old woman; the other gave her poi. That night the lava crept down upon the house in which the two girls slept, one at either end. The unkind sister perished; the kind one was spared.

Here, too, an act of courage in a more modern time focused the eyes of the world upon a humble Japanese carpenter as press wires carried the news to lands only vaguely conscious of Hawaii. A Portuguese boy drove through the streets of Hilo one morning with death in his heart, tormented by unhappy love. He stopped in front of the girl's home. She entered the car; the decrepit vehicle rattled up the mountain road to the volcano and over the crater floor to the firepit. Just what was said on that crater rim, the grave does not reveal. But a revolver shot startled the echoes of Pele's abode, and two bodies, one in the other's arms, plunged from the ragged brink, bounding from its rocky walls, sliding down the long talus slope, to lie motionless, contorted, far below.

For days the bodies lay there while all Hilo studied means of getting them out. They were not a good advertisement for Hawaii's leading tourist attraction and be-

## Earth in Creation

sides, the families of the victims wanted to give them more customary burial. But no one could descend that treacherous slope of loose, crumbling ashes and sand and rock and return alive.

At last a volunteer appeared—ninety-pound, crinkle-faced Konishi.

"I'll get them out," he said.

He drove stout posts into the firm earth, back from the edge. He strung a heavy cable across the pit, and engaged tractors to slack or tighten it. He built a traveling cabin—a boxlike structure, just large enough to carry his slight form.

A crowd gathered to watch his hazardous attempt. Unperturbed, Konishi climbed into the car, waved his hand, and the shaky structure glided jerkily on the cable, out over the chasm. Once it jammed, and Konishi hung precariously between earth and sky. The tractors puffed; Konishi leaned out and did something to the wire; the car hesitated and slid on. Konishi's voice came thinly over the telephone wire from the box, saying in Japanese: "Slack away!" The cable sagged as the tractors backed; the box dipped down; Konishi stood on the jumbled boulders of the slope. Spectators gasped as he calmly sat down alongside the two corpses and—ate his lunch!

With infinite care lest he jar the loose mass and bring down an avalanche, the little carpenter dragged the bodies to the car. It was all his slight strength could do. He could not lift them into it, but bound them on—and the box, with its dead and living burden, swung slowly up again to the crater rim.

Tragedy and comedy mingled in the great eruption of May, 1924, the first explosive outbreak since the destruc-

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tion of Keoua's army in 1790. A huge cloud of steam and dust rose, taking strange mushroom and cauliflower shapes; rocks were tossed high into the air, and ashes fell for miles around. A man from Chicago, disregarding the warnings of park rangers, ran out into the crater to photograph a nearer view. A huge boulder hurled out of the roaring throat of the volcano crushed out his life. And a resident of Hilo was observed hurrying out of the crater, rocks falling all around him, holding over his head an absurd Japanese paper umbrella!

The tales of the volcano would fill a volume. No less stirring and as voluminous if fully told, is the work of Dr. Thomas A. Jaggar and his associates at the laboratory perched on the crater rim. Thrusting tubes into hot lava to measure its depth and temperature, drawing off samples of gas for chemical analysis, measuring the speed of earth waves by electrical devices, they are laying the foundation for accurate prediction of volcanic activity anywhere in the world.

Dr. Jaggar knows more about volcanoes than probably any other living man. But Pele is an artful minx. Island tradition affirms that the sly goddess waits till the doctor has left the island on one of his frequent trips, and lights her fires behind his back.

The whole region around Kilauea is full of volcanic souvenirs. A trail of tree-fern trunks leads to a tunnel left by a lava stream as its outer crust hardened overhead. The interior is much like a cellar: fairly smooth of floor and a bit damp; water drips from tree-roots that pierce the roof. It is a ghostly place, in flaring torchlight, a place, one would say, for strange rites and goblin revels.

There are several such caverns in the park. There are



## Earth in Creation

forests whose trees, encased long ago with liquid lava, have rotted away, leaving molds of themselves standing hollowly in the flow. There are nine small craters along an old rift; some still steaming, others green inverted cones with black floors of hardened lava. In a bird sanctuary a few of the bright-feathered mountain birds of old Hawaii remain—not indeed, the brilliant yellow mamo of the royal cloaks, but the scarlet iiwi, the small, inquisitive apapane, and many others.

One does not appreciate the building operations of Pele, however, until one has traversed the Kau desert and seen the quantities of lava that have been poured upon that southern projection of the island. The road crosses flow after flow, old and young; the newer ones bare and smooth like congealed molasses or jagged and hummocky as cinder piles; the old ones sprouting green with ferns and trees. Mile after mile run low walls of lava rocks, past bare little ranches, or bending down to the sea for glimpses of fishing villages clinging precariously to the rocks among struggling vegetation.

No longer ago than 1926 lava from Mauna Loa wound slowly down this slope toward the village of Hoopuloa. Some one, it was said, had obtained a pig free of charge for a sacrifice to Pele and then had eaten the pig himself, and the affronted goddess was taking vengeance. Sight-seers from all parts of the island flocked to see the cindery front advancing like a huge, moving coal pile—pushing down stone walls, burning forests, rattling over the road, leaving a black barrier that blocked traffic until it cooled and a new road could be built over it.

"We came up every day and thrust sticks into it," said the driver of one of the cars that convey visitors around

## Hawaii

the island. "It was three months before the flow cooled."

Venturesome souvenir hunters dashed up to the oncoming monster and snatched away bits of hot lava with branches of trees. It was a more spectacular than dangerous pastime, for lava, except on steep slopes, moves slowly.

The villagers watched it with a nearer interest. Clinging to their homes to the last, they offered red handkerchiefs, pigs, bowls of poi, bottles of *okolehao* to the angry goddess. The lava swallowed up the offerings but came steadily on. The last fence crashed and burst into flames. The church toppled, to kindle into a brief blaze. One by one the little houses were engulfed. The villagers took to their canoes and watched their former home become a pile of jagged *aa*.

The town of Hilo, in 1880, was near the same fate. For three hundred days the lava stream crawled down, flowing straight toward the town. Pigs were sacrificed before it, to no avail. When the flow was within a mile of Hilo, the alarmed townsfolk sent for Princess Ruth Keelikolani. She was of the Kamehameha line of chiefs who had proved of old their influence with Pele. She came all the way from Honolulu, three hundred pounds of impressive royalty, to reverse the procedure of her predecessor Kapiolani.

Simon Kaai, her business manager, Oliver Stillman, his assistant, and fifteen or twenty others were in the party. Stillman hired a hack in Hilo and bought a bottle of brandy and all the red bandannas he could find. The princess, Simon, and Stillman drove as far as they could, then walked. At the scene the princess prayed in Hawaiian to Pele while, behind her back, Simon, according to popular legend, drank the brandy and refilled the bottle with water.

## Earth in Creation

It is a grief to spoil a good story, but Stillman affirmed later that Pele got the brandy, after all. While Ruth was praying, Simon whispered to Stillman: "Give me the corkscrew." The princess, hearing the cork pop, turned with a look as terrible as that of Pele herself might be, and Stillman replaced the cork. Ruth poured the brandy upon the advancing lava and threw the red handkerchiefs into the flow.

"By golly," Stillman reported afterward, "the flow stopped at that point and didn't move a foot farther."

The devout attributed the deliverance rather to the prayer-meeting in the Hawaiian church at Hilo. But both forms of volcano control contrast sharply with the means employed in 1936 when a similar situation threatened, not Hilo directly, but the sources in the foothills whence the city's water supply is obtained.

Late in December the flow was about twenty miles from Hilo and traveling about five miles a day. If it reached the upper river, the water would be spoiled for a long time. Dr. Jaggar advanced an idea. He knew that lava was flowing out of the mountain through tunnels like those in the park. If the crust could be broken through, the shattered roofs would block the tubes. Then the liquid lava within would overflow, cool, and release the gas it carried. This would rob the tubes farther down which fed the front of the flow, and also help to cool and solidify the lava back toward the source.

The day after Christmas, ten army bombers took off from Oahu and the next two days dropped high explosives, first at the extreme upper tip of the lava field and later lower down to stop any liquid lava that still trickled through. As the bombs struck, fountains of fire splashed

## Hawaii

high. The flow glowed more and more brilliantly as the explosions admitted oxygen to the tunnels. At six o'clock the evening of the twenty-eighth, the flow stopped. It was the first time an army air squadron had been ordered out to attack a volcano.

These were flows from Mauna Loa, the great mountain that lifts its scarred summit more than thirteen thousand feet from a base a hundred miles around. The latter flow broke out at about eight thousand feet altitude, running into the saddle between Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea and turning there toward Hilo. Dr. Jaggar has since proposed a system of dikes or walls to halt or divert advancing lava.

Mauna Loa rises in a huge dome, forested perhaps three-quarters of the way up, save where cooled lava lies in ragged black hummocks down the sides. Above, vegetation thins until the mountain thrusts in a jumbled pile of bare rock toward the snow-rimmed crater Mokuaweoweo. Only a rough trail climbs those cindery slopes where the cold wind howls against the burnt crags.

Mauna Kea, the "White Mountain," has not been active within the span of history. An old crater floor, high up in the cold, bears marks where Hawaiians of long ago, pilgrimaging to that stony height, chipped out bits of hard lava for tools and weapons. A lake lies in another hollow—the only body of water in Hawaii, so far as is known, that freezes.

The top of Mauna Kea is a wilderness of boulders, cinders, and sand, topped by conelike peaks, the highest of which gives that mountain its few feet of advantage over its southward neighbor, Mauna Loa.

Near where the North Kona district impinges upon Kohala, a lava flow from Hualalai, in 1801, spread black

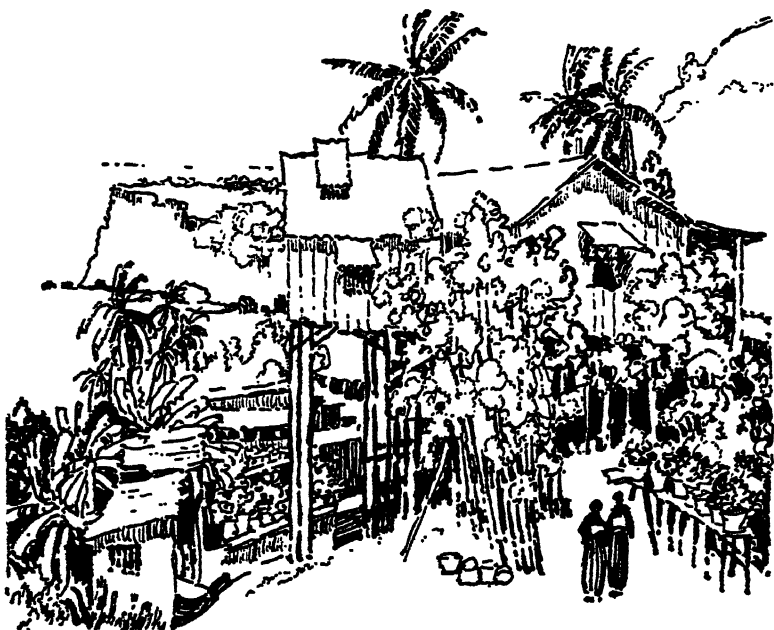
## Earth in Creation

desolation over many miles. It was the great Kamehameha himself who halted it.

“The natives tossed two hundred pigs into the lava” (or four or six hundred, depending on the mood of the retailer of the story) “and still the lava came down. Finally Kamehameha cast a lock of his own hair into it. The flow stopped, and Hualalai was active no more.”

Sugar, the ubiquitous, has penetrated even into the lands upon which Pele has set her dark seal. Some of the richest cane fields in the islands are islets of fertile soil between hard newer flows. Indeed, practically all the soil of the islands was originally lava. It takes centuries to decompose it, but if the Earth Mother works more slowly than Pele, she conquers in the end. At least two plantations lie between the flow of 1868 and the National Park.

Year by year, Pele builds; year by year and century by century, sea and wind and rain tear down. Hard burnt rock softens beneath the touch of Lono of the Rains, and the wild flowers of Laka cast back in vivid colors the sunshine of Kane over the land.



## XXII AROUND HAWAII

**T**HE bold mountains of Oahu were blanketed with rain, and a perfect rainbow arched over Manoa Valley as we steamed out of Honolulu harbor in mellow late afternoon, bound for Hilo. Bronze, muscular "diving boys," wearing garlands of white ginger blossoms, plunged from the boat deck into the harbor, streaked with mud from Nuuanu Stream.

Visitors lined the rail, photographing a sleek white liner at her pier as the Inter-island steamer turned in the channel.

## Around Hawaii

The nurse from Honolulu, hurrying to Lahaina to care for an injured man, thought Lahaina was an island, separate from Maui. Yet, knowing so little of the islands that were her temporary home, she was planning a trip to Australia, India and around the world!

We passed bright blue sampans, one towing a skiff; a trim yacht, an army transport, the cable ship that links Hawaii with Midway and remoter Fanning. Flying fish skimmed the blue water. As squalls swept down, the less hardy passengers sought their bunks for the overnight voyage, but hula music spiraled out of the steerage, where a group of Hawaiian girls, one with tattooing showing dark against the brown skin inside her elbow, moved gracefully in the undulating dance.

After dinner, the first-class decks were deserted. Few brave the turbulence of these island channels. Aft, behind the grating, steerage passengers lay sprawled or curled, arms flung over faces. Forward, the wind swept coolly over the empty deck; the blown salt spray was soothing.

Before daybreak, the lights of northern Hawaii glowed to starboard, and in the dawn, the long, steep shore of the island loomed out of the sea, tall waterfalls leaping yellowly down reddish cliffs to the surf-battered base. Deep gashes seamed the pink and red-brown surface, mottled with green. White buildings shone above, lofty chimneys of sugar mills; clumps of trees marked plantation villages. Beyond, the fields rolled upward in varying shades of green to the darker forest and dim gradual mountains beneath great bluish masses of cloud. The cone peak of Mauna Kea, rosy with morning, gleamed above the clouds.

A freight train crossed a high trestle, its plume of dark

## Hawaiï

smoke drifting back over the gorges. A sugar mill stood near the water's edge, looking out of rows of blank windows in unrelieved, stained white walls. With a long blast of the whistle we passed gray warships and resting seaplanes to enter the harbor of Hilo.

Hilo is a green and pleasant place. Early missionaries wrote of it as a welcome contrast to the parched plain of Honolulu, waterless Kona, and dusty nineteenth-century Lahaina. The rain of Hilo is proverbial. "Dark, dark is Hilo," says an old Hawaiian chant, "canopied over with the rain." And again: "The rain of Hilo may cease, but love goes on forever."

It is a modern enough little city, its Oriental element somewhat more in evidence than in Honolulu, its business buildings not so large and high, its traffic not so dense, its legendary associations more clearly remembered.

We stood in front of the public library looking at the two lichened stones that stand there from the ancient time. The larger, shaped like a coffin, is the Naha stone—the Excalibur sheath of Hawaii. Whoever could move this stone, the prophecy ran, would rule the island. Many tried, but none could budge the tremendous weight, until Kamehameha, in his young manhood, came from Kohala by a canoe through storm. "Blood burst from his eyes and finger tips; the earth trembled" as he set his strength to the test. The stone rolled over, and Kamehameha, in his time, became king not only of Hawaii but of all the islands.

We stood watching a rainbow playing in the refracting water of the falls where the river leaps in a broad arc over a ledge. But we did not venture behind that curtain of falling water into the cave where the goddess Hina once dwelt. A giant lizard, Hawaiians say, dammed the river to



## Around Hawaii

drown her in the cave. But her son Maui, in a canoe which now lies turned to stone a little lower in the stream, reached the scene with two paddle strokes, chased the lizard up the river, and scalded him to death by throwing hot stones into the water.

In the bay, beyond Wailoa River where fishing sampans lay like a bit of the Orient, I looked out where Coconut Island tosses feathery fronds over Hilo's favorite bathing place, and thought how this same Maui stood here and cast his hook to draw the island of his name over to Hawaii. But one of his brothers, looking back, broke the spell; the island of Maui slid back to its position and only Coconut Island adhered to the hook.

I peeped into the lava tunnels left by the flow of 1880 which came within a mile of Hilo. They dive back miles, it is said, under the mountain: tubes of darkness, some still unexplored. Others form a natural cellar for the Kaumana vineyards, and when prohibition overtook the land, thousands of gallons were stored or ripening in those caverns. It has never been determined just how much of it went into circulation, but Kaumana wine in those arid years was not, as I recall, too difficult to obtain—shipped to Honolulu, so many bottles of wine to a case of innocent grape juice.

I wanted to see, revisiting the island this time, just what a tourist sees on Hawaii. I hadn't been a tourist. I lived in the islands. So I entered the long gray car, in which a British tourist was complaining that she had been seasick and hadn't slept a wink, and a couple from Arizona were inquiring eagerly to see the "hula trees."

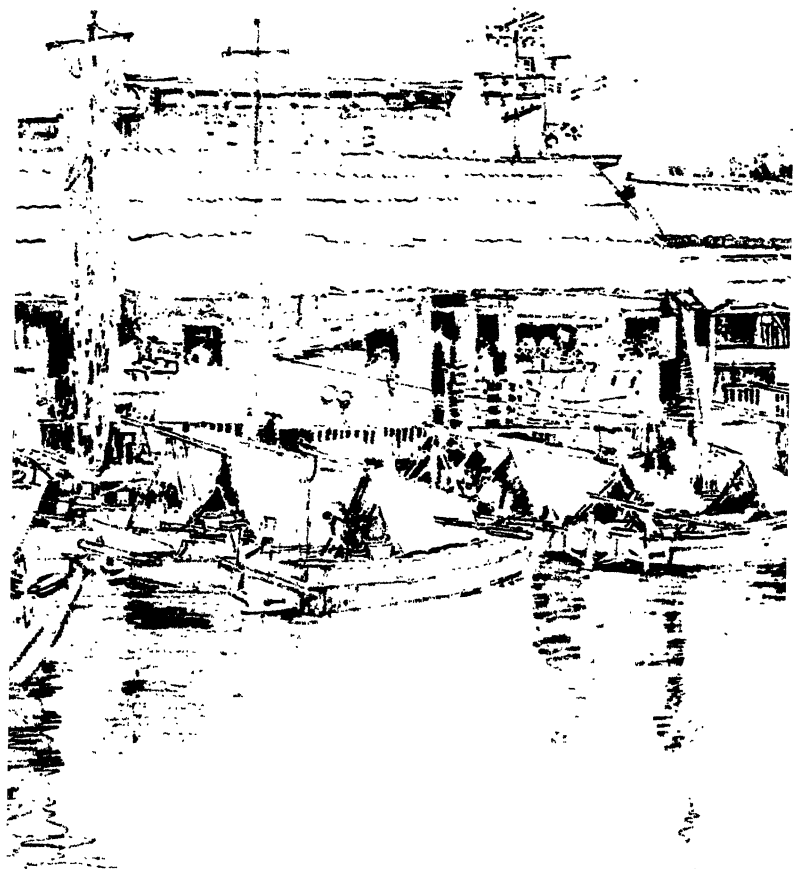
We drove through the rising fern forest and through young red-flowering ohia trees springing from old lava flows, under a misty rain. As we passed the neat cottages of

## Hawaii

Waiakea, which our driver dismissed as "a Japanese village," plump brown children shouted, "Hello, white mans!" And I thought of other children who, on an earlier visit to this island, ran out to us with flowers, protesting, when coins were offered: "No mahny. I geeve!" Bundles of cane were floating down rushing flume-water; piles of rocks stood like turrets in the fields.

The air cooled as we approached the volcano in its high, rainy forest park. The British lady, as we walked by eerie torch-light through the minelike tunnel of a lava tube, complained of having left umbrella and mackintosh in the car, and of drops of water from the wet roof spotting her silk hat. The guide answered endless questions as we stood at the railed brink of the firepit looking at the fumes coiling thinly upward and the yellow banks of sulphur around the then quiet, cold home of Pele.

The country grew progressively barren as we rolled through the lava fields of Kau. But ferns were sprouting even from the 1926 flow above Hoopuloa. I am convinced that the high point of that drive, as far as the tourists were concerned, was the picnic lunch in the rest house midway across that desert—though the British lady complained of mosquitoes and the "G-man" from Chicago, on vacation in the islands, locked himself in the toilet and had to be extricated by a driver who knew the intricacies of the rusty spring lock. Two drivers, a Hawaiian and a Portuguese, sang Hawaiian and half-Hawaiian songs, the guests from overseas mainly preferring the latter. After they had sung, with appropriate feeling, the sad, sweet *Aloha Oe* which is by universal consent the closing number of any program in the islands, the fat blonde from Pittsburgh asked for *I've Got a Little Grass Skirt for My Little Grass Shack—*



SAMPANS IN WAILOA RIVER, HILO



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whereupon the lone Hawaiian among the five drivers observed, aside, "You can always tell a stranger!"

Vines had thickly mantled the huge banyan tree in the village of Waiohinu, above the placard which proclaims it to have been planted by Mark Twain, though as I recall, members of the family in whose home he stayed there do not remember his planting any tree. I like to think he did, for there is a largeness, a sprawliness, a whimsicality about the banyan that seems peculiarly appropriate.

The lava of Kau merged into that of Kona. But soon we felt we were in a different country. Yellow blossoms of tall cotton peeped over roadside fences; among crinkle-edged glossy green leaves, oval coffee berries were ripening to red.

School was out for the fall, in this topsy-turvy district where vacation season is reversed that the children may pick coffee. At Kealakekua we saw the red coffee "cherries" rolled off the twin white "beans" within by an elevated machine; another machine below washing and sifting them; Japanese boys raking the drying beans on a concrete floor beneath the sunlight; Japanese girls in a long shed sorting the cured coffee.

"How much do you get for this work?" some one inquired.

"Forty-five cents a hundred pounds," replied one of the girls.

"My heavens!" commented the man from Chicago. "Don't they have any labor laws here?"

I could have told him even that little wage was a vital necessity to these sober-faced little girls from the tiny farms that hug the hillside, where every member of the family works and every penny counts. These Kona people are the small farmers of Hawaii. Their holdings average perhaps

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five acres, supporting in all about eight thousand people. The average coffee planter's gross income has been estimated at a thousand dollars a year; his net at half as much. It is not a liberal income, but such is human love of independence that many a Japanese has left a more secure and perhaps better paying job on a sugar plantation to be his own master, free from regimentation, in this frugal life.

Fishing villages nestled on the shores. Though the last grass hut had been dismantled and the Hawaiians were wearing blue dungarees and checkered *palaka* jackets rather than the loin-cloth of antiquity, I felt that these were mainly but surface changes. Underneath, much of the old routine went on: they still went forth, morning and evening, with net and spear to gain their living from the fruitful sea.

One must be insensitive indeed to atmosphere, not to feel the spell of Kona. A haze of enchantment lingers over the land. Time seems to be retarded. It is difficult to remember, here, that a life exists that is regulated by clocks or buzzers or desk buttons. Hour slips unheeded into hour, and day unto day speaks content.

Perhaps it is because so many relics of the past are here: so many temples, so many cavern tombs, so many battle sites. I fear Honaunau was largely lost on the strangers in the party. The Portuguese driver, in reply to questions, merely said "Sirreffitch!" "What?" persisted one of the more inquisitive. The driver repeated severely: "Sirreffitch!"—after which no one ventured further inquiry, and probably few of them know to-day that they were looking upon the City of Refuge.

For this long rectangle enclosed within closely fitted stones was sacred to refugees in the harsh days of the tabu. Here survivors of battle, violators of law, or those who

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had incurred a chief's displeasure might claim sanctuary and, after remaining three days, go forth in peace.

This stone platform at the seaward corner bore in those times the House of Keawe, where early missionaries saw sacred images guarding bones of royal dead. The stones have stood here since the twelfth century. The great slab near the beach was the hiding place of Kamehameha's stormy favorite, Kaahumanu, when she swam from Kailua, seventeen miles away by road, to spy on the king's reported rendezvous with a rival. Court ladies searched frantically for their queen until a dog discovered her; whereupon she was received with such rejoicing that she forgot her errand of suspicion.

We drove up among the candlenut trees to the Painted Church to marvel at its walls blazoned with highly colored murals on ecclesiastical themes, from the ghastly composition symbolizing "a peaceful death" to the much faded representation of the wicked of many races languishing in the flames of hell. "The flames," the good father told us, "were so hot they cracked the paint!"

As we drove between the coffee groves toward Kailua, the Chicago man inquired about an orchard of more impressive trees near the road. "Those," said the driver, "are the McNerny trees"—and I was too delighted with his unconscious pun to enlighten his party about the macadamia nuts which bear no relation to those veteran merchants, the McNerny brothers of Honolulu.

Toward evening we drove down the curving street of Kailua under ancient trees—Kailua, ghost capital of a vanished kingdom. Hawaiian and Japanese boys were skidding on the moss-covered terrace of the bathing pool among the black lava rocks covered with seaweed. On the landward

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side the barn-shaped missionary church, here since 1837, pointed a stubby steeple from a red roof above foundation stones that had stood in more ancient temples. Opposite, in a garden of palms and flowers, the gray Hulihee palace preserved the memories of the later kings.

"The king's runners," said the caretaker, "carried messages on foot all along this coast. They were chosen from the Waimea district, for it bred the strongest men. You wouldn't believe how far they could run in a day over mountain trails and along stone boundary walls."

She told us, too, of the drowned bride whose ghost dances in wedding finery, on moonlight nights, in these streets.

"She was a Spanish girl from California who married a Hawaiian chief, Mookini. Her husband became involved in a revolutionary movement, and she was charged with conspiracy. On her way to trial, she leaped from the deck of the steamer into the sea. On full moon nights she rises from the water in court costume, with a red hibiscus in her hair. And on her wedding anniversary she dances here, clashing castanets and singing a song of her country."

As the cool evening settled down over the peaceful land and sea, the Chicago man and I walked through the dim street that curves along the shore. Fishermen were launching a canoe from the shelving sand; others dangled lines from the broken wharf over the stone where the missionaries first set foot on Hawaiian soil; another was shambling down the road, returning from the sea.

"What do you catch here?" the Chicagoan asked.

"Me no catch any."

A guitar and an ukulele were sounding softly from the bench where two Hawaiian children sat in front of a shop



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bearing the name of J. Elemakule. Hawaiian, Chinese, and Japanese children were playing "piggy" at Akona's. Lin Chong's and Fong Lap's, which advertised "beer, wine, and sake," were empty. We inquired where everybody was.

"All gone to movie, ten mile Hilo side. Movie house open seven thirty, but no show until crowd come, place all full. Everybody go see picture, 'Mad Love.' "

In a Japanese inn, however, we found two Hawaiian, two Japanese, and two Portuguese boys playing the Japanese game of *hana* with little cards bearing representations of flowers, and carrying on an animated conversation in the local "pidgin."

"What language are they talking?" inquired the man from Chicago.

"They think they're talking English," I told him.

Next day, after a restful night at Kona Inn, the cars rolled through dry, grassy upland, studded with clumps of cactus, into a green hilly country where smiling Hawaiian cowboys, with flowers around their hats and guitars or ukuleles at the horns of high Mexican saddles, rode herd on pure-bred Herefords that have succeeded the wild cattle given to John Parker in 1815 by the king.

Parker lived forty years on Hawaii, married a woman of the country, and left sons to carry on the ranch still owned by his descendants.

"Half a million acres of it," they said at Waimea, where we stopped for lunch while the British lady complained of having been frightened by a spider.

"Sam Parker's mother was Kilia, a chiefess of Hana. On a visit by canoe to her old home on Maui, she was lost at sea, but her spirit still guides ships to safety in the channel.

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"The first cowboys in the islands were from Mexico. That's why cowboys to-day ride in those high saddles. They're mostly Hawaiians now; some Portuguese, some Chinese, a few Japanese. And what cowboys they make! Ask old-timers at the Pendleton round-up. They'll remember when Chuck Purdy and the other Hawaiians won all the prizes."

Parker ranch seemed endless in its expanse of varied grasses, yellow-green in the sunlight or purple-red where they had come to flower. Most of the cattle, the driver said, had been driven over the shoulder of the mountain, for the range is so large that huge tracts of it can be left empty for weeks at a time. The road ran on between low walls of lava stone, coiling around the base of the tremendous mountain, till again we touched the coast, driving through forty miles of sugar down that same Hamakua whose sea cliffs and waterfalls we had glimpsed from the ship.

We curved around deep gulches spanned by high railway trestles and spidery flumes; over covered bridges, past overhead cables down which bundles of cane trolley to the mill at Ookala. Plantation villages nestled in the trees around their mills. By the roadside, signs read "Poison grass." Chemicals, the driver said, had been sprayed as a short method of weeding—"but when it rains, the grass will grow up again."

Looking again from the height upon the village of Laupahoehoe, on its flat "leaf of lava" thrusting into the sea, I thought again this was one of the finest views in all Hawaii. A baseball game was in progress among the palm-shadowed school buildings where the Hawaiian temples once stood; the cheers reached us faintly where we stood on the wind-blown height. We paused, too, where the waves

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had cut a high arch through the dark lava rock at Onomea, and at many another point of beauty along that upstanding shore. As we drove into Hilo in late afternoon, the British lady was worrying about the "cobras" she had heard lay hidden in holds of ships between Australia, Hawaii, and the mainland. Perhaps she had heard somebody speak of copra freighted up from Samoa; I don't know.

We omitted two fascinating districts on that trip. The roads were not considered good enough to take comfort-demanding tourists into North Kohala, land of mystery and of deep valleys accessible only by narrow zigzag trails, where stone walls mark old temple sites whence, Hawaiians say, still sounds at night the beat of ghostly drums. Yellow, orange, and red lehua, white and yellow ginger; the rarer varieties of Hawaiian orchids bloom on those trails, and the infrequent travelers wreath the necks of their mules with fragrant maile fern. Even the lost sandalwood of the early kingdom grows in the deserted plateau where the child Kamehameha was hidden. A ditch built by Kamehameha himself leads spring water to a seldom-guested country inn on the site of the king's taro farm—a ditch elsewhere superseded by great modern irrigation works that supply sugar plantations.

Sugar in this district owes its beginning to a laborer in "the vineyard of the Lord." Hoping against hope that it might pay expenses, the Rev. Elias Bond founded Kohala Plantation to give his parishioners employment. Investing all he had, he went deeply into debt, but his people had work, though they may have chafed under the ecclesiastical discipline.

Every inhabitant was required to attend church on Sunday and prayer meeting at least once during the week. None

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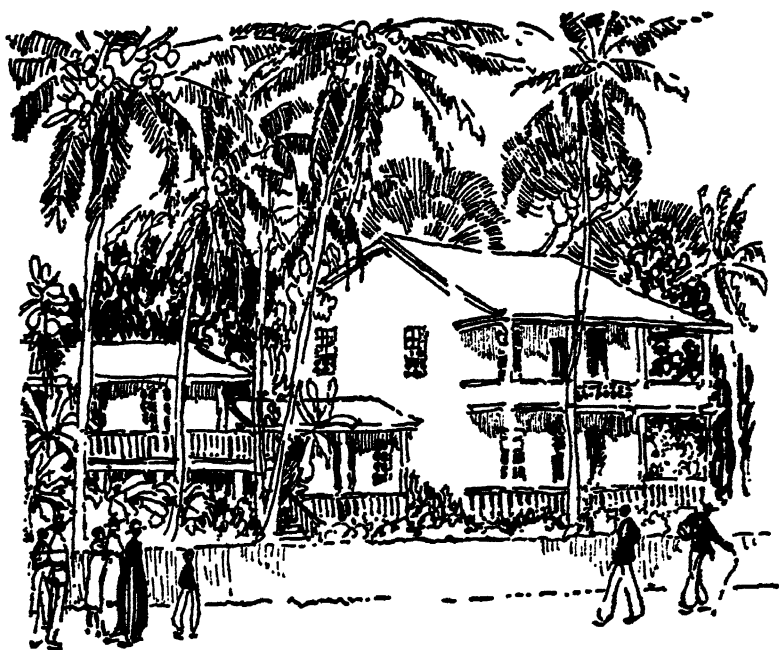
might leave the plantation without permission. Tobacco and liquor were forbidden. There was to be "no tittle-tattling or gossiping or running about from house to house interfering with other people's business."

Whether despite or because of these and other restrictions, the plantation, to the surprise of "Father" Bond and everybody else, eventually prospered—though not, I believe, until its founder had sold his shares or given them to good works.

It would take a book to tell all the legends of this district or of Puna, where, even more than in Kona, Hawaiian life persists. Beyond the end of the road, along the black sands, lie villages where a white visitor is still a curiosity. One of the rare sojourners there, a few years ago, was awakened each morning by the pounding of auhuhu root to be strewn on reef waters or placed between stones at the bottom, to stupefy fish that they might be gathered by hand.

Caves burrow under that country; in one of them flows the Water of the Gods, a warm stream fifty to a hundred yards wide and very deep. Hawaiians tell of having swum a mile inland underground until the water became too hot to bear. At Kapoho the land has fallen away, leaving a sunken area of cool and warm pools, in one of which the ghosts of long dead lovers whisper.

"They could not marry, for political reasons," a descendant of chiefs told me. "So they drowned themselves together in this pool, and if you listen closely you can hear them whispering '*Aloha! Aloha!*' as the spring waters bubble and churn."



### XXIII HOUSE OF THE SUN

FIRST landfall of Maui is an experience one remembers: as Stevenson wrote of one's first South Sea island, "something apart, touching a virginity of sense." It was so that night as the ship lay off Lahaina, ferrying passengers and mail by small boat over the dark water to the wharf jutting out into a harbor that defied improvement for deep-draught vessels. The black cleft mass of mountain loomed in an ascending parabola; at its base the lights twinkled in a long ragged line; a round orange moon

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edged over the dark slope, fringed with a canopy of cloud. Through the soft island night sounded the creak of the boat-falls, the low splash of oars, the shouts of boatmen as the whale-boats glided in and out beneath the haunted mystery of that scented darkness.

"They just can't get a harbor," a resident aboard said. "They dredge and dredge, and it keeps filling up."

Across the narrow moon-silvered channel the pyramidal mass of Lanai rose darkly into the night.

By day, Lahaina drowns among slender palms. Behind it, the land rises steeply, checkered with fields of cane, to peaks that tower like a mighty ladder into cloudland. Opposite, the tawny island of Lanai, lower by daylight, notches the horizon; farther away to the right, the long bulk, purple with distance, of Molokai; at left, shadowed by the high shattered dome of Haleakala, the goat-eaten isle of Kahoolawe sifts a red plume of dust down the wind. In the distance, if the day be clear, the ragged skyline of Oahu glows in the northwest.

One despairs of beginning to tell the stories of all these legendary islands. Mormon elders, a sugar man aboard related, obtained land on Lanai from the chiefs in 1855. "There was trouble; it was said Walter Murray Gibson, adviser of Kalakaua, juggled the titles into his own name. Brigham Young excommunicated him and the Mormons moved to Oahu. When Gibson died, his daughter inherited the land and tried to grow cane on it, but it was too dry, and she went bankrupt. Later the Baldwins of Maui operated it as a ranch, till the Hawaiian Pineapple Company bought it for a million dollars and planted pineapples and a model town."

The red pennant of dust over Kahoolawe was already

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beginning to thin when I looked upon it from the steamer deck. "It was that way a long time," the sugar man said. "Sheep and goats ate away the vegetation; the island dried up and began to blow away. Then Angus McPhee leased it from the government on condition that he get rid of the goats. Harry Baldwin went into partnership with him; they built cisterns and made the island a cattle ranch. In times of long drought, they haul water to it in their own sampans."

"Both islands were prison colonies in the early days," an old resident added. "The men were on Kahoolawe, the women on Lanai. The men used to look across the channel and study out ways of getting to Lanai. Finally a big log drifted up, and they paddled it across and brought back some of the women to Kahoolawe."

Lahaina, in the swaggering twenties and thirties, was the most important town in the islands. Here was the royal capital; here the whale ships lay and their crews roistered in the streets to the dismay of the Rev. William Richards and his congregation. Here the feud between righteous and worldly flared into open hostility: mobs of seamen besieged the mission house and blustering captains sent cannon balls whizzing over the ecclesiastical roofs.

Gradually, however, the enclosed harbor of Honolulu gained over the open roadstead of Lahaina and the Oahu port became the commercial center. It became increasingly inconvenient to have the political capital on one island and the economic capital on another. After the British occupation of 1843 the court was moved to Honolulu, and Lahaina was left with its memories in the long shadows of palms.

Byron described Lahaina in 1825 as opulent with breadfruit, its straggling rows of grass huts surrounded by taro

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patches and fishponds. Water was brought from the mountains in stone courses, closed nightly, and each farmer had the right to irrigate his land every fifth day. The houses, ten by eight by six feet, were "tolerably clean." The people lived mainly out-of-doors.

Fifty years later Isabella Bird Bishop pictured Lahaina as a town of low thatched houses, their frames white-latticed, all with deep cool verandas, half hidden in trees: breadfruit, kukui, tamarind, "thoroughly beautiful and tropical-looking."

Lahaina gives much the same impression to-day, though the thatched roofs have gone the way of the earlier grass huts, giving place to cottages and bungalows, still with wide verandas beneath spreading trees.

On the heights stands Lahainaluna, oldest school in the islands, where the first Hawaiian newspaper was printed in 1834. Hoapili, high chief who built the twenty-one gun fort that once defended the roadstead, gave a thousand acres to the Rev. Lorrin Andrews in 1831. Missionaries and their pupils set up the original buildings, hauling poles and bundles of grass by hand. The next year they built a stone schoolhouse with narrow windows and high peaked roofs which still serves the uses of learning, housing now a public high school in the centralized educational system.

Rain leaked in upon those early students and they worked in the fields between classes, growing their own food. From here native pastors went forth. In this very building *Ka Lama Hawaii*, the *Hawaiian Light*, appeared after much discussion among the mission board as to whether publication of a newspaper was "a proper activity." A broken down press and a worn font of type were supplemented by copper plates engraved with no little skill by



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students, to be shaved and used over again by frugal printers. Prints still exist: a crude but recognizable map of the Pacific with *America Hema*—South America—clearly defined.

The curriculum included reading, writing, Scripture, geography, history and chronology, church history, trigonometry, geometry and mensuration, algebra, navigation, surveying—and Greek!

Here flourished David Malo, one of the first and most notable Hawaiian historians, a man of unhappy loves. His *Moolelo Hawaii* or *Hawaiian Antiquities* is one of the most useful source books on ancient Hawaiian history and customs.

Malo had been a favorite of chiefs because of his proficiency in Hawaiian songs and dances, and was considered the most learned Hawaiian of his time. He married a noblewoman, a widow much older than himself—a union, says N. B. Emerson, “not uncommon in ancient Hawaii, it being considered that the woman made up by her wealth and position what she lacked in physical attractiveness.”

This unromantic marriage ended with the wife's early death. Malo, following the court to Maui, became a convert and at the age of thirty-eight, one of the most brilliant students at Lahainaluna. Here again he married a noblewoman older than he, who died a few years later.

His third marriage was the disaster of his life. His bride was one Lepeka of Lahaina, whose “dissolute ways,” to quote Dr. Emerson, “were a constant thorn in the side of her husband, driving him well nigh to distraction, and ultimately proved the cause of his death.”

For Malo had become a Christian minister, first at Kula and later at “the forlorn seaside village” of Kalepolepo.

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"The shame and disgrace of his wife's conduct . . . came to weigh so heavily on his mind . . . that he refused all food."

The distracted pastor appears to have starved himself to death, though members of his congregation "with prayers and entreaties sought to turn him from his purpose." His last request was to be taken by canoe to Lahaina to view the place he had chosen for his grave, on the hill behind Lahainaluna. There, he thought, his bones would be safe from the flood of foreign invasion he saw rising over the land.

Malo's surviving work is a quaint volume divided, like the Bible which was evidently its model, into chapter and verse, and composed with delightful naïveté. Relating Hawaiian explanations of the islands' origin as having been born to certain goddesses or made by the god Wakea, he commented: "We now perceive their error. If the women in that ancient time gave birth to countries, then indeed they would do so in these days, and if at that time they were made by the hands of Wakea, doubtless the same thing would be done now."

The zeal of a convert led Malo lamentably to suppress much that would be of interest, as improper or "false." But with a rare humility he inscribed his preface: "I do not suppose the following to be free from mistakes, in that the material for it has come from oral traditions; consequently it is marred by errors of human judgment and does not approach the accuracy of the word of God."

Lahaina, where he lived nearly half his life, bears a less dignified distinction. There, according to fairly reliable tradition, the first mosquitoes came to Hawaii. The ship *Wellington* called there from Mexico in 1826, and the water casks whose dregs were emptied ashore for refilling

## House of the Sun

carried the larvae of the bloodsucking insect. Contemporary residents remarked with what interest the natives watched the little pests swell with blood—a new toy, with wings! The mosquito, alas! is no novelty now; in fact, different species have come in which work in shifts, one by day and another by night. I marveled, when new to Hawaii, at the unconcern of hardened residents who sat by night on un-screened verandas, but I learned that the mosquitoes of Hawaii seem to prefer the blood of new-comers, or perhaps Hawaiian sun and sea so toughen the skin that a proboscis finds it more difficult to penetrate. It is only fair to add, however, that sanitary engineering and relief labor projects have reduced mosquitoes in many island districts.

Some agency seems to have been even more effective in eliminating fleas; at least I never saw one in my years in the islands, though they were once so plentiful that the early missionaries almost unanimously complained of them. If the tale told me is true, they were introduced by the prank of a sailor with a somewhat cruel sense of humor. "A ship lay off Waimea on Kauai," said an old resident who had it from his grandfather, "and some native women came out to stay aboard overnight, as often happened in those days. A sailor, when he rowed one of them home in the morning, gave her a little bottle. 'It's a present,' he said, 'a surprise. Don't open it until you get home.' When she opened it, a swarm of fleas hopped out. That was the surprise."

Wailuku, on the opposite side of Maui, is a typical island county seat, with adequate if undistinguished modern buildings, shaded streets, and comfortable, hospitable residences. Its port, Kahului, is the principal sugar shipping point of this island, fed by a small but thriving railway. Sweet, gummy tamarind pods lay thick on the sidewalks as

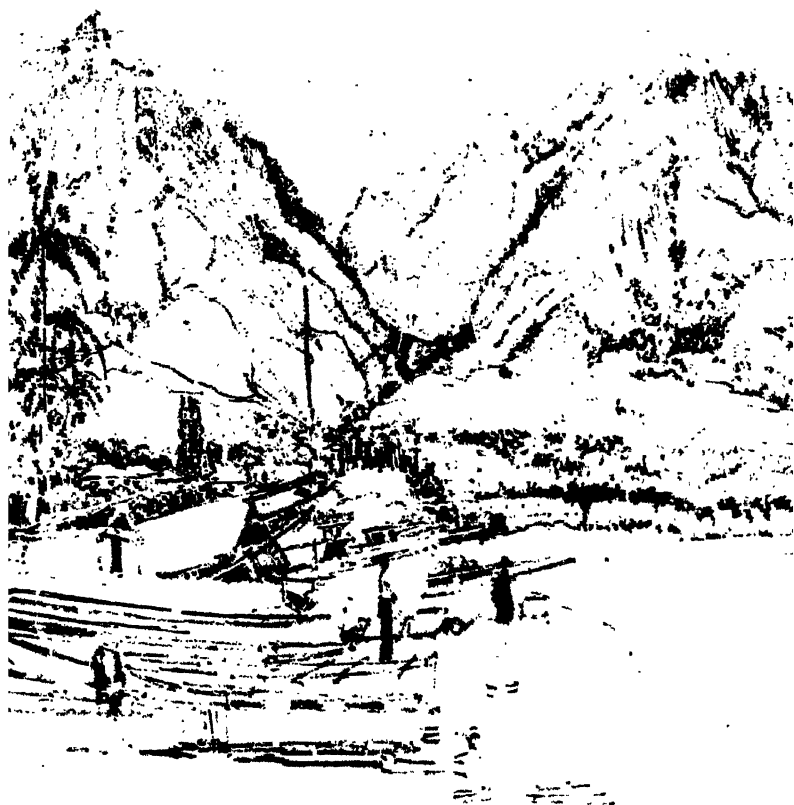
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I walked through those streets to the wide valley of Iao that cuts into the mountain behind the town. It is a green valley, whose sides slope steeply down to the stream once dammed by bodies of Maui warriors opposing in vain Kamehameha's conquest. Red coffee berries gleamed along the trail when I was there; purple Malay plums dripped in tart, juicy clusters, and guavas shone lemon-yellow around their pink, seedy pulp.

In the midst of the valley a green pinnacle, renamed the Needle, points spirelike to the clouds. "The last stand of the Maui army," a resident told me. "Those who escaped from the battle below climbed the Needle, and the enemy couldn't reach them. Kamehameha's warriors pretended to give it up, but some of them hid along the stream. At night the Maui men crept down for water, and Kamehameha's men killed them to the last man. Hawaiians say the water flowed red for four days, and likely enough it did for hours. That's why this town is called Wailuku, the Water of Slaughter."

There is more to Maui than can be compressed into a chapter: the Hawaiian village at Kahakuloa, one of the last to remain without electric lighting or a store; the ranches on the slopes of Haleakala; the drive along the cliff tops to Hana where the world seems still remote, over the thirty-three gulches that bear fascinating long Hawaiian names; Keanae on its lava headland battered with surf, and the deep valley behind it. There is the "Ditch Trail," monument to vision that made Central Maui one of the world's most productive sugar cane districts.

Miles of tunnels through solid rock, more miles of concrete aqueduct, bring water from the east slope of Haleakala to the lowland fields. This development is associated



LOOKING UP ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF THE  
ISLAND OF MAUI FROM THE SEAPORT TOWN OF  
KAHULUI



## House of the Sun

with the Baldwin family who have continued to be the most prominent residents of Maui, and particularly with Henry Perrine Baldwin, pioneer planter.

A member of the family, in a biography of that stout builder, relates an incident of the construction of the famous ditch. At one point, somebody must dangle by a rope over a precipice. The workmen hung back. Baldwin, who had lost an arm between cane rollers some years before, himself swung out upon the rope, holding by his one hand. Ashamed, the workmen followed.

By men of such resolution these island industrial principalities were founded. And it is perhaps significant that although the plantation labor movement of 1937 seems to have started on that island, there, hitherto, the "family" tradition had been the strongest, the paternalism of the industrial-agricultural corporations most marked, the loyalty of the peasantry, if one may call them that, to their lords, most in evidence. Maui under the Baldwins was noted for care of workers' welfare long before such care became a general policy of sugar corporations in the islands.

Dominant over the eastern section of the island, topographically, is the huge dormant crater Haleakala, House Built by the Sun. All East Maui is really Haleakala: its old lava, its slopes rising from the jewel-hued sea.

Topped, in these seas, only by the younger volcanoes of the island of Hawaii, Haleakala rears its burnt-out caldron ten thousand feet to gather in the clouds. More than twenty miles in circumference, its vast bowl dwarfs the cinder cones that rise, ant-hills to the eye, five hundred to nearly a thousand feet from the uneven floor more than half a mile below the rim.

A motor road of recent construction makes an easy

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hour and a half drive from Kahului to the roof of the island, formerly a hard day's mule ride. The road climbs out of sugar fields, past rows of pineapples, and over ranch lands to a point on the west side of the crater known as White Hill. Up to about forty-five hundred feet, the slopes are fairly well wooded; beyond, vegetation thins until above eight thousand feet there is only tormented black or red-brown lava.

One of the earliest guide-books is authority for the statement, often repeated with variations, that the entire city of New York below Central Park might be dropped into this crater and leave room for suburbs. I am not aware that it has ever been tried.

But from that ragged rim one looks down upon clouds like a vast snow field, or fancies oneself on a rocky islet ringed about with surf. The summit is four thousand feet above those clouds. In and out of great gaps torn by ancient eruptions in the crater walls to north and south, their fleecy rivers flow. Above them, one looks two hundred miles or more in any direction. On very clear days, all the major islands are visible, from the tall giants of Hawaii to the peak of Waialeale on the northern island of Kauai. Around those islands set like vari-colored jewels, the turquoise ring of ocean stretches seemingly upward, until the horizon appears to hang midway between the zenith and the mountain's foot.

The crater floor is above the usual cloud level, though mists flow in at times through the gaps. Usually one can look down upon its walls, abrupt or aslant with talus heaps of cinders or of black or red sand, and over the sixteen square miles of the bottom. One attempts to realize what this place must have been when the tremendous caldron



## House of the Sun

was surging with live lava; with what a hissing roar it broke through those frowning clefts in the crater wall between whose precipitous sides the frozen waves still gleam beneath the sun. . . . Or how high the mountain may have towered before, as appears, the top blew off, and what a crash must have echoed over the sea with nobody to hear it!

For this crater is not known to have been active since men inhabited the islands—though far down the slope a lava flow spreads fanwise between the desolate landings of Kanahena and Keoneio, and that lava has overwhelmed a Hawaiian wall of loose stones. An old man told early visitors his grandfather could remember the eruption.

Pele built on a heroic scale when she raised these monstrous ramparts. Every common object is reduced to the vision. Wild goats half-way down appear no larger than mice.

Day is longer on this wind-chilled height, for sunlight comes here first and lingers last. Long after the lights of Wailuku and Lahaina are glowing like chains of soft jewels, the western clouds still hold tints of orange, vermilion, purple, violet, amethyst, and rose. Opposite, the eastern stars already hang like lanterns and in the south the Southern Cross blooms like a flower on a stalk toward the far Tahiti to which it was a guide.

Wise travelers remain overnight, snuggled in blankets, at the rest house to see the cold-burning sunrise tint with rose the banks of cloud, and the great peaks across the southern channel flame in colored light while the land beneath is still curtained with the night.

A trail leads steeply into the crater, a trail marked off by heaps of stones between deep beds of cinders and sand, around the ancient cones that here appear in their true

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height and size, as big as that Punchbowl crater behind Honolulu.

Not all the crater floor is utterly desolate. There is a spring of cold water in the southeast end, and a cavern a third of the way down, close by another pool, and in the hollows the rare silversword lifts its ball of shining foliage, to bloom, once in its lifetime, yellow or red. In the passes toward Hana, the apeape, just as strange, turns its six-foot geranium-shaped leaves on furred stems to the light, a survivor from the carboniferous age when the earth was young.

One story must be told of this island—the deed of the half-divine hero Maui who snared here the striding sun.

For the days were shorter, in the ancient time.

“Too short,” grumbled Maui’s mother, Hina, as she beat the bark of the paper mulberry for the making of *tapa* cloth. “The sun is gone before my *tapa* dries.”

The story has many versions, but in essentials they agree. Maui wove a net of fibers and spread it in the crater as the sun came swinging on his many legs across the blue dome of the sky.

“Pledge me,” demanded Maui of the ensnared orb, “to go more slowly, that my mother may dry her cloth, and I will let you go.”

The sun, they say, has kept his bargain.



## XXIV PRECIPITOUS ISLAND

**A** SHADOW of mystery clings to Molokai. Least known and most seldom visited of the territory's larger islands, its somber cliffs and almost inaccessible valleys hold something of the atmosphere of elder time, as if here, perhaps, the old gods had made their last retreat.

In the minds of those unfamiliar with Hawaii who have heard of the island at all, it is ticketed inaccurately as "the leper island," from the circumstance that a few acres in

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an isolated corner of its 260 square miles of mountain and valley are occupied by the settlement reserved for the remaining victims of a once formidable scourge. Hawaiians of old spoke of the island as *ka Aina Pali*, Land of Precipices, and as *Molokai nui a Hina*, Great Molokai Born of the Goddess Hina. The white economic invaders named it "The Lonely Isle." Molokai is still the least developed of the five greater islands, but its residents, with growing civic pride, have objected to that designation. With daily air mail and passenger service from Honolulu, they point out, Molokai is no longer lonely. A new nickname has been drawn, accordingly, from the hospitality of the islanders, and Molokai is now known familiarly throughout the territory as "the Friendly Isle."

One might not credit it with such a reputation, gazing upon its long, dark, rocky coast line from the steamer approaching the busier island of Oahu. From that distance, the heap of cooled volcanic rock look as wild as when the first voyagers sighted those rugged shores.

Indeed, here island life again exhibits the contrast of primitive and modern, and their mingling, characteristic of Hawaii. More predominantly rural than any but the smaller islands, Molokai is a land of ranches and homesteads, shadowed by violent upthrusting mountains; of lost valleys checkered with taro fields or wild with forest tangled about ruins of abandoned native huts. Yet the weather-beaten little seaport of Kaunakakai plans to make itself a "white village," while, not far away, only a few miles from those forgotten valleys that climb steeply from the sea, the daily air mailplane alights and the Senator from Molokai flies back and forth between his ranch on this island and his office in Honolulu.

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Halawa, at the northeast end of the island, is one of those hidden valleys—until lately a forgotten land. Shaped in the long oval of a horseshoe, its two-mile width presses back eight miles inland, to halt against a sheer seven-hundred-foot wall of rock down whose face leap slender cascades to form, out of swirling pools at their bases, the Halawa River. Behind them, clouded mountains thrust a mile and more into the sky.

Rectangles of shallow water, enclosed by earthen dikes, terrace gradually toward steep valley walls. From their rich mud unfold the heart-shaped leaves of the best taro on the island. Beyond them, crumbling stone boundary walls speak of a more populous time. Nearer the stream, a dense clump of kamani trees, some of them six feet in diameter, keeps fresh the memory of Kamehameha III, who planted them a hundred years ago.

The village clusters near the sea—a handful of little frame houses with rusty iron roofs, a neat if unbeautiful school-house of similar material, and a faded gray church built by missionaries long ago. Not many years since, there were still grass houses in Halawa, but, with all respect to sentiment and love of the "picturesque," a grass house is not, under present conditions, the most comfortable or sanitary of dwellings. Interesting enough to look at when new, it soon becomes shabby under wind and rain, and the thatch soon harbors every insect pest known to the islands since contact with the white man's world introduced his creeping annoyances to reinforce the few that were here before him. Unlovely frame cottages are more convenient and permanent, but these, too, were to be dressed up in a different kind of "improvement" campaign.

The valley was bought by a San Francisco capitalist who

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finds relaxation on a Molokai ranch from city distractions. He told the inhabitants that the rents for their little holdings would be reduced to a dollar a year for each family—on one condition. They must be Hawaiian.

"Live and think as Hawaiians," he counseled them. "Grow and pound your own poi, paddle out in your canoes and catch the fish that are plentiful at the stream mouth; gather fresh-water shrimps in the gulches and the shell-fish that cling to the seaward rocks, with cool, spicy seaweed for relish. Live the healthful outdoor life your fathers lived, and eat the good food of the land."

The modern houses did not have to go. But the new landlord suggested that their unsightliness be covered with bundles of grass or with plaited coconut leaves.

Down the coast is another such valley: fertile, green, and even more remote. Wailau, when I last looked upon Molokai, was empty. The roofs had fallen in, the church crumbled beneath rain and sun. Its inhabitants of former days have since, too, been invited to return on similar terms, and the plan has here an even better chance of success. For Wailau is defended by nature from contact with the disintegrating forces of the outside world. A dim, almost impassable trail slips down its steep walls; the valley is, for all but the most agile, accessible only from the sea, and there only about half the year. Here the rude but healthful life of primitive agriculture and fishing can go on, untouched by economic storms that may ravage the world without.

Near the center of the island, not far from the sun-scorched airport of Hoolehua, is the home of a rehabilitation experiment of a different kind. Here the territorial government has set apart many acres for Hawaiian fami-

## Precipitous Island

lies, to give them a footing on the land that was the birth-right of their vanished kings.

Miserable little farms these looked, when I first saw them: scrubby with algaroba brush, knotted with stumps, in soil thin and full of rocks. Yet even then the homesteaders showed, to the visitors who rode through clouds of fine red dust in the farmers' wheezing Fords, huge melons, great red globes of tomatoes like the pictures on covers of seed catalogs, vegetables of all kinds that would have taken ribbons at any county fair.

Since then, Hoolehua has grown. The new community pumping station they showed us so proudly then has brought water to thirsty soil; scientific grading and packing have made these robust vegetables marketable; long rusty-red barges notch the horizon, in tow of sturdy tugs, hauling pineapples grown on these red volcanic slopes to the canneries in Honolulu. Here is no attempt to revive or maintain the old. Here all is new, scientific, modern. Neat cottages, a government hospital, a school, and the inevitable church, shine with efficiency and electric lights. These Hawaiians are attempting, more successfully than their ancestors, to become a part of the white man's economic system, basically so foreign to their own.

From the homesteads, the road clammers dustily up through the ranches, around nerve-shattering curves, to the haunted, mountainous interior, and to the brow of the cliff that overlooks Kalaupapa, home of those who do not return.

Shaken leaflike by the eternal wind, one clings to the long grass on that blown hilltop and looks down two thousand feet or more to the tiny triangle of soil that is all most of the world connects with the name of Molokai—Kalau-

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papa, the "flat leaf," and the dwindling leper settlement that comprises the County of Kalawao.

From that height and distance, in dazzling sunlight and implacable wind, it is possible to distinguish forms, like moving insects, passing between the gardens and groves and among the pink and white cottages of the settlement. To right and left, as far as one can see, rise tall cliffs, precipitously, from the climbing waves. Ahead, as far as eyes can carry, ripples empty sea.

Here the Belgian priest, Father Joseph Damien de Veuster, labored, a volunteer, in the more primitive, less efficiently managed early days of the colony, and died a victim to the disease he had helped to alleviate. The story of Father Damien has been told many times since Robert Louis Stevenson's flaming letter rebuked a hasty critic of the leper priest. It is still a classic in missionary annals.

Damien, a native of Flanders, of religious leanings from early youth, came to Hawaii in March, 1864, at the age of twenty-four, as a member of the Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. At first he cared for the parish of Puna on the island of Hawaii, traveling long distances on foot through jungle or over rough lava and building chapels with his own hands. Later, at his own request, he exchanged with the older and somewhat feeble pastor of the larger district of Kohala. In May, 1873, he was among clergy gathered at Lahaina, Maui, to dedicate a church. The leper settlement on Molokai, established in 1865, was without a priest. Damien volunteered to go there, and after visiting the settlement with Bishop Maigret, remained.

Kalaupapa was then, even more than when Stevenson later described it, "a pitiful place to visit and a hell to dwell in." Food and clothing were scanty and hospital



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equipment entirely lacking for the seven or eight hundred unfortunates who were there at that time. Apparently they had simply been shipped there to remove them as sources of contagion, and to die; practically nothing was being done to help them. Physical and moral conditions were such that the reader may well be spared details. Damien himself slept on the bare ground under a pandanus tree for several weeks rather than enter one of the filthy huts.

The priest insisted on aid for his charges. He obtained building material and erected houses, a school, and two churches; he prospected for water and laid pipes to bring it from a mountain glen; with his own hands he made a thousand coffins as his parishioners perished, and still more came. It has been said that relatively few die of leprosy, but their weakened condition makes them an easy prey to pneumonia and other ills.

Damien's persistence forced the government to take more interest, and conditions improved tremendously during his twenty-six years in the settlement. As time went on, however, he began to suspect that he had contracted the disease. In 1885, he knew. He told Brother Joseph Dutton, four years later, that while shaving he had spilled scalding water on his foot, and felt no pain. The disease-deadened nerves had failed to respond. He continued his work, with failing energy, until near the last.

Helpers came: in 1878, Father André Burgerman; in 1882, Father Albert Montiton, whose health had been worn down by years of sleeping on mats laid on the coral ground of the Tuamotu and eating the raw fish and coconuts of those lean lands; later, Father Lambert Conradi, Father Wendolin Moellers, Brother James; in July of 1886, Damien's friend and successor, another strangely elected

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volunteer, Joseph Dutton; in 1888, Mother Marianne and two other Franciscan sisters took over the girls' home.

"Brother" Dutton's history is, except for the circumstance that he did not contract leprosy, as dramatic as Damien's own. Born Ira Dutton, a Vermont cobbler's son, he lived his early years in Janesville, Wisconsin, where he was a book clerk, a gymnast, a volunteer fireman, and a librarian. He served as a quartermaster in the Union army during the Civil War, became superintendent of a registered distillery, investigated claims for the war department, identified and buried war dead, and became chief clerk in the office of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. In 1882 he decided to enter a life of penance to expiate his "sinful years." Just what the sins of those years were, has not been revealed. He seems not to have distinguished himself, as far as the record shows, by anything more wicked than gambling and drinking. Just what influence the defection of his wife, who ran away with another man in 1865, had upon his later life, also does not appear.

After studying various faiths, however, he entered the Roman Catholic Church at St. Peter's, Memphis, in 1883, his fortieth year, taking the name Joseph as a symbol of his spiritual rebirth. He spent twenty months in a Trappist monastery at Gethsemane, Kentucky, but took no vows and never became, technically, a "brother." Preferring action to withdrawal from the world, he left the monastery. Meeting a Redemptorist father from New Orleans, he heard of Damien's work and determined to go to his aid. He presented himself to Bishop Hermann in Honolulu, was permitted to serve on Molokai without pay and remained there forty-four years, until near his death.

Considering himself unfit for priesthood because of his



CANE FIELDS AT LAHAINA, ISLAND OF MAU



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"sinful past," he continued as a lay helper, dressing the lepers' sores, building, assisting at religious services. In this work his day began at four-thirty in the morning and often continued until after midnight. After the Baldwin home for leper boys was established at Kalawao, "Brother" Joseph became its head and rarely left its grounds. The work at the settlement proper, better organized than in the crude old days, was in other capable hands. He devoted himself to his boy charges. Only once did he contemplate leaving. He wanted to volunteer for service in the World War. At seventy-four, he was too old; the veteran contented himself with investing his remaining funds in Liberty bonds and taking subscriptions among the lepers for three thousand dollars' worth of war savings stamps and six thousand dollars for the Red Cross.

He remained in health until an attack of pneumonia in 1928 weakened his sturdy frame. Blind and deaf, he labored on, until late in 1930 he was taken to Honolulu for a surgical operation. He died there on March 26, 1931, near his eightieth birthday, and was buried at Kalawao in the grounds of the home that he had served.

An address book found among his effects gave a pathetic glimpse of the kind old man who had devoted those years to service. The book contained the names of four thousand persons in all parts of the world who had written to him. He had struggled to keep up with this vast correspondence—and was still four hundred letters behind.

These two men, differing in temperament but alike in spirit of devotion, left Kalaupapa a different place from that they had found. As a result of their efforts and a more enlightened government policy, it is said the people of the settlement are fairly happy. Stories are told of patients who

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have recovered and refused to leave; of a healthy woman who accompanied her husband thither in his exile and who remained, herself in health, to bury two more leper husbands in the graveyard at the foot of the cliff.

Island-bred people are inclined to feel not quite the same fear and horror with which the disease has been traditionally associated elsewhere. It is no longer regarded by physicians as highly communicable or, when once contracted, as entirely hopeless.

Hawaiians succumbed to it from lack of the resistance which centuries of association with the disease had developed among European peoples, and it spread among them through their gregarious habits of living. Tradition here, as in the deeper South Seas, attributes its introduction, rightly or wrongly, to the Chinese, and it bears the name, among Hawaiians, of *ma'i Paké*, the Chinese disease. Americans and Europeans in the islands have acquired it more rarely. Most residents of Kalaupapa are Hawaiians, Chinese, and Filipinos. I am told, however, that there are more lepers in the mainland states than in Hawaii.

Segregation has reduced contagion, and science not only has relieved those who have contracted the disease, but has saved some of them. Within the present generation, chemists of the territorial board of health and the University of Hawaii isolated the ethyl ester of an ancient East Indian remedy, chaulmoogra oil, and the botanical explorer Dr. Joseph Rock wandered hundreds of dangerous miles through Asiatic wildernesses to find the tree that bears the saving nut. The tree was introduced into Hawaii, and the active principle of the oil, administered by improved methods, was credited with making it unnecessary for many of the lessening number of new cases to be sent to Kalaupapa.

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With the cautious reserve of science, physicians did not pronounce them "cured," but rather declared the disease, like tuberculosis, "arrested." But those with whom the treatment at Kalihi receiving station in Honolulu was successful were regarded as no longer doomed themselves or dangerous to others.

I have since heard reports that chaulmoogra was not fulfilling all expectations. But the number of lepers in Hawaii has been diminishing. Where a few years ago a thousand lived cut off from the world, now the five thousand acres of that ledge between mountain and sea shelter but four hundred. In after years, these acres may lie untenanted—a monument to a conquest greater than that of Kamehameha. Kalaupapa, though no paradise, is no longer the place of unmitigated horror that Damien found and Stevenson described. Sad sights, to be sure, can still be seen there, but the settlement people are a surprisingly cheerful lot. Cultivating their gardens, listening to their radios and the music of their band, they live their lives in a little world of their own.

A few years ago some fishermen from the settlement were wrecked on the wild shore, many miles from home. Instead of attempting escape, one of them fought his way through swirling currents and over jagged rocks to bring a boat to carry them back to the home none wished to leave.

Writers from early days have noted the sinister aspect of much Hawaiian scenery. These gaunt inland ridges, sparsely dotted with green; these orange-red slashes of volcanic earth and raggedly notched summits; these misty, leaf-choked hanging valleys seem, to the sensitive observer, to hold some sardonic secret. There is in them an air of

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watchfulness, of waiting. It is small wonder that Hawaiians of old marked these mountain places as the abode of woodland spirits and of striding gods, whose attitude might be friendly, and might not.

Sometimes it was friendly. The road crosses a narrow valley to a round hill from which projects a rock shaped like the head and neck of a giant lizard. Long ago, they say, there was sadness in the valleys, for the children were few. The people besought the wise-men for advice. Consulting the stars, the wise-men told them to lay offerings on the lizard rock. They did so, and as the seasons flowered and fruited, laughter of children was heard again among the checkered taro patches and along the wave-gnawn shores.

Molokai, like other islands, has its tales of war and magic, of ghosts and gods. It has, too, its more modern legendry. For here flourished the islands' most celebrated reputed terrorists, whose supposed exploits constituted the first Hawaiian approach to gangsterism in modern times.

The testimony fills many pages in the still unyellowed records of the court. The unwritten record of popular report would fill many more. Briefly, a family dwelt, within the present generation, on Molokai, some members of whom gained, justly or otherwise, the reputation of men whom it was not well to cross.

The Duvauchelles were fishermen, hunters, in a small way ranchers. They lived quietly, carrying on these occupations, and their name was little heard outside this island. On the island itself, it began to be whispered that any who interfered with them was likely to disappear suddenly and permanently. Some did vanish, and yet nothing occurred for which any one apparently could be brought to account.



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Molokai was more remote in those days; it was indeed, then, the "Lonely Isle."

It is possible that, under the stimulus of later events, the extent of their domination may have been exaggerated. Remaining members of the family seem to be esteemed to-day as industrious and law-abiding citizens. But at the time of the trial the Duvauchelles were pictured in popular legend as having ruled the island with the ruthlessness of medieval barons or of a modern gun-mob. In addition to extraordinary physical strength and a capacity for prompt and decisive action, they were credited by their simple neighbors with *kahuna* powers, amounting to control of supernatural agencies. In short, they were deemed invincible.

It is recalled, ironically, that the crime whose investigation broke their supposed power was one for which they never were convicted. It remains an unsolved mystery.

At five-thirty o'clock in the morning of June 20, 1923, Edward E. Conant, manager of a Molokai ranch, walked into the garage at his home in Kaunakakai, entered his automobile, and stepped on the starter.

The engine failed to turn over. As he swung open the door to step out and investigate, a shattering roar shook the village. Townspeople flocking to the scene found roof and walls torn and twisted, top and hood of the car hurled into the yard, and fragments of steel imbedded in walls fifty feet away.

Conant, blackened and mangled, lay dead. A crumpled bit of steel had pierced his heart.

Fred Conant, his son and assistant manager, radioed the owner of the ranch, George P. Cooke, in Honolulu: "My father killed. Please come, bring detective."

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There was no air line to Molokai in those days. But at eleven forty-five of that same morning, an army plane glided down to the emergency landing field on Molokai. The ranch owner stepped out and with him a Burns detective, recently come to Honolulu from San Francisco to investigate a commercial theft case.

The method of murder had been simple. Dynamite had been concealed under the car and attached to the steering post. One end of the wire from the electric starter had been disconnected and joined to the steering post so as to cause a spark, igniting the fuse which detonated the bomb.

Further investigation was more difficult. So many curious spectators had swarmed over the automobile and handled its remaining fragments that satisfactory fingerprint evidence was unobtainable. Suspects who might have had a motive were questioned. The ranch owner recalled that he had warned the Duvauchelles against poaching on his deer preserve. But all efforts of mainland and local detectives failed to connect them with the crime.

In the course of the investigation, however, the Burns man heard of another unsolved mystery, dating from seven years before. Wong Wai Bow, keeper of a fishpond, had been alive and apparently well on March 15, 1916—and had not been seen since.

The detective inquired into this case. Early in July, one Suga, who at the time of the fishpond keeper's disappearance had been a sampan captain, was held for questioning. He is said to have made a statement in which he claimed to have witnessed the murder. But Suga never testified in court. On the evening of July 17th, he obtained permission to visit his home. His body was found there a few hours later, a bullet in his head. The verdict was suicide.

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Another witness, Ioana, died suddenly a week later. He had been ill a few days.

With witnesses disappearing in this rapid fashion, it began to be rumored that no trial would be held. *Kahuna* magic, the whispers ran, was at work. Others pronounced it merely terror. But it was freely declared that none would live to testify.

Nevertheless, investigation quietly continued and on August 11th, five more men were held as witnesses.

Two days later, Edward Duvauchelle and his sons Edward K. Jr., John, and Waldemar, were charged with the murder of Wong Wai Bow. Three were indicted, Edward K. Duvauchelle, Jr., having proved that he was not on the island the night the fishpond keeper disappeared.

This time the witnesses, contrary to predictions, survived. Questioning developed that a dispute had arisen over alleged theft of fish from the pond. John Healey testified that he had seen John Duvauchelle seize Wong Wai Bow, Suga and the three defendants bind the Chinese and put out with him, in a skiff, into Kualanui Bay. He heard a cry, he said, and a splash, as of a body falling into water. Later he saw the skiff return, without Wong Wai Bow.

Other witnesses gave similar testimony or told of the defendants' movements that night. The seven years' delay in coming forward with the information was ascribed, like the suicide of Suga and the death of Ioana, to terror.

On November 22, 1923, the three Duvauchelles were found guilty by a jury at Wailuku, Maui, and the next day sentenced to twenty- to twenty-five years in Oahu prison. After failure of their appeal, they began serving the sentence May 5, 1925, still maintaining innocence and protesting that some day they would be exonerated.

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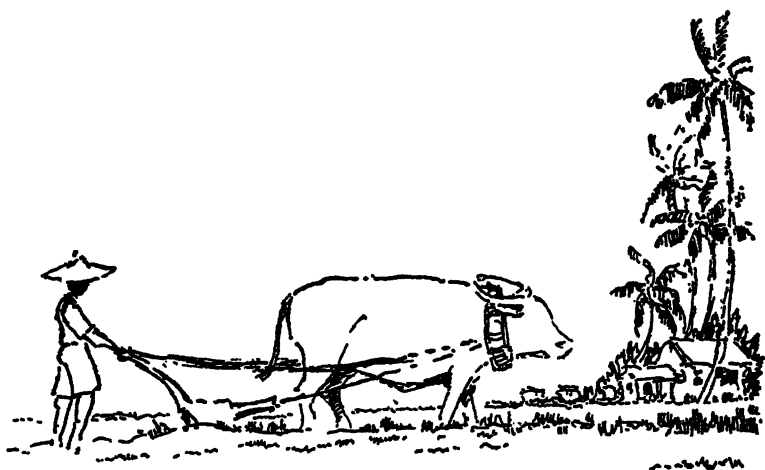
Further investigation of Conant's death failed to develop anything but a mass of conflicting rumors, and the case was dropped.

Edward K. Duvauchelle, Jr., the one with the alibi, a few years later turned to more social uses the physical and mental qualities that had given his family their notoriety. On a fine Hawaiian Sunday, a sampan, bearing a party of excursionists to the Molokai homesteads, capsized in the sometimes turbulent channel between that island and Oahu. Its occupants clung precariously to the overturned hulk, their bodies numbing in the chill of the open sea.

Duvauchelle, when all were as safe, for the time being, as they could be made, struck out for the shore, many miles away, to bring help. Powerful swimmer as he was, it was a perilous venture. Remaining in the water several hours, he battled through fierce currents, landing at an unfrequented point on Molokai; then ran several miles to the nearest sampan port to lead a rescue party, arriving at the wreck in time to save all but two or three who had been unable to hold their grip on the slippery bottom of the overturned craft.

Even in these events of modern times, it is difficult to separate history from legend. There are those who maintain that the Duvauchelles were victims of circumstance and excessively maligned. Only recently an old man of Molokai protested, in the humble dialect of his district:

"People speak, Duvauchelle kill twenty. They no speak true. No kill twenty; kill only ten!"



## XXV "WETTEST SPOT"

**K**AUAI, from the sea, is green and rose: the bright volcanic earth showing through the rich vegetation which has caused its inhabitants to claim for it the name given to an unidentified island somewhere in these seas by an early Spanish navigator: the Garden Island.

At nearer view, it is a maze of worn peaks, striped canyons, and gulches cutting long low fields rippling with cane, and tree-dotted upland pastures sloping to the misty mass of the great central mountain, Waialeale, long thought to be the wettest place on earth. On a slippery trail, high on that spongy dome, stands a government rain-gauge, which by official measurement proclaims it second in rainfall only to one spot in the known world.

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Yet the whole island does not share without labor the gift of the rain god. Kauai sugar planters, like those of other islands, have built vast irrigation works, as their predecessors the Hawaiians and the still earlier *menehune* did, on a smaller scale, before them. And a few miles from that boggy mountaintop the Barking Sands lie all but rainless beneath the sun.

Few even of island residents have trodden the upper forests of Waialeale. That great wet roof, only a few miles from motor roads and electric power and the sugar fields that live by its waters, remains virtually unexplored—a legendary place, populated, according to report, by wild swine, equally fierce wild cattle, and survivors of bright birds from whose feathers Hawaiians of old made helmets and mantles for their chiefs.

There, too, is the reputed haunt of the last of the *menehune*, fabulous dwarfish race said by Hawaiians to have occupied once all the islands. The coasts are dotted with stone fishponds, inland valleys with ditches and trails attributed to their architectural skill.

Science, disentangling the maze of myth, has concluded tentatively that the *menehune* actually existed, though not as small in size or equipped with such supernatural powers as the legends assert. It identifies them, like the Little People of Ireland and the elves and goblins of the European continent, with an early group of settlers—the first wave of Polynesian migration, overwhelmed by the twelfth century invasion from the south. Their simpler social organization, lower grade of culture, and slighter physique have been exaggerated by legend to make the myth of the dwarfs.

Kauai seems to have been their last stronghold. From

## “Wettest Spot”

mountain retreats they ventured forth by night and at times were induced to build stone-works for the conquerors. The tale is that they worked only at night and if the project was not finished before dawn, left it forever uncompleted.

The last *menehune* probably perished, or was absorbed into the invading people, long ago, but popular report tells of strange dwarfish beings on these mountain trails, who vanish mysteriously when one seeks a nearer view. A Honolulu scientist tells of a night in one of the precipitous, rarely entered valleys that plunge from Waialeale toward the wild northwestern coast. Seeking “land shells,” snail-like creatures that cling to leaves and logs and rocks, he had become separated from his companions and was spending the night in a cave. He was awakened by a sound as of hammering on stone. Looking out, he saw a light flickering on the trail. Thinking his companions were seeking him, he called out. The light vanished and a listening silence flowed into the somber valley under the dark looming cliffs.

In the morning, he found new stones laid in an evident attempt to repair the trail. When he overtook his party at the end of the day, they told him they had not been near the place.

“Bootleggers,” he explained to himself with a scientist’s hardheadedness, “repairing the trail by night to haul contraband *okolehao* down the mountain from a hidden still.”

But the old Hawaiian to whom he told the story smiled a knowing smile. “The *menehune* work only at night,” he said.

There is, too, the story of a Honolulu business man, hunting wild goats in another of those lost valleys, who awoke at night, in his camp, to hear voices speaking in an archaic Polynesian dialect—though he and his companions,

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in all their trip through that valley, saw no sign of present habitation nor any human face.

A trail leads, however, up the precipitous ridges into a great spongy plateau near the summit, the Alakai Swamp. Somewhere among those thickly overgrown, miry trails and fog-veiled pools is the sacred lake whither Hawaiians made the long and hazardous journey on foot to present offerings even, it is said, up to the early twentieth century.

Dr. William Alanson Bryan, who spent three weeks on the mountain and four days in the swamp, said afterward that his return to civilization from that watery jungle "has always seemed little short of the miraculous." He and his companions were never out of dense fog during the expedition.

"The thin turf which covered the quagmire," he wrote, "would tremble for yards in all directions at every step and too often would give way, plunging us hip-deep in mire."

Such is Waialeale, where an inch and a third of rain falls daily, three and a quarter feet a month, forty feet a year!

The lowlands of Kauai, like those of most of the other islands, are sealike with cane. Some lands on this rich isle have borne crops of sugar year after year without replanting, for more years than I should venture to quote. Between the fields the road, traversed at apparently reckless speed by hardy planters and laborers, winds over red earth that was the basis for one of the late Bishop Restarick's favorite stories. A Kauai man, he used to say, toured around the world. In San Francisco, on his way home, he entered a Turkish bath where the rubber immediately identified him as from Kauai, by the color of the dirt.





SUGAR MILL AND WORKERS' HOUSES AT LIHUE, KAUAI



## “Wettest Spot”

Along that road we crossed the mouths of canyons: Waimea, the most celebrated; Olokele and Hanapepe, less accessible but as wild and beautiful. We turned up between red-banked ditches in which water apparently flowed uphill, to look down from a rocky point into the tremendous chasm of Waimea. Great conical ridges stood like pillars, their sides tinted in blending or contrasting or delicately shaded hues; the winding distances were misty lavender; a bright ribbon of stream coiled half a mile below. Shadows of clouds painted light and dark the various reds and yellows of the cliffs. For twenty-five miles that canyon stretched before us, a vast hall sculptured by the gods. Above its battlements soared long-tailed *bo's'n* birds, floating on air currents against the blue vault of the sky.

Lower down, the Waimea River flowed between bright green rice fields and groves of palms. In the cliffs behind them, we knew, lay bones of ancient chiefs. Somewhere among those rock tombs, they say, remains an unfound treasure, the green feather mantle of Kauai kings. There were many red and not a few yellow feather robes but, the tale whispers, only one of green. Its value might surpass that of the “million dollar mamo” of Kamehameha the Great in the Bishop Museum.

History stared back at us from the cliff where an arrow chiseled into the rock preserves the memory of Captain Cook's landing, and from the lichened stones of the fort built by the Russians in 1819. The thick, sloping stone walls still stood in a rough parallelogram; in an inner court a pyramid where the flags of the Czar and of Kamehameha had flown.

I knew well the drowsy country towns of Waimea and Kekaha, with their shabby Chinese stores and *sai min* res-

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taurants, in the summer when the world was waiting for Dick Grace, Hollywood "crash" flyer, to take off from the Barking Sands for an early "trans-Pacific" flight which ended in a kiawe tree on the uneven pasture honored by the name of a flying field.

The village of Mana, dozing in the sunshine a few miles away, was our headquarters, having the only telephone in miles. I would sit on the steps of the Japanese store, watching miles of cane rippling in the breeze and the Philippine woman across the way, on the veranda of her cottage, smoking a short pipe as she suckled a plump brown baby. In mid-afternoon the men would come in from the fields, short, sturdy Ilocanos in blue dungarees and checkered *palakas*, to buy cheap tobacco or those jars of preserved fish that are their delight. It was a peaceful scene, that village of neat brown cottages among the fields, with its one dusty street in which, through most of the day, the only thing moving was a slow mongrel dog. Sky smiled at earth and earth smiled back as the cane distilled rich juice from earth and sun.

We slept, when a night take-off seemed imminent, upon or rather in the sands themselves, burrowing into them to escape clouds of mosquitoes. The "barking" of the sands, which in our experience was only a faint puppylike squeak, failed to keep the flying nuisances away.

The sands when very dry, however, produce, in response to stirring, a sound somewhat suggesting the barking of a dog. The early traveler Bates described it, when his horse trampled over the dunes, as "of distant thunder or the starting of heavy machinery." It was loud enough to startle the horse.

The dunes are perhaps a hundred feet high, a desolate

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stretch of country, yet with a wild charm, pricked with small shrubs and the beginnings of kiawe trees. It was a sun-baked land by day, miles from a drink of water, more miles from food. We would sit in the small shade of the car while the aviator, day after day, urged his heavily loaded plane down the bumpy field, only to blow out his tires in the heated air. At last, after weeks of these attempts, the tiny plane soared. We saw it from the road, circling over the lighthouse at Kilauea, then come faltering back, its tail shaking on a cracked longiron, to fold into a tree at the edge of the field, whence the flyer and his puppy mascot emerged unscratched.

A little way beyond the sands none can pass, for the black cliffs of Napali rise sheer from the sea, cut by valleys accessible only from narrow beaches reached by boat, or hazardous trails out of the maze of ridges about Waialeale.

The southeast half of the island, however, is a pleasant country, rich with growing things. I watched the peacocks spread lordly tails in the formal Japanese gardens of Kuku-iolono Park, and swam in the tall swells that ride into Lawai cove between lava rocks, curling upon a beach beneath lofty palms. Near by, the Spouting Horn, a salt-water geyser similar to the Oahu Blowhole, waved its plume of spray high in the salty air. And in the little harbor of Kukuiula the blue-hulled sampans lay, or chugged out to long voyages under the coppery brilliance of the sun. Picturesque villages clustered under the broad umbrellas of ancient trees. Inland, waterfalls tumbled veil-like over precipices; among them Waipahee, known irreverently to tourists as the Sliding Bathtub, where visitors and natives alike slithered down a natural chute over water-smoothed rock to a deep pool. Around these streams the ohia-ai bore juicy, deep-red, apple-

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like fruit; wild taro uncurled tender leaves; guavas ripened on sturdy shrubs. On rolling plains and mountain slopes, ranch cattle roamed among gnarled upland pandanus trees. Farther inland, the cloud-clothed bulk of Waialeale brooded somberly over all.

Beyond Anahola, where a perforation high in a rocky ridge marks where the spear of an ancient warrior pierced the mountain, the country is less luscious. There were pineapples, however, on the uplands and cane along the shores, as I drove in summer mornings past the Oriental rice straw huts that are pointed out to unsuspecting strangers as "Hawaiian grass houses," and past the great grove of candle-nut trees whose light-green, star-shaped leaves once shaded gatherings of missionaries and of chiefs. At Kalihiwai, fishermen were drawing a net around a school of akule in the bay, to leave them thus imprisoned in their own element for days while supplies were drawn off gradually as the market demanded.

I spent easeful weeks in a cabin of ohia logs by a quiet bay off the main road. In that secluded region Hawaiians dwelt, as of old, beside the sea, each with his patch of taro behind his house and the food-giving reef for his front yard. There they would wade, glass-bottom box in hand, at low tide, darting spears at fish clustering below or hunting the lair of the octopus: thrusting a short spear where stones drawn into a hole betrayed his hiding place; drawing out the shaft with tentacles writhing about it; smoothing them down with a broad hand and leaning forward to bite the creature's central nerve ganglion, disabling the prey and freeing the hands for another catch. At night they would stretch nets across narrow channels through the reef and drive fish into them by splashing with hands and feet and

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beating the water with branches. Everything from odd, stubby Hawaiian lobsters to staring-eyed young hammer-head sharks would come out of the net when it was drawn up on the sand. They would pound fish in a sack and sink it a little way offshore to attract live fish; then cast lines to catch beautiful savory ulua and papio.

It is another country, under the water: the strange, dim, unearthly country of the reef. Vermilion-red sea-urchins slowly wave slender spikes in the warm tide; stupid, ugly sea-slugs lie sunning themselves in the shallows; strange painted fishes glide and plane through coral caverns: fishes that disdain a hook and can be captured only with the spear. Once, peering over the edge of one of those chasms where fresh water has kept a clear channel through the coral, I saw a dozen baby sharks playing in the transparent water, far below.

Across the shallow bay, horsemen rode in the evening, hoofs splashing softly, cowboys from Princeville ranch, homeward bound, singing of Hanalei.

As their song proclaimed, “Hanalei, beautiful in the great rain!” Rice-green Hanalei, its broad river rolling between paddied fields and misty green and lavender mountains, and the sea rolling in to meet the stream. Beyond the quiet town at its mouth the valley slopes gently upward to the spurs of Waialeale. Long-horned carabao plow muddy fields, and men and women in broad straw hats or sometimes in quaint rain-coats of rice straw like animated haystacks, wade in irregularly banked pools, planting pre-grown young rice. The green of it rising above the water is marvelously fresh and bright, a lasting delight to the eyes. When the milky juice solidifies and swells the tiny husks, long rows of motley rags flutter on cords manipulated from ramshackle

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watch towers; tin cans rattle and shot-guns roar from high platforms, scaring away rice-birds that raid the crop.

There was a silk farm in early days along the river. An uncharitable visitor attributed its failure to the stern New England piety of the missionaries. Silkworms must be tended daily; they keep no Sabbaths. But the Christian native help, according to report, refused righteously to work on the Lord's Day, and the worms, and with them the industry, became martyrs to the faith.

I should like to explore sometime more deeply the caverns near the Haena shore. Out of a jungle of pandanus and guava one enters the fern-wreathed entrance of the Dry Cave, where a fugitive chief once hid, to sally forth like a ghost from a tomb and slay his enemies after they had thought him dead. Motor-cars now profane that dim sanctuary, where crude pictures carved in the rock perhaps record the waiting days of that Hawaiian King Alfred.

Years ago no Hawaiian would enter the first of the two wet caves, sometimes called the Water of Terror. It was believed to be the home of a dragon which had once swallowed an entire party of adventurers. The terror has been forgotten now, and Hawaiian musicians enter without fear to sing against an answering choir of echoes above the cold, clear water that lies deep on the cavern floor.

A little way beyond, a Gothic arch opens upon the Water of Kanaloa. Ferns grow deep within the cave; bodies of swimmers shine strangely green in refracted light. A hundred yards within, another chamber lies darkly beyond a second Gothic portal rising from deep water. It is said the cave goes on, room after vaulted room, deep under the mountain, but I know none who has ventured there to see.

There is no road beyond the caves, where the land



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lifts jaggedly into the tangled wilderness of the Napali coast. But a little of this wild country has been tamed. From the other side of the island we drove up a narrow road climbing out of the sugar fields to the summer camps in the cool upland of Kokee. Kokee does not resemble at all the popular notion of a Hawaiian landscape. It might be a bit of any wooded mountain country. Its meadows lie checkered with sun and shade; air comes clean and cool and bracing; we seemed far, there, from the busy world. Birds from America, Europe, and the Orient, with which bird-lovers have stocked the forest, flew in at open doorways to take crumbs and grain from our hands.

Beyond Kokee swirl trout streams, and hunters sometimes venture over headlong trails or seaward by boat to lost valleys that tumble precipitously to the sea. Along these ridges to Kalalau fled Koolau the leper to defy, from goatlike retreats, the armed expeditions sent from Honolulu. Jack London told that story long ago. But I heard a different story on Kauai. It is whispered there that Koolau was no leper, but victim of a plot—denounced as a leper that a rival might, when Koolau should be banished to Molokai, seize his property and his wife.

A Hawaiian “ladder”—a log with transverse pieces attached—drops down a sheer cliff to a ledge leading into a cave whence another “ladder” slants over a precipice into a still more remote valley. Such is the entrance to the country of the unconquerable. Here lived a tribe apart, admitting no allegiance to the kings of Kauai or to Kamehameha himself. Against armaments of their time the valley was impregnable. A few guards could defend the approach against thousands; withdraw the ladders, and there was no way in by land.

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The entrance by sea, at the valley mouth, was and is as precarious. A rope was lowered from an overhanging cliff into a sea cave, accessible only in calm weather. The cliff bulges; one had to grasp the rope on the run and swing out, clambering or being drawn dangerously up the rock. Hence, perhaps, the line of a Hawaiian bard: "Nualolo, swinging in the wind. . . ."

Civilization conquered where armies could not. The valley stands empty now, tenanted only by wild swine, wild goats and birds, and the quaint, beautiful, land mollusks whose delicately tinted, striated shells collectors prize. For the white man brought trade and industry and the lure of towns. The wild hillmen little by little forsook their lonely fastnesses and trickled down to the populous coast. The terraces of their fields, the crumbling walls of their water-courses remain; a few house platforms overgrown with jungle. The wind cries in the tree-tops of the lost valley; the long grasses rustle. And at night the rare explorer hears ghostly voices from hollow caverns in the stern cliffs.

From Mana and Kekaha we used to look across the channel to a red, gray, and brown island like the crest of a sea-monster, knowing it for a forbidden land. The island barony of Niihau is the most *kapu* place in a country where that four-letter word for "No Trespassing" is an all too familiar sight. Its isolation is enforced by a stern, if paternal, ownership. The story may be sketched briefly here as I heard it on Kauai.

The story goes back to Scotland, in 1840, when Captain Francis Sinclair and his wife left a farm near Stirling Castle to seek wider fortunes in New Zealand. There the quest had only begun. After Captain Sinclair was drowned, the widow and her family, with flocks and herds and piano,

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embarked on the clipper *Bessie*, owned by her son-in-law. Tahiti failed to please them; British Columbia kept them only a few months, before they put to sea again for California. Blown out of her course, the *Bessie* made port at Honolulu, and in 1864 the Sinclairs bought the island of Niihau from the ever-needy monarchy for \$10,000.

Descriptions of Niihau are mainly from hearsay, for few but the owners, the Australian foreman, and the thirty-odd native families who live there have set foot on its rocky shores. Even government officials have been unable to obtain permission to land.

One version attributes this tabu to desire to keep the natives uncontaminated. A less friendly one suggests that it proceeds from canny maintenance of uncontrolled exploitation. The probable truth is that it is just lairdly exclusiveness.

Kauai residents describe Niihau as a place without movies, liquor, or tobacco; without radio, post-office, or school above early grades—and also without police or jail. For infraction of the patriarchal—or matriarchal—law, deportation is the penalty. Since all transportation is by family boat, none may leave without permission. It is said if any do leave, they are not permitted to return. Everybody goes to church; when members of the continuing branch of the family are on the island, services last practically all day.

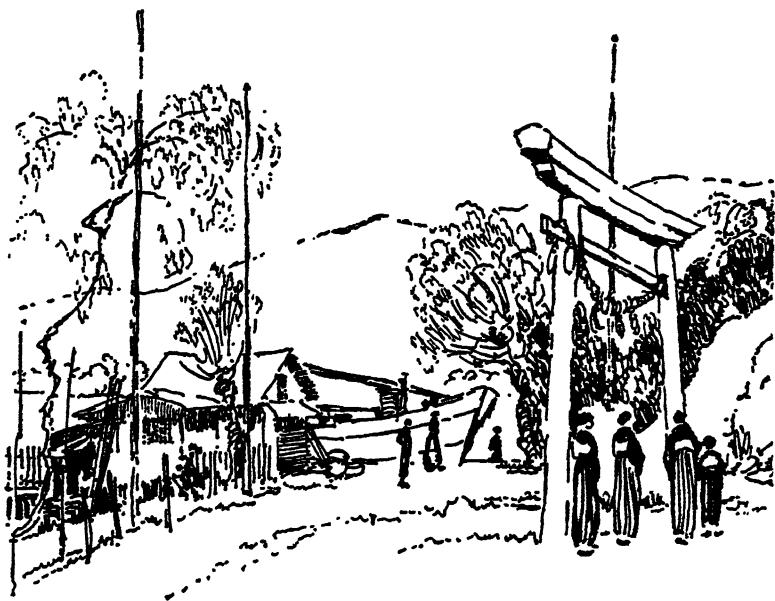
It is a peaceful, if somewhat dull life the Hawaiians of Niihau live: herding sheep and cattle over the dry pastures, weaving rushes into mats made nowhere else, making wreaths of shells and of peacock feathers to be marketed by the lairds.

Beyond Niihau the islands grow smaller: Lehua, an islanded Diamond Head; Kaula, bleak rock towering from

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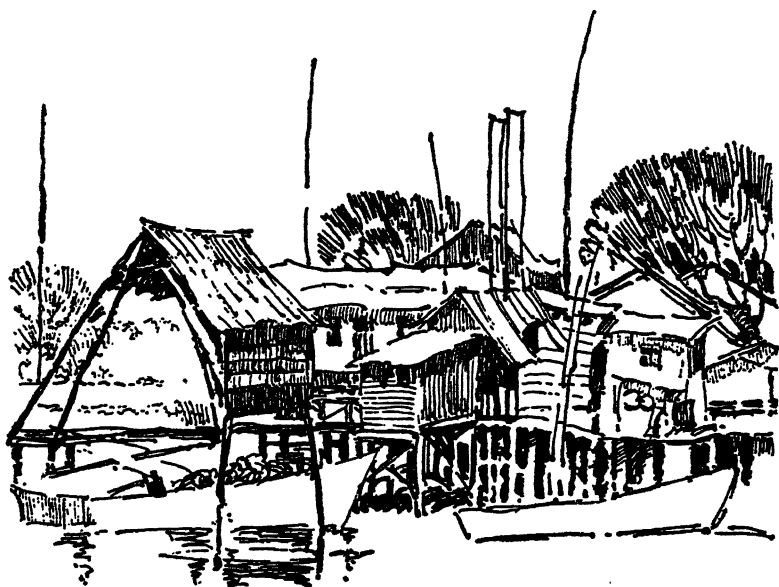
boisterous seas, each of these two with its lighthouse, erected with difficulty and danger. Maui Kaito, aged crippled newsboy whose bent figure was for many years a familiar sight hobbling through the streets of Honolulu, chanting in his native language by way of crying his wares, or clanging a metal rattle, swam with a line to effect landing for the construction, when no other would attempt the feat.

Beyond, still more islands lie, a thousand miles and more to the lagoon ring of Kure—bits of coral or of lava rock, each with its own story.



Book Four  
THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII





## XXVI FROM THE PILLARS OF THE SKY

**F**OR centuries Hawaii slept beneath the sun. The voyages ceased. Tahiti, whence the last adventurers had come, was forgotten, its name transferred to any and all regions of an outside world whose existence was seldom realized. Only chance survivors of Spanish, Dutch, or Japanese shipwrecks entered the charmed circle of the Eight Seas, and they to be absorbed and all but forgotten—until Captain Cook on that January day in 1778 brought a lasting link to these islands from the vague world that

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lay, in Hawaiian cosmogony, beyond the pillars that upheld the sky.

Then came the flood foretold in the time of the Oahu kings: the deluge of humanity that was to overwhelm Hawaii. It was slow at first. Up to the rise of the sugar industry there were mainly but two peoples in the islands: the Hawaiians and the *haoles*—those of American, British, or North European birth who had followed the call of evangelism, trade, or adventure to these seas.

Sugar, primarily, made Hawaii the racial laboratory it is to-day: a population approaching four hundred thousand, of half a dozen major and numerous minor racial ancestries.

To one who has lived long in the islands there is nothing strange or alarming in the presence of these diverse but mingling fellow-citizens whose roots go back into Polynesia and Asia as well as Europe. A country where one saw only white faces would seem a monotonous place. And to the casual visitor, much of the "color," literally and figuratively, of the islands arises from these variegated streams of humanity that are flowing together to form a new race.

The first plantations were powered by Hawaiian labor. They were not notably successful, perhaps as much because of crude methods and equipment as of any deficiencies in their workmen. For, contrary to popular notion, Polynesians are not "lazy." But Hawaiians had just been liberated from a feudal serfdom described in most accounts as oppressive. Hence it can not be considered strange that many hesitated to enter a new servitude to a feudalism based on economic rather than political power. They were, too, in the transition from the old semi-communal system to the profit-





JAPANESE SHINTO TEMPLE DAIJINGU, HONOL



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motive economics of the western world, which they did not understand and to which by previous experience they were not adapted.

They were then a dying race. The clash between two cultures, the introduced diseases to which in long isolation they had developed no resistance, and above all, the approach to civilization, had reduced their number to a bare eighth of Captain Cook's estimate at the time of discovery. There were not enough Hawaiians to go around.

Hands must be found to till the soil, that profits might blossom for the economic invaders. Why not Chinese? There were already a few in the islands, whose industrious and frugal habits made them ideal subjects of industrial exploitation. So more Chinese were brought: sturdy, untiring Cantonese peasants at four dollars a month; forty thousand of them up to annexation, which stopped this immigration.

They made good field hands, but the kings wanted to keep the Polynesian strain alive. Perhaps it could be done by bringing in South Sea peoples, closer racially to Hawaiians. Two or three thousand came, mainly Gilbertese from Micronesia, but they were not as satisfactory on the sugar plantations as they have since proved in the copra groves of the Line Islands.

Portuguese were the next major contingent. Two or three hundred were in the islands at the middle of the nineteenth century, some of them deserters from whaleships and nearly all of them natives not of Portugal proper but of the Azores and Madeira Islands. The poverty of their homeland had fitted them for hard work at wages which by that time had risen to ten dollars a month, and they

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fitted readily into the plantation economy of the time. Hence this promising source was further tapped, and from 1875 to 1890, twenty thousand or more of their countrymen entered the islands.

And still the greedy land demanded more. About 1885 began importation of laborers in quantity from Japan: between seventy and one hundred thousand up to the time when the "Gentlemen's Agreement" of 1908 ended Japanese immigration.

Labor shortages continued. Laborers would not stay on the plantations. The ambition of nearly every one of them seemed to be to save enough money to start a small rice farm or move to town and open a corner grocery.

Other races had been recruited in smaller numbers: Koreans, Russians, Spaniards, other Europeans. It was proposed once to introduce East Indians, but arrangements never were successfully completed with the British government. The descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers were invited to Hawaii, but they chose to remain on lonely Pitcairn. There was a proposal to employ southern Negroes. Historians say this never was done, but some island residents recall small groups of colored field hands who did not stay long on the plantations.

"They spent their time sitting on the edge of the field picking banjos," is the local version transmitted to me by a Portuguese *kamaaina*.

There remained two possible sources: Puerto Rico and the Philippines. The former was soon abandoned as a labor reservoir. With some exceptions, local opinion classified this element as unsatisfactory. The Filipinos, however, served well, especially after Tagalogs and Visayans were replaced by less sophisticated Ilocanos from northern Luzon. Seventy

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thousand or more came in, though not all to stay, and the labor force was brought to its maximum.

Philippine independence cut off this supply and there was talk of returning as a last resort to Puerto Rican immigration, but meanwhile the fruits of all this repopulation had been borne. The native-born generation of these various racial stocks had arisen. The natural tendency of educated youth to seek "white collar" jobs had been curbed by exhaustion of the opportunities and by the world-wide economic depression of the early 1930's. For the first time in the history of the industry, Hawaii had an adequate home-grown labor supply.

Plantation methods had changed in the century of sugar culture. Much back-breaking hand labor had been replaced by machines; hours had been shortened, wages raised, working conditions and living environment humanized to a degree undreamed of in the crude beginning days. Deciding they need not longer look abroad, the planters began to send the Filipinos home and recruit native-born workmen.

What became of the four hundred thousand immigrants? A few lived and died on the plantations; some of their descendants remain there. Some returned to their home countries. Many Chinese became gardeners, rice growers, merchants, bankers in the islands. Their descendants include many physicians, dentists, lawyers, teachers, and office workers.

Portuguese became artisans, dairymen, in some cases entered the learned professions. Many of them went into politics.

Japanese reverted to commercial fishing or small shop-keeping or embarked upon taxi driving. Their women and girls have furnished for years the bulk of the islands' do-

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mestic service. Others opened restaurants, hotels for people of their own race, banks. Most carpenters in the islands to-day are of Chinese or Japanese ancestry. Like the Chinese, the younger people of Japanese descent have gone into law and medicine—and beauty shops!

The Filipinos are too recent comers to have become assimilated to such extent. Those who have neither remained on the plantations nor returned to their home islands commonly have entered such occupations as are afforded by hotels, restaurants, and pool-rooms. A few have entered the professions, but for the most part, outside the plantations where several thousand remain, they play small part in territorial life.

Somebody will ask: what of the Hawaiians? Contrary to popular mainland impression, they are not all hula dancers, ukulele and guitar players, or champion swimmers. An appreciable number have clung, as far as possible under a changed economic system, to the life of their ancestors: fishing, growing taro, eking out this slender living by casual labor. Some are proving up on government homesteads. Others are found in almost every occupation. Government departments particularly are full of them. They are bailiffs, policemen, firemen, mail carriers, major and minor officials—and clever politicians.

I have seen many attempts to characterize a race or group as if it were an individual. Blackman in 1899 described the Japanese as "intelligent, imitative, active, fickle, somewhat inclined to conceit and to industrial insubordination . . . and not disposed to blend with the Hawaiians."

The Chinese he found "industrious, persistent, shrewd, frugal, inclined to passivity"; the Portuguese, "mostly industrious, thrifty, domestic and law-abiding."

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And so on. . . . Living among them, doing business and working side by side with representatives of nearly every race in the islands, I have found them to be individuals, each with his own strengths and weaknesses, as the rest of us; varying within the group as widely as the groups are supposed, in these generalizations, to vary, and each man varying within himself as the functioning of his glands, the fluctuations of his diet, the weather, and his economic status may determine. They are just so many human beings—so many entities of fragile flesh, assembled leaf by leaf for pain and weariness and sorrow, for swift allure and soft delight; a brief precarious bloom as numerous and unregarded as the sheenful tassels of the cane, as delightful and various as the blades of rice or the waves of the Hawaiian sea: similar in the mass but dissimilar each from each, alike only in the common march toward death.

But that is not all the story. As immigrants elsewhere have merged, one strain with another and all of them with the peoples already in the land, just so have the immigrants to Hawaii merged: first with the Hawaiians, then with one another; Chinese first, the others in the order of their arrival.

For the greater part of them came without women, and those who did not return to their huts among the rice fields of southern China or the poverty-stricken villages of Madeira or the Azores took mates from among the women of the country as many of the early Anglo-Saxon pioneers had done.

Only the Japanese brought wives in appreciable number or sent back to their own country for "picture brides." Their mingling thus was retarded but in later years they too have tended increasingly to the practice called by sociologists

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"out-marriage." The percentage of persons of Japanese ancestry marrying persons of other ancestry in the years 1931 to 1935 was eight times the number in the years 1912 to 1916—a greater increase than among the population as a whole.

To quote Dr. Andrew Lind of the University of Hawaii:

"The ratio of mixed marriages among the conventionally designated groups in Hawaii has increased from 14.1 per cent of the total (1912-1916) to . . . 30.1 per cent (1933-1934)."

Nor does mixture stop with blending of two racial strains. Mixed bloods marry other mixed bloods, and it is not uncommon for a native of the islands to have a dozen diverse elements in his ancestry.

With almost a third of the population marrying outside the ancestral racial group, it is obvious that it will eventually become as difficult to guess a given person's racial background in the islands as to guess one's national descent on the mainland.

Traces of national and racial customs remain, as elsewhere, though falling away beneath the blight of standardization. It is to be hoped that the best contributions these many peoples have made to island culture will endure.

A significant by-product of this mingling is the check in decline of the Hawaiians. In a way, Kalakaua's program of "increasing the people" has been carried out. To be sure, the "pure" Hawaiians continue to decrease. But part-Hawaiians are increasing. As Delegate Samuel Wilder King, himself part-Hawaiian, has aptly stated, the Hawaiians are not dying out, but breeding out. "Caucasian-Hawaiian" and "Asiatic-Hawaiian," as the census statistics label them, are



## From the Pillars of the Sky

the major groups, but Hawaiians have married into every race that has entered the islands, and the mixed progeny have married into every race again.

Indeed, in these islands that have enriched themselves with both human and plant life from almost every known country, scarcely any combination one can imagine is lacking.

It is stated in promotion literature that English is spoken everywhere in the islands, and that is almost true, but a stranger hearing English as spoken by some elements of the population doesn't always recognize it as such. Imagine the bewilderment of the new-comer on receiving his laundered shirts with the comment of the Japanese laundress, "Numba one top step *mauka* no stop; no can fix!" She was trying to tell him she could not replace the top button because the button was lost. Or the perplexity of the recently arrived housewife at the complaint of a garbage collector: "Whassamatta you stop coffee stuff my stuff? Pig-pig no like!" Garbage in Honolulu is collected by breeders of swine, and if one wishes to keep their good-will and have his garbage removed regularly, he is expected to segregate from the more edible portions the orange peels and coffee grounds, which, as the collector was explaining, the "pig-pig" didn't like.

This island "pidgin" grew up in the early days through efforts to communicate between persons of different races. In vocabulary it is partly English and partly Hawaiian, with a few stray Chinese and Japanese words and one or two Portuguese. Its syntax is apparently Oriental. It varies somewhat according to the race of the person using it, but it remains fairly constant in general. "Stop" does not mean to cease motion; it means to be present, to remain, to exist.

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"Better" is always rendered "more better," usually pronounced "mo betta." *Hanahana*, incorrectly adapted from the Hawaiian word *hana*, means "work." *Pau*, the most universally used Hawaiian word by all classes, means "done, finished, all gone"; *pau ka hana*, "the work is finished," or "it's quitting time."

This "pidgin" is spoken by uneducated persons of all races, and many of its words and expressions flavor the speech of those who, purists in English would say, should know better. But "pidgin" has been a necessity. Many a *malihini* has had to learn it, finding no other means of making himself intelligible to employees, vendors of flowers and vegetables, and salespersons in Oriental stores. An educated younger generation has made it less prevalent than once, but in the islands it was once indispensable in dealing with domestic help, and it is still a handy thing to know. If I told the Japanese yardman, "Thin out the poinsettias," he would have no notion of what I meant; it was necessary to phrase the order: "This time mo betta *hapai* Christmas tree."

It is a fascinating subject, worthy of study by philologists. A whole monograph could be written on the derivation and significance of the noun and verb *kaukau*, "to eat," or "eats"; on the relation between the use of *sabe*, "to know," in Hawaii and in other lands; on the mixture of "pidgin" with American slang, as in the remark I overheard from a young woman on a Honolulu street, casting reflections upon the veracity of an associate: "That boloney *wahine*, she no speak *pololei*."

But the classic illustration of the expressiveness of "pidgin," to my mind, is that of the taxi driver who, in a



ORIENTAL STORES, NUUANU STREET, HONOLULU



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dispute with another driver, echoed and amplified the latter's query of "Whassamatta you?"

"Whassamatta *me?*" he repeated in rising indignation. "Whassamatta you whassamatta me? *You* whassamatta?"

Strangers are amazed first by the diversity and then by the ease with which the various elements live together. There are human preferences, but—openly, at least—virtually no racial antagonism. Tolerance and good-will prevail to an impressive degree. All men are not equal anywhere—even in the tremendous social experiment of the Soviet Union—but Hawaii, in some ways, makes good its boast that it has less discrimination for "race, color or previous condition of servitude" than most places.

That is a contribution of the Hawaiians, who received the first comers with gifts and love. It may be the effect, too, of the perennial mild climate, outdoor life, and the complex of associations that make up the intangible, indefinable "spirit" of the islands.

These influences have acted upon and changed inflowing peoples. New food, improved housing, abundant outdoor recreation have already lengthened limbs and filled out hollows; this is known by actual scientific measurement, though it is perhaps too soon to know whether these factors are also modifying facial and cranial contours. Grandchildren of spare Cantonese laborers and children of undersized but wiry Japanese are becoming brawny football players. The mixed breeds are developing types of rare beauty and often of superior intelligence. As for the descendants of Anglo-Saxon families a few generations in the islands, they approach in physique the more athletic of Hawaiian chiefs.

What will the new island race, the "neo-Hawaiian" of

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the anthropologists, be like? William Atherton Du Puy, in a study of race problems, has forecast the future island type as:

...on the basis of present populations...something near one third Japanese, one fifth Filipino, one ninth Portuguese, one tenth Hawaiian, one twelfth Chinese, one fifteenth Anglo-Saxon, with a sprinkling of Puerto Rican, Korean and what-not...seven tenths Oriental, two tenths Occidental and one tenth Polynesian. He will be about as swarthy as a Sicilian, straight-haired, stocky, physically fit, industrious, efficient, athletic, vain, dressy, given to gambling. His women will be known around the world for a peculiar beauty found nowhere else.

Mr. Du Puy's analysis shows shrewd observation, though his percentages will bear revision, as the relative proportions of racial elements in the population do not remain constant. Dr. Romanzo Adams has called attention to the declining "Japanese" birth-rate in the islands and estimates that the permanent proportion of that element will be nearer one-fourth than one-third.

It is also to be noted that the *haole* element (*haole* means, roughly, those of Anglo-Saxon and North European descent) is slower to blend into the general mixture. The *haoles* occupy a favored position. They control the islands economically, culturally, and politically—despite the fact that Hawaiians, including part-Hawaiians, have from the beginning mustered more votes than any other "racial group." This continues to be possible because in Hawaii no "racial group" votes as a unit and because there, as elsewhere, political domination follows from economic.

I have seen a chart of interlocking directorates from which the conclusion was inescapable that a half dozen or so of men, all *haoles*, virtually controlled the major busi-

## From the Pillars of the Sky

ness and industry of the islands. The *haoles*, then—or, rather a few among a certain class of *haoles*—own most of the more fertile land and transact the major business; those so inclined are in a position to manipulate the vote and influence or control legislation as their counterparts do in the States—for the good, they would say, of the Territory and its people as a whole, which they quite honestly believe to be closely identified with their own industrial and commercial interests. Hawaii, they point out, stands or falls with sugar and pineapples; these interests are “the life of the land,” to be “preserved in righteousness.” The democratic forms are respected; it is all right for the Hawaiians and Portuguese and others to play at politics, which will keep them out of mischief and perhaps keep their minds off seeking a larger share of the proceeds; but behind the stage the wires are held by firm hands.

Thus such caste distinctions as exist are mainly between *haole* and non-*haole*. They find expression to some extent socially and to a greater extent in economics. As officials of the Roosevelt administration learned when they tried to apply the National Recovery Act, there are two standards of living in the islands, enforced by two not officially recognized but in practice valid scales of wages and prices: the *haole* and the non-*haole* scale.

It was not generally recognized by the *haole* wage earners, that the lower non-*haole* scale tended to keep their own pay down. But the *haole* working-man in the islands suffers to some extent the disabilities of being neither one thing nor the other. He is not physically fitted for field labor under Hawaiian conditions and he can not live as a non-*haole* can; if he attempts to organize, to better his economic position, he is likely to find soon that there is no

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place for him in the islands. Yet he is expected to remember that he is a *haole*, and in most cases he does.

To the extent that economic discrimination continues it retards, though it can not entirely check, the tendency to assimilate all types. The main force opposed to discrimination is the acquisition by non-*haoles* of tastes that can not be gratified on a non-*haole* income. With immigration largely cut off, the non-*haole* young people are increasingly the labor basis of island industry and they may be in a more favorable position, as time goes on, to demand a larger share of the returns.

The more intelligent island industrial leaders are beginning to meet this development with increased inducements. It is the wise course, if it goes far enough. In the long run, the non-*haole* scale will have to be brought up, or the *haole* scale, except for the lordly few, will fall to the level below the accepted American standard of living where some short-sighted masters of minor industries are seeking to bring it.

The march of labor organization, so bitterly fought by island lords in their bewilderment at any doubt of their paternal benevolence, should accelerate equalization. That march, in the islands, is still far behind. Paternalism is retarding it while holding, as history has shown, harsher measures in reserve. But it will catch up, in time. The islands are no longer isolated. Steadily they become more closely related, by faster transportation and communication, to the rest of the country and must be expected to pass through most of the stages of evolution to which the larger unit is subject.

Most observers report that the working people of Hawaii are contented; a few, that revolt seethes beneath

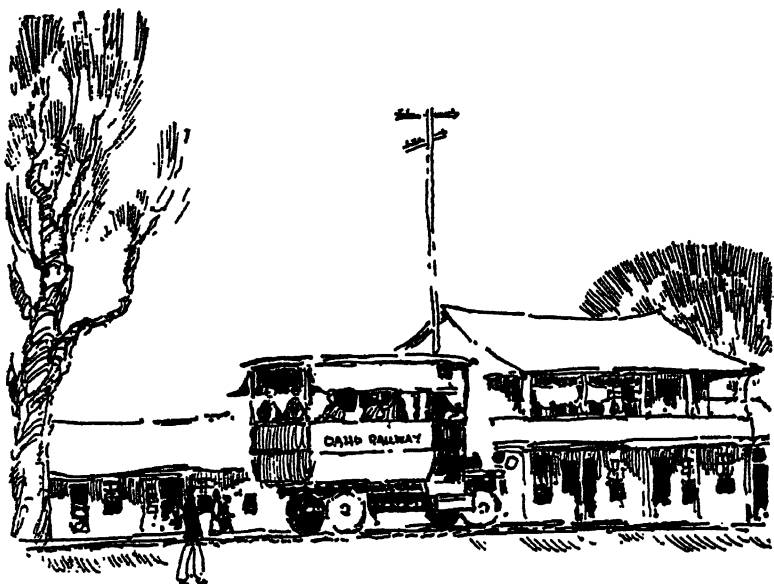


## From the Pillars of the Sky

an outwardly placid surface. Probably each one sees what he wants to see. To find out the real sentiment, one would have to spend years in actual participation in various kinds of labor, and even then a white man might not learn.

This may seem a remote consideration from a discussion of the racial composition of the island people, but it was economic causes that brought most of them there, and it is economic causes that, more than any other factor, will shape their destiny.

Here are mingling the streams from along the four sky-roads known to the ancient Polynesian navigators. Here the peoples of the six continents and the many islands blend their bloods, bringing true both prophecies: that of the overwhelming flood and that of the replenishment. And the spirit of Kamehameha, looking upon them from the Polynesian spirit-world, will hail them as the golden race, the new people.



## XXVII PLUMED FIELDS

OVER the gentle roll of lowland knoll-sides, along little seaward-winding valleys, banners blow in the trade wind. Pale golden-white they gleam, shot with delicate blue: symbol of a great industry, the plumed flowers of cane.

Like many beautiful but otherwise useless things, they are regarded by planters as a liability, for "tasseling" reduces the yield. And yet a planter must be as human as the rest of us: he can not but feel a thrill of delight in the

## Plumed Fields

rippling satiny gleam of cane-flowers under the kind Hawaiian sun. They are a dividend that can not be written down in dollars and cents: expression of the poetry beneath the toil; the grace notes in the warm, slow song of cane.

Hawaii, in the language of commerce, once meant sandalwood; then provisions for whaleships. Now it means sugar and pineapples, but chiefly sugar. From these plumed fields around the borders of the islands come a million tons of sugar a year: one pound of every six used in the United States, one pound of every twenty-five used in the world. These narrow belts of cane land, occupying but a small fraction of the island area, give employment to between forty and fifty thousand workers; they are the home of more than a quarter of the population, and it has been calculated that they are responsible for one-third of all business in the islands.

This major industry, like other things in the islands, began in a small way and had its struggle. It was an experiment among many after the sandalwood was gone and whaling fallen away. Cotton, silk, coffee, tobacco were tried; later, sisal. Kukui oil was a major export for a few years; then rice. All declined; only sugar and pineapples grew to world proportions. Coffee remained the islands' third ranking crop, but in 1937 the Kona growers were asking government aid and scientists of the University of Hawaii and the government experiment station were trying to put the tottering rice industry on its feet.

There had been sugar-cane in the islands from prehistoric times. Captain Cook's officers saw it growing on boundaries of taro and sweet potato fields. Several "native" canes are still growing in the planters' experimental plots. They are soft "eating" canes, for the old-time Hawaiians

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did not know the art of extracting sugar or of making rum.

A Chinese is credited with having made the first sugar in Hawaii, setting up a stone mill and a crude boiler on the Island of Lanai in 1802 to make the brown loaf sugar of the time. He gave it up after a year's trial and returned to China.

Marin, the indefatigable Spaniard, noted in his diary that he made a little sugar, molasses, and rum in 1819. Another adventurous soul crushed cane with stone pounders and boiled the juice down in a copper kettle.

The real beginning of the industry, however, is credited to Koloa Plantation on Kauai, where Ladd & Company planted cane on eighty acres leased from Kamehameha III and the governor of the island in 1835. Their first crop, in 1837, was two tons. Before the end of that year twenty-one sugar mills had been set up, though in ten years only five were still operating.

Methods then were crude: plowing by man-power and later by oxen, in place of the motorized disk cultivators of to-day; stone-rollers turned by water-power, instead of electrified mills; wasteful boiling in open kettles, and draining the molasses away by gravity. The Hawaiian laborers were paid twelve and a half cents a day in paper vouchers redeemable in trade at a store. The crop was dependent upon weather; there was no defense against insects; both the yield and the percentage of extraction were low, and up to 1876 Hawaiian sugar was subject to tariff in its chief market, the United States.

Nevertheless plantations multiplied, new ones springing up as older ones failed. When King Kalakaua went to Washington in 1874 to promote the reciprocity treaty, there were thirty-five; ten years after the treaty became effective,

## Plumed Fields

the number had doubled. They thinned out in later, more stabilized years, to about forty.

Plantations nowadays are larger. They total more than two hundred thousand acres planted and large areas of forest reserve to conserve soil and water. They have a thousand miles of railroad track from fields to mills and hundreds of miles of watercourses bringing water from artesian wells, mountain tunnels, and reservoirs to the always-thirsty cane. It has been estimated that the water needed to grow one ton of sugar, over the two-year period of a crop, would cover the soil in which the cane grows to a depth of nineteen feet.

Cane is grown not from actual seed—except for laboratory purposes—but from cuttings, foot lengths of stalk bearing dormant buds at the leaf bases. A machine furrows the earth, plants this “seed cane” and covers it a few inches deep. It grows up in a discouraging tangle, like a cornfield gone wild. While young, weeds are hoed or cultivated out of it, and when ripe it is cut by hand with broad-bladed knives, usually after the section to be cut has been burned off, under control, to remove the leaves. It was discovered by accident that the slight loss in sugar from burning is less than the labor cost of chopping off the leaves. The discovery was made, according to local tradition, by a prankster who liberated a mongoose with a torch attached to its tail. The mongoose ran into a field and set fire to the cane.

Machines have taken the load from men's backs in most operations except cutting, where the jungly growth still defies invention. Where contour of the ground permits, a power rake drags the cut cane into piles and a truck lets down sidebars to lift up a ton or so of cane, or a power

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crane drops a pair of huge tongs to swing a heap of cane upon a railway car for hauling to the mill.

On the steep Hamakua coast, planters make nature do this work. Water is turned into wooden flumes that ride on a high spiderwork of trestles, and the cane is floated down like logs in forest streams. Or bundles are strapped to a contrivance resembling a roller-skate and shot down dry flumes. On at least one plantation they swing from overhead cables.

Invention in 1936 of the "Akana rake" to gather cut cane into heaps, formerly stacked by hand, made still another device necessary. Early in 1937 the first sugar-cane bathtub was being installed at Kilauea on Kauai to remove stones and field earth gathered up by the rake along with the cane. Carriers move through a tank of water with car loads of cane before the stalks are dumped into the hopper feeding the heavy rollers that crush out the pale juice.

The syrup is boiled down at low temperatures in "vacuum pans" and the brown "raw" sugar crystals are thrown off the molasses in whirling "centrifugal" tanks, to feed through chutes into sacks whose tops are sewn shut by a machine. A little goes through other processes at Aiea, near Honolulu, to become white granulated sugar for use in the islands, but most of the "raws" are refined in California.

A heavy sweetish odor of molasses hangs about the mills and the wharves where sacked raw sugar awaits shipment. Many an exiled islander, wandering to the docks in a mainland port, has felt a mingled thrill and pang at inhaling the fragrance of home. For the smell of raw sugar is as characteristic of Hawaii as that of vanilla or of copra is of Tahiti.

There is little waste nowadays. Molasses is conserved



SUGAR MILL AND CANE CARS AT LIHUE, KAUAI





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for stock feed and as a base for industrial alcohol. A while back, oil tankers discharging cargoes at island ports cleaned their tanks with steam and pumped in a return load of molasses. Later, special molasses tankers took over the transportation.

The dry crushed stalks are still fed into fires under boilers, but this "bagasse" is a low-grade fuel and of late other uses have been found for it. In a factory at Hilo, some of it is manufactured into wall-board, insulating board, and other products.

The mudlike residue from processing of cane juice is fed back into the soil as fertilizer. But this is only supplementary. The bulk of the enormous amount of nitrate and other soil food that enables the same crop to be grown year after year in the same ground is bought outright.

For such an industry, with its special machinery, vast engineering works, and large units of acreage, it is obvious that a great deal of investment is required. Sugar growing did not really get on its feet until it became a large-scale corporate industry. The nature of the crop demands large fields, large gangs of labor, quantity production, factory methods. All this leads to corporate organization. So there is little one-man or even one-family ownership, though, as elsewhere, there is pretty thoroughly concentrated control. Small independent planters, unable to afford expensive mills, sell their cane to the large plantation near-by or have it ground at the plantation mill.

It has been found necessary, too, to make the industry a unit. Competition with other sugar-growing areas was difficult enough to meet; there must be no competition among Hawaiian plantations themselves. Hence the coöperative Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association and the mar-

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keting of the product through a small group of agencies known technically as "factors" and popularly as the "Big Five," in Honolulu—constantly referred to by the man in the street as the unofficial but actual government of Hawaii.

The association functions through several departments: committee on labor-saving devices, labor welfare bureau, and so on, but its most conspicuous activity is its scientific experiment station where half a million dollars a year goes into research. Here new varieties of cane are bred from local and imported stock for higher yield, easier processing, resistance to insects and disease. Entomologists search tropical jungles in far countries for parasites to control harmful insects. Chemists, technologists, and agriculturists solve problems of fertilization, irrigation, and mill operations. Foresters plant hundreds of thousands of trees—some of them by airplane—to hold water in mountain soil whence it can be led to the fields.

Before the association had perfected its plant quarantine, an insect resembling a grasshopper entered the islands from northern Australia and in a few years threatened to destroy the industry by sucking the sap out of growing cane. One plantation even closed its mill and temporarily gave up sugar. Poison sprays failed. The entomologists went out to find a natural enemy of the pest in its home country. They found several and shipped them to Honolulu in living potted cane plants under gauze tents, leaf-hoppers and all. Generations died and new ones were born on the voyage, but the survivors soon had the hopper under control. The most effective were a wasp that laid its eggs inside the hopper's eggs and a small but active insect that sucked the eggs of the hopper.

This was one of many instances in which planters en-

## Plumed Fields

listed one insect to fight another. The beetle that bored into cane stalks was conquered by a fly; the grub that devoured roots fell victim to a wasp. And the six-inch Central American toads gobble many times their own weight in predatory "bugs."

More important than all this science and investment and organization of capital, though in a sense dependent upon it, what of the human beings who work in those fields and mills? These people of many races who have built Hawaii out of their toil, whose life-blood, metaphorically at least, has been poured drop by drop into the soil?

They fare, according to their employers, better than the average farm laborer on the mainland, and far better than in the countries whence they or their ancestors came. They pay no rent, lighting or fuel bills, or water rates. The total annual pay-roll is about twenty-five million dollars, and there are between forty and fifty thousand laborers. This means from five to six hundred dollars cash wages to each employee annually—not a large sum, but all he has to buy out of it are food, clothing, and incidentals. Medical and dental care, hospitals, are furnished free to those in the lower brackets. Recreation is provided by plantation community houses, athletic fields, club-houses, swimming pools, theaters. The barracklike quarters or thatched shacks in which pre-annexation laborers dwelt have been replaced, on most plantations, by neat modern cottages, wired for electricity and equipped with modern plumbing. The planters say they have been spending a million dollars a year for new housing and modernization of old; in 1936 they put three million dollars into this and welfare projects.

The best feature of plantation employment, as compared with most farm labor elsewhere, is its relative se-

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curity. The sugar worker, as long as he avoids incurring the boss's displeasure (as, for example, by talking of organization) has a year-round job, with no seasonal lay-off. The work, like any other farm labor, is hard, though the worst of it has been lightened by machinery. The working day, since January 1, 1937, is eight hours.

The day starts early. Each plantation has its own time, varying an hour or two from standard time and adjusted seasonally in a rough "daylight saving." The mill whistle blows just before daylight and the men tramp down lanes or ride in plantation railway cars or trucks to the fields to scatter out with hoes for cultivating, to watch irrigation ditches, or at harvest time to burn off the corn-bladelike leaves and swing broad knives against the charred stalks.

At mid-morning they halt for lunch and rest and early in the afternoon troop back, the day's work done, to their leisure pursuits—tinkering with radios, cultivating gardens, or playing athletic games. They have their own baseball leagues, their barefoot football associations; even the Filipino game of *sipa-sipa* has been acclimated here and scores of nimble little brown men may be seen kicking the big rattan ball over the net.

At evening the more studious seek the library or the continuation schools or work at their exhibits for the annual "hobby show." And on door-steps between flowering plants, guitars and ukuleles sound and rich voices float in song down the soft tradewind air.

Plantation labor long was not organized, at least in any effective way, though there have been indications since that the working people were becoming conscious. Labor in general in Hawaii has been inarticulate, and the sugar workers, drawn mainly from poverty-stricken foreign environ-

## Plumed Fields

ments which made their status in the Hawaiian industry seem affluence and lulled by a paternal benevolence, have been particularly slow. Their degree of economic alertness may perhaps be measured by their reaction early in 1937 to establishment of the eight-hour day in mills, pumping stations, and plantation shops. If island newspaper accounts, not always dependable in reporting labor news, may be trusted, some of the men "struck" for a twelve-hour day!

Only once in the first century of the industry did a formidable labor movement develop—in 1920. Plantation workers then were mainly Japanese, with a higher capacity for organization than most elements of the plantation population. The "Gentlemen's Agreement" had halted the flow of labor from Japan and the workers seemed in a strategic position to improve their condition. "Agitators," as the professional historians call them, organized a well-planned strike. Laborers on Oahu ceased work. On other islands their comrades continued working and supported their striking countrymen with funds.

Any one who knows Hawaii employers can imagine with what amazement and consternation they viewed this development. Every resource of economic and government pressure was brought to bear. Pink-skinned *haole* boys who never had done a day's manual labor in their lives sweated in fields to save the crop and learned for the first time what such labor means.

The strike was "broken"—not without a dynamiting at Olaa and imprisonment of labor leaders—but both pay and working conditions have improved since.

The next year, however, saw a determined effort to supplant Japanese with Chinese, who were thought to be more

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docile. Workers in town found in their pay envelopes blanks for signature to a petition for exemption of Hawaii from the Exclusion Act, and there were intimations that it would be unwise to refuse to sign.

The petition, however, failed to convince Congress, and the planters turned to the Philippines for labor. The "radical changes in the management and personnel of labor" to which a late former governor referred in print did not come, however, without one more upheaval. Filipinos attempted organization under leadership of an attorney of their own race and struck on a few plantations.

The movement was inadequately organized and had, from the start, little prospect of success. The Filipinos on Kauai were in a particularly unfortunate position. Their line of communications with headquarters in Honolulu was weak and as the struggle plunged on toward defeat they seem to have been left largely to themselves. The impoverished strikers, gathered in improvised camps, were considered a "menace."

In the panic that always attends the least hint of working people's organization in Hawaii, National Guard troops were rushed to the plantations. Except for one island, the only casualty reported was a guardsman who fell off a fence, accidentally discharging his gun and shooting himself painfully but not fatally where he sat.

On Kauai, however, events whirled into a disaster about which historians have been discreetly silent. The strikers' camp near Hanapepe was declared insanitary, and a battalion of guardsmen moved upon it. The road became a mass of milling men. A knife flashed from somewhere, according to later testimony. A shot barked. The massacre was on.

## Plumed Fields

If the Filipinos, as the guards later reported, started the fight, they were unable to finish it. They fled, the guardsmen firing after them.

A white man on Kauai, holding an official position, gave me a purported eye-witness account:

"Some of the Filipinos ran down to the river and ducked under water. As one would put his head out of water for air, a bullet would topple him where he crouched."

Reports of the casualties ran all the way from fifteen to thirty, including a few guardsmen. My informants on Kauai asserted that the actual total was higher and could never be accurately computed.

The Filipino labor movement collapsed. Its leader was imprisoned and later allowed to leave the islands on condition that he would not return.

Probably much of the trouble was caused by misunderstanding and could have been avoided by more intelligent action on both sides. Some of the new generation of plantation executives have learned that it is good business to have contented employees—and most plantation people I have seen appear contented. The first inkling many Honolulu townsfolk have of a strike is a newspaper denial.

They seem to be, however, a laughing people, glorying in gaudy silk shirts of Sundays, worn tail-flapping outside trousers; delighting in having their shoes shined to mirror-like glitter when they come, half a dozen in a motor-car, to town; squandering wages, some of them, on illicit cock-fights, but minding their own business.

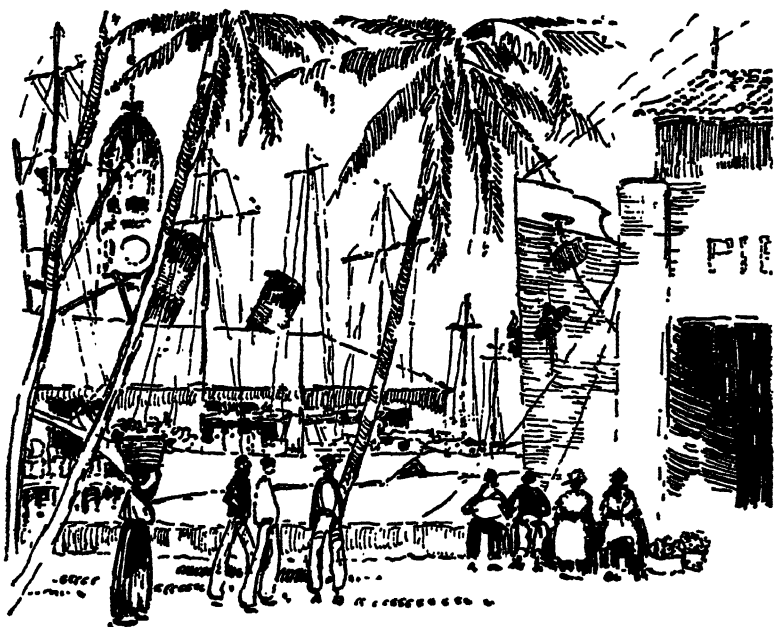
And the old-time alien plantation worker of this or other types is passing. A new generation is moving from school to field and mill, with language and tastes and, if

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one may employ a much abused word, ideals acquired in the islands. To meet their needs, it may be expected that conditions will further improve.

The people have been replenished.





## XXVIII CHECKERED SLOPES

**T**HE Pullman conductor on the Southern Pacific disbelieved when I told him, in answer to his query, that pineapples grow not in "groves" but on spiky plants closer to the ground, somewhat suggesting oversized artichokes. Then for the first time I credited that strangers actually believe the misinformation offered in jest by humorous island residents who point out the pandanus as the "pineapple tree."

That jest is a reversal of the Hawaiian name for the

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pineapple: *hala kahiki*, "foreign pandanus," from its superficial resemblance to the hard fruit of the hala tree.

The name indicates that the pineapple is not a native plant, though it was seen growing in the islands as early as the latter part of the eighteenth century. It has been surmised that it may have been brought from Mexico by legendary shipwrecked Spaniards or by later voyagers. Don Marin cultivated the woody, undersized, half-wild but juicy fruit in 1813. But it had its commercial beginnings when Captain John Kidwell of Devonshire set out five acres in Manoa Valley, Honolulu, and shipped fresh pineapples to California.

They did not keep well in shipment and the sweeter, fleshier varieties he introduced suffered even more. The difficulty had to be overcome by canning. Captain Kidwell, with a partner, planted more pineapples at Waipahu and built a small cannery which shipped its first pack in 1892.

Others entered, but all had a struggle. The pineapple industry faced all the difficulties, except the early one of tariff, that had beset sugar, and the additional one of opposition on the part of sugar men themselves, who feared competition for capital and labor. Furthermore, a market had to be created for a little known luxury, new to most of the buying public.

Homesteaders from California, failing in diversified small farming at Wahiawa, Oahu, turned, with varying success, to pineapples. Among them was James D. Dole, who organized the industry and built the first modern cannery.

Pineapples made the ideal second industry for Hawaii, since they grow best on land unsuitable for sugar. An "air plant" related to Spanish moss, the pineapple thrives at higher altitude than cane and with less moisture. It packs

## Checkered Slopes

readily, by modern methods, and soil and climate in Hawaii are particularly suited to it. Pineapples grown there are considered superior, for canning purposes, to any others, and Hawaii produces the greater part of the world's pack.

Its history in Hawaii almost parallels that of sugar. Hand slicing and peeling have been supplanted by the ingenious Ginaca machine which cores, peels, and slices in one operation. Tins formerly shipped from the mainland are now made in an adjoining factory, passing in shining rows on endless belts into the cannery. As with sugar, large-scale production and corporate management have proved necessary, though there are many independent growers who sell their crops to the packers. The Hawaiian homesteaders of Molokai have been raised out of imminent failure by pineapples.

The plant is propagated from slips or suckers like the crowns of horse-radish. They are dried in the sun and punched into the ground through holes in long strips of mulch paper laid by machinery. The paper holds moisture in the soil, checks growth of weeds, and keeps the temperature more nearly even. A field thus planted presents a curiously artificial appearance: the long straight rows of green bristling plants between sun-bleached grayish paper, with strips of red soil showing through.

Irrigation is not necessary; the plant subsists on natural rainfall and not too much of that. Mulching cuts down cultivation. Fertilizer is dropped by hand into the plant at the bases of leaves and absorbed directly when dissolved by rain. The first crop matures in eighteen to twenty-two months, when the plants are about waist high. It is harvested by hand, broken off at the stem and carried in sacks to trucks

## Hawaii

or railway cars that take it to the cannery or, on the outer islands, to barges that transport it across sea channels.

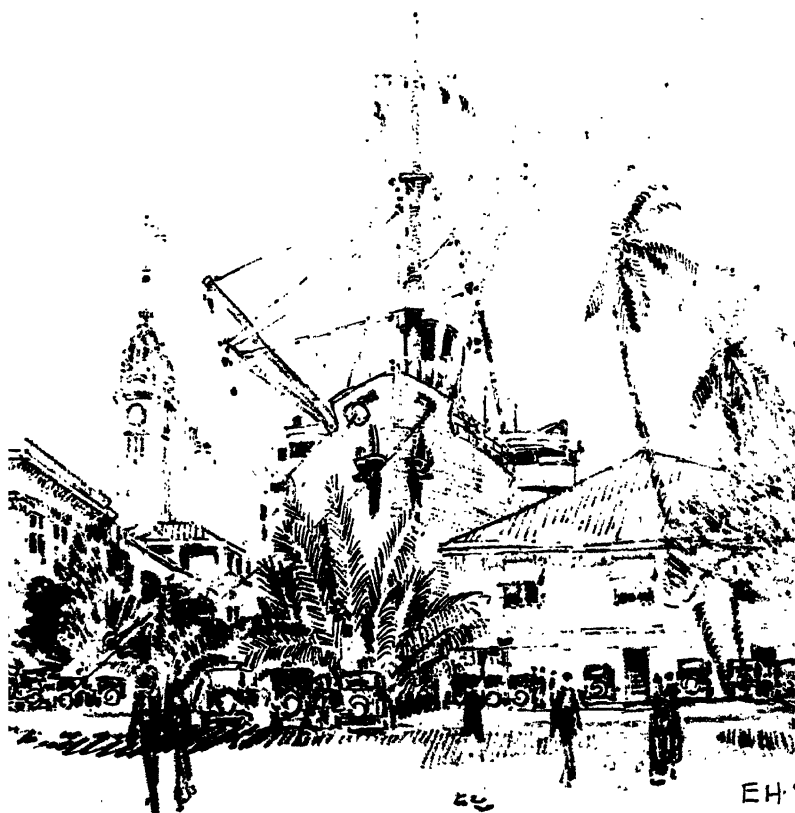
The work is to some extent seasonal, but lighter than that of cane. "No matter when you plant a pineapple," Mr. Dole once said, "it will do its level best to get ripe on July 31st." Some canning, however, is done the year round, and fresh pineapples and freshly extracted juice are available at all times.

Pineapples grow twenty tons to the acre, sometimes as much as thirty-five tons at the first crop, and average two tons of raw to one of canned fruit. After the first harvest the pineapple, like cane, grows a second and, if let alone, a third but smaller crop. The whole cycle is about five years.

The crowns are chopped from the harvested fruit; it is cored, peeled, and sliced by machinery, and cooked by steam. Rubber-gloved hands drop the slices into tins, which are sealed by another machine.

As with sugar, practically everything is used. Juice is canned separately and threatens to become even more popular than the fruit. "Broken slices" are marketed at a slightly lower price. The formerly wasted portion close to the skin is packed as "grated" pineapple to be used as pie filling or in sauce for ice-cream sundaes. Shells and cores are ground up for stock feed. Other by-products are industrial alcohol and citric acid.

The pineapple industry met its marketing difficulties with large-scale advertising. Like sugar, it fights insect enemies and plant diseases with science. When plants turned yellow because manganese in the soil imprisoned the iron, the plants were sprayed with iron sulphate. When mealy bugs and ants carried a "wilt" disease, or a fungus discolored the fruit, or a long-beaked insect poisoned the leaves



WATERFRONT, HONOLULU, WHENCE PINEAPPLES  
AND SUGAR ARE SHIPPED TO THE MAINLAND



## Checkered Slopes

as it sucked the sap, sprays and friendly parasites were introduced.

The pineapple people, too, have their scientific experiment station and their organization, the Pineapple Producers' Coöperative Association.

From the twelve acres and one small cannery of 1892 the industry has grown to eighty thousand acres and half a dozen more canneries including one reputed to be the world's largest. From the 1900 output of 1893 cases, production has grown to millions.

Some one with a taste for figures has calculated that the 300,000,000 cans required to pack a normal year's output of Hawaiian pineapples would form a line 18,939 miles long, and that among canned fruits, pineapples rank first in volume.

There are other crops in Hawaii: coffee, bananas, avocados, the recent and increasing one of macadamia nuts, and so on, but all save sugar and pineapples are of minor importance. An interesting development is the return, in a modern way, to the potato growing that supplied early Californians from Hawaiian fields. Early new potatoes grown in the islands are marketed in California when the mainland crop is not yet ready, and at a consequently high price.

The maritime strike of 1936-37 brought a realization—if it is not soon forgotten—that it is difficult to subsist on sugar and pineapples alone, and spurred a movement long advocated by army and navy authorities for crops more immediately consumable. The Territory in the past has brought nearly all its food supplies from the mainland—as society is organized, an economical procedure, since it thereby produces what it is best fitted to produce and exchanges it for things better produced elsewhere. This sys-

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tem works out very well as long as political and industrial peace permit. When the complicated machinery of national industrial organization is out of gear, Hawaii may go hungry. A wartime blockade would have a similar effect. Hence the uphill fight of the army and navy, the University of Hawaii, and the government experiment station for "diversified farming."

The rice industry can be rehabilitated despite the competition of large-scale growing in California. Or better still, the waning culture of taro, the world's most productive crop. It has been estimated that forty square feet of taro field will keep a human being for a year; one square mile in that crop will support fifteen thousand.

Taro and fish fed the three or four hundred thousand Hawaiians of Captain Cook's time, and they may yet feed the equal number of neo-Hawaiians.

In the blackest of the depression years, when the world burden of exploitation seemed about to bear down the whole structure of civilization, a member of the Hawaiian House of Representatives said to me:

"When things really go to pieces and the industrial Samson pulls down the temple around our ears, do you know what I'll do? I'll plant taro and sweet potatoes. Sweet potatoes mature in five months."





## XXIX LAND OF SONG

**S**HADOWY rivers of twilight pour down like dark winds over the bright land. Gaunt, fantastic coco palms thrust spearlike into the deep violet flow of evening, tossing against the spinning, burnished disk of the moon. So the island night flows down from darkening valleys upon Waikiki, sibilant with the low plash and chatter of waves against the far deep-booming obbligato of the surf.

It is a moment poignant with all longing, rich with deep,

## Hawaii

unexpressed, nostalgic yearnings of the heart. In the shadowy pavilion at the end of the pier jutting from the Moana banyan over the moon-silvered water, the music boys gather. Wailing guitar notes drip like summer rain, dripping moon-mad sweetness into the shadowy flood of dusk. . . .

No more, now, from the Moana pier, for that dear old rambling wooden structure is gone these ten years and more—removed as a “menace to navigation,” though it menaced only those okolehao-befuddled revelers who leaned too far over the decrepit rail and tumbled into the shallow water beneath.

But the music goes on—in sheltered nooks along those darkly gleaming sands or on deep-shaded *lanais*; or wandering music—guitars and saxophones and rich, throaty island voices singing from motor-cars up and down the highways into the tiger-striped night.

No evening party is really complete without a visit from these wandering minstrels, who play and sing island songs, usually for a generous dole of small change but, this failing, for a round of drinks and a murmured “*Mahalo*.”

So much a part of Hawaiian life is music to-day that it is odd to reflect that “Hawaiian” music as we know it now is even less indigenous to the islands than the pineapple, the “foreign *hala*.” For it came later. Melody, instruments, arrangement of text in stanza and refrain—all are borrowed, but adapted, subtly modified, assimilated, and remade into something distinctively of the islands, if tinged with reminiscence of its sources.

Hawaiian music of pre-missionary times was a chant accompanied mainly by various kinds of drums, with a little assistance from a primitive nose flute, gourd rattles, swishing split bamboos, and an ineffectual sort of jew’s-harp.

## Land of Song

Though usually described as a monotone, it was really a melody of Oriental type, based on intervals not readily distinguishable to a western ear. The pianist Ignaz Friedman, hearing a Polynesian chant I had brought from the Tuamotu Islands which resembled what one type of old Hawaiian chant must have been, remarked: "It is East Indian." And so it undoubtedly was, in origin, for India was probably the ancestral homeland of Hawaiians and other Polynesians.

The text resembled in structure some modern "free verse," being rhythmized rather than metered. These chants were the literature and textbooks, the condensed body of learning of the race.

Missionaries from 1820 on taught their converts to sing hymns, translated laboriously into Hawaiian as the evangelists mastered the language. There may have been secular influences, too: sailor chanteys and popular songs of the time, but the great body of "Hawaiian" song reflects the impress of familiar hymn tunes diverted, like their counterparts in Tahiti, to secular and not always decorous uses.

Sometimes the melody follows fairly closely the original; again, it retains only a haunting trace, a suggestion modified by peculiar shadings and qualities contributed by the Hawaiian voice.

Later, European folk tunes entered, largely through the influence of Captain Henri Berger, many years leader of the Royal Hawaiian Band.

The impression made upon Kamehameha V by the band of a visiting Austrian warship in 1868 was responsible for the musical organization that still endures. C. B. Northcutt, an Englishman, tried to organize native musicians but his pupils were not ready for systematic training and his effort, after a few months, was abandoned. One Medina then

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assembled a minstrel troupe but the king commented sadly that it lacked the quality of the Austrian model.

Then entered German thoroughness. At the suggestion of the German consul, Kamehameha V appealed to the Emperor Wilhelm I, who selected Captain Berger, assistant leader of the Prussian Garde Musik Corps.

When Berger arrived in 1872 his pupils called him *keko*, "monkey." But his stern Prussian discipline, supported by royal authority, pounded the musical rabble into an organization capable, according to accounts, of a creditable performance.

The first concert was to be given on Kamehameha Day. Meanwhile the king had ordered Berger to give a piano lesson to a girl protégée. Berger, sending regrets to the girl, set out for the palace, to be halted by a squad of soldiers and arrested for neglecting the lesson. Berger's explanation finally won him permission to conduct the concert.

When the captain's contract expired in 1876 he returned to German military service, but King Kalakaua, dissatisfied with all substitutes, obtained his release and brought him back. He became a citizen of Hawaii and remained the rest of his life in the islands, conducting the band up to his old age. Years after his retirement I used to hear him, from the next street, thumping out with worn old hands, on keys he could no longer see, the melodies he had composed or that the kings had composed with his encouragement and help.

The band was carried on by others and still plays at public parks and at arrivals and departures of ships, supported by a corps of powerful-voiced outdoor singers, giving sometimes eight concerts in a day.

The band used regulation brass, but meanwhile other

## Land of Song

instruments began to take part in Hawaiian music. Early Portuguese laborers brought with them a small four-stringed guitar which became the ukulele—"jumping flea," so named by Hawaiians who fancied the leaping of fingers on the frets suggested the activity of that nimble insect. The Portuguese who made the first ukulele was still living in Honolulu a few years ago and the original instrument was in the collection of the late Gerrit P. Wilder.

Full-sized guitars also had come in, but the Hawaiian "steel guitar" is a more recent discovery. Joseph Kekuku, who died some years since on a mainland tour, was playing a regulation guitar while a student at Kamehameha in 1895. A metal comb fell from his pocket and as it touched the strings, gave forth a peculiar wailing sound. Kekuku, fascinated, moved it up and down the strings, then did the same with a pocket knife, replaced later with a thin bar of steel, to create the quavering changes that to-day are inseparably characteristic of Hawaiian music, seeming to revive something of the flavor of the ancient chant.

Berger's time was the period of royal composers. Leleiohoku, Kalakaua, Liliuokalani, and others are credited with numerous songs, most of them easily traceable to other musical sources but tinged with the strange blend of merriment and melancholy that is Polynesian. They seem, too, to have introduced the annoying fashion of combining English with Hawaiian words, which later saw a pestilent revival.

With the spread of recording and the radio, mainland popular songs influenced Hawaiian composition, and "native" melodies acquired a flavor of "rag-time" and "jazz." Still later, demands of dance orchestras and the talents of certain local *haole* and *malihini* composers developed a new

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style. Tempos were speeded up, rhythms "swung," old melodies rearranged and reorchestrated and new ones created, some of them with a greater degree of originality than had been apparent in many years. In the interest of wider intelligibility, induced by the demands of radio programs, Hawaiian and English texts were scrambled together with usually regrettable but sometimes pleasing results.

With song inevitably goes the hula. That, too, has come back into its own after a period of shameful obscurity. Hula is merely the Hawaiian general term for a dance, and there are still many distinct hulas, though most of the 262 varieties performed at the coronation of King Kalakaua have been lost. There are sitting and standing hulas, hulas accompanied by modern instruments and by songs, hulas to the thud of a gourd and a chant older than memory, hulas to the rattle of pebbles clicked in the hand like castanets, others to the swish of split lengths of bamboo or the clash of hardwood staves.

Nearly all are interpretative. Fluttering fingers portray flight of birds, ripple of waves, the procession of the rain. Weaving hips keep the rhythm, slightly shuffling feet the time. Any aspect of nature, any heroic legend can be told by this dramatic dancing art. Paddling of canoes, clash of spearmen, the detailed beauty of a queen, the surge of Pele's fires—all are material for this eloquent pantomime. Some of the older hulas, now all but extinct, depict in gesture the rat, the dog, the pig.

Most authorities agree that the hula was basically a sacred ceremony. As David danced before the Lord, so the Hawaiians, purified by abstinence and training, danced garlanded before Laka, the woodland goddess, wife of Lono,

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giver of rain. Dr. E. S. C. Handy suspects that the hula was originally, like the Maypole dance of Europe, a fertility rite, "a form of ritual designed to produce effects in nature through suggestion and rapport."

Hence probably the erotic features which caused the hula to fall under a reputation from which, in most mainland minds, it still suffers, though most hulas to-day are decorous enough. Native authorities say the hulas were historical, eulogistic, or devoted to description of nature; only one, they say, was solely for entertainment. It is likely, however, that there may have been a specifically erotic hula, as there is a specifically erotic dance among the Hawaiians' kindred, the Tahitians and Tuamotuans, where it functions as a definite part of the social system.

To the missionaries, however, all hulas were "vile," "disgusting," "obscene," and no doubt the dance often became so to meet the demands of visiting sailors and traders. Entertainment usually conforms to the taste of the audience. Hawaiian authorities complain unanimously that the hula, on the mainland stage, has been debased, distorted, and vulgarized until it is far from the genuine Hawaiian interpretative dance.

The missionaries and zealous converts could see no good in any hula. The dance degenerated for a time to a contraband performance of the more suggestive type, for those who appreciated that sort of thing, and the finer hulas all but died out.

Mission influence could not entirely suppress the hula, but it modified the costume. The yellow *tapa* of the priestesses of Laka, adorned with split green ti leaves, gave way to an outfit suggesting an old-fashioned skirted bathing suit. A print in a guide-book of 1875 shows a "Hawaiian

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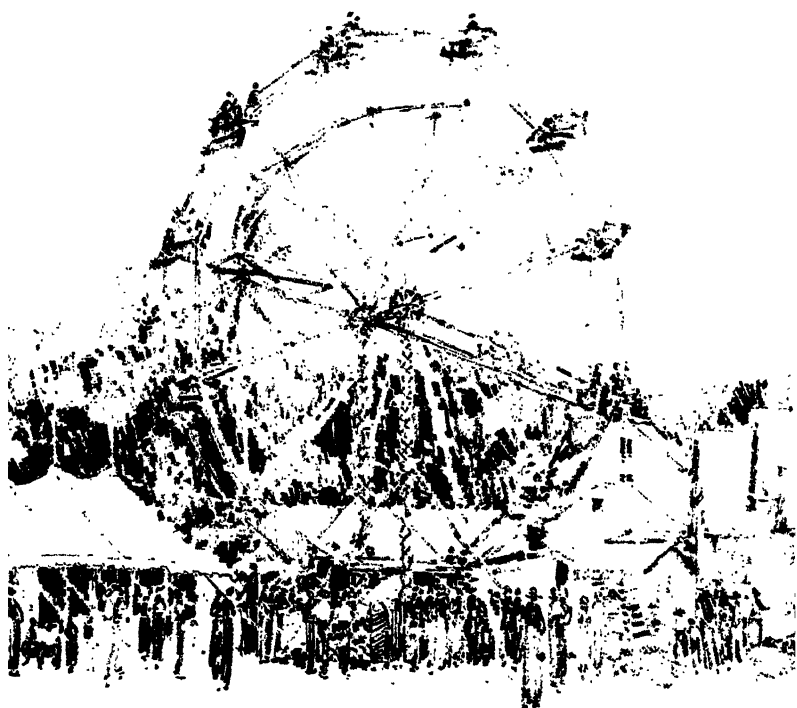
dancing girl" in high-collared, long-sleeved waist and ankle-length skirt but still with what appear to be anklets of the indispensable leaves.

The grass skirt introduced in Kalakaua's time survives in Hawaii mainly for sale to tourists. The real Hawaiian dancers have gone back to green ti leaves, fresh from the mountain haunts of Laka.

As years passed and the generations with them, the stern New England ways softened, partly in response to the soft insidious climate, partly to world-wide changes in attitudes and customs. Descendants of those stiff-bearded apostles began to regret the loss of much that was fine in old Hawaiian culture and to lead in preserving what was left of it. One of them, N. B. Emerson, gathered between covers a treasury of Hawaiian poetry, including many beautiful hula chants. The hula itself took on new life, if somewhat mutilated by time and circumstance, and acquired a respectability somewhere near approaching its former sacred estate. Great-great-granddaughters of mission pioneers—some of them, at least—do not scruple now to perform the graceful movements that describe the beauty of Liliuokalani, or the seated sway from the waist with eloquent gestures of arms and hands that sings the praise of the hill Kauiki, "bathing in the sea." And I know at least one reverend gentleman of unimpeachable ordination, veteran of many a pulpit, who on occasion can command his muscular coördinations, albeit with a certain clerical reserve, to one of the more chaste varieties of the Hawaiian dance.

So Hawaii molds her sojourners, from whatever land, unto herself, relaxing stern asceticisms, softening harsh ways, easing excessive inhibitions. And in the depths of the





CARNIVAL AT KAILUA, ISLAND OF HAWAII



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forest, dew-jeweled and leaf-clad, Laka throws back her fragrant garlanded head, and sings.

Morning after morning, when the grass was still cool underfoot, I used to see Anton Kaoo, last of the old hula masters, tramping down from the mountain with his bundle of newly plucked ti leaves. With his teeth he would strip the cordlike midrib, and with a small knife slit the leaves into strips half an inch wide. He would knot the ends cleverly to a belt band of the same material, twisted into a firm cincture, pliant and graceful as the hips of his dancers that later swayed beneath it.

The leaves are worn nowadays over a simple short dress, usually yellow in memory of the ancient *tapa*, though for special occasions actual *tapa* of the brown-stained Samoan make is sometimes worn. The leaf skirt itself is thrown away when no longer fresh; the ti must be green and new.

There are, I regret to say, cellophane dancing costumes—the grass skirt at its worst. But these are for bright lights, polished floors, and *haole*-fied entertainments. The true Hawaiian dancer scorns them.

The best hulas are not staged; they are impromptu. At a feast or a political meeting, or in the steerage of an Inter-island steamer, ukulele or guitar strikes a clanging chord and an island voice rises:

*"Hui e, hui koni . . ."*

An island girl slips off her shoes and glides into a coil of fluent gesturing curves against bewilderment of planes. Bystanders clap hands to the spiraling, insistent rhythm. Shouts sound into the soft night: "*Maikai!*" . . . "Figure Eight!" . . . "Around the island!" . . . "*Wela ka hao!*" . . . "Whiffa!"

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Under the spell of that music and those sinuous movements the modern dress, the rouged lips, the mascaraed lashes are forgotten. Hawaii remains: a lithe, strong-bodied dancer, offering poetry of motion to the gods. Beauty of body, beauty of nature, whereof body is a part; song and gesture one with the eternal rhythm of sea and the recurring cycles of moon and sun and earth, with the sad, tenacious, obstinate rhythm of the human heart.

It matters not that the words, if one understands them, may be frank to the point where literal translation would be indiscreet. This is living sculpture, embodied poetry, the song made flesh and flesh made song.

O wreath! O wreath of *lehua*!  
Cool, refreshing! . . .  
I end my song,  
O wreath, O wreath of love!



### XXX HAUNTED ISLANDS

**I**N one respect Hawaii is still a South Sea country. Half forgotten gods walk cloud-garlanded on lonely mountains; mysterious voices whisper, of nights, among the clashing palm fronds by the sea.

For these, like all islands of the Pacific, are haunted. The old gods, like the *menehune* people, have vanished into the cosmic night but, in the imagination of the people, they linger in silent mountain valleys and return, on nights of

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the moon dedicated to their names, to their abandoned temples by the sounding shore.

Beneath the surface of a hastily acquired civilization, beneath the overlay of custom borrowed from peoples that have long outgrown the world's credulous youth, runs a dark current like Pele's lava streams that surge beneath the ground.

Many a Hawaiian has wasted away after having been told that a *kahuna* was "praying him to death." For the most fearsome aspects of sorcery are those which, like the "voodoo" of the South, most stubbornly persist, and this circumstance has given a bad name to a once honorable profession.

For a *kahuna*, in old Hawaii, was a member of the enlightened of his time. He represented the learned professions. There were many kinds of *kahuna*: the priest at religious services, the navigator, the builder of canoes, the architect, the healer—and the *kahuna anaana*, killer by magic. Nowadays when the word *kahuna* is used it usually means one of this latter restricted class.

The practice is forbidden by law. Oddly enough, a heavier fine is provided for attempting to heal by *kahuna* methods than for undertaking to kill. The profession therefore has been driven under cover and only rarely does a genuine case of *kahuna* practice come to general knowledge. Yet an artist in Honolulu, not a native of the islands but many years a resident, allowed himself to be healed by this means of a stubborn carbuncle. The treatment consisted principally of wearing a charm. And I heard of a young woman, also of European ancestry although reared in the islands, who paid a *kahuna* twenty-five dollars to turn toward her the affections of the man of her choice. At last

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report, the investment had yielded no returns. It was popular report, a few years ago, that the family of a part-Hawaiian man had hired a *kahuna* to pray to death a woman upon whom the man had set his fancy and whom they considered undesirable, and that to forestall her imminent dissolution the woman's family in turn had employed a rival *kahuna* to undo the spell wrought by the first. The matter thus continued some years in a perpetual stalemate, both sorcerers deriving a tidy income from their fees.

"Praying to death" proceeds mainly by mental suggestion. The victim really dies of fear. A striking illustration was furnished by the late William T. Brigham, for many years director of the Bishop Museum. Having incurred the enmity of a sorcerer, he was informed that he was being prayed to death.

"Go and tell him," said Dr. Brigham, "that I am a greater *kahuna* than he and that I will pray him to death instead."

The scientist's jest was taken seriously, and to his surprise and embarrassment he heard some time later of the *kahuna's* death.

Dr. James H. M. Le Apsley, of the Society for Psychological Research, in the middle 1920's tracked down a *kahuna anaana* at work. In a darkened room at Waikiki he found the sorcerer chanting spells over a coconut shell holding a bit of human hair. The owner of the hair which had become the sorcerer's "bait" was a man living in Kalihi Valley, several miles away. Setting out for Kalihi to investigate, Dr. Le Apsley found the man very ill indeed, and from no apparent physical cause. Representing himself as a British *kahuna* of superior power, the doctor applied his own brand of mental suggestion, and the man recovered.

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*Kahuna* is but one of many survivals of old island beliefs. There was, for instance, the carved image at the Captain Cook Sesquicentennial celebration of 1928. I saw it made: hewn patiently out of a log, after the likeness of a famous museum piece, by no Hawaiian at all but by an art and craft man from Hollywood. Hawaiians and others watched the grimacing features grow out of the lifeless wood.

"Be careful," they warned the maker. "Do not let your god become too powerful. Drape a wreath around his neck if you will, or lay flowers before him, but do not feed him too much lest he grow too strong and do you harm."

The image served its purpose with other newly made "antiques" in the pageant. Afterward, the director of the pageant, the late James A. Wilder, took it home as a souvenir. Time passed and the image was forgotten. In a leaky shed, rain sifted down upon the grinning face and crested head. That, too, was not good, old Hawaiians muttered. The god would take vengeance for this neglect.

The director sailed away, for he was a world traveler and the honored patron of a world-wide organization of boys. When he returned several months later he was stricken just before his ship reached port. They carried him down the gangplank, and he never walked again. The old Hawaiians pointed to the wooden god.

At the breakfast table on an Inter-island steamer, coming up to Honolulu from my last visit to Hilo, the attorney at the end of the table asked the lighthouse service man: "How is the lightkeeper at Kukuihaele?"

"He's better," the official replied. "His old Hawaiian helper sneaked down and took the stones back to the *heiau*."

With a little questioning the story came out. The light-



## Haunted Islands

keeper had taken some stones from a temple, centuries abandoned, and put them in his garden. The Hawaiian helper had protested, to no avail. Later, standing on a box to hang a picture, the lightkeeper had fallen upon a corner of a table, receiving internal injuries. He had lain helpless for weeks. Then secretly, by night, no doubt, "the old Hawaiian sneaked down and took the stones back"—and the lightkeeper had been recovering from that hour.

"That reminds me of Flint," said the attorney. "He threw rubbish on a *heiau*. Then he fell ill, and the doctors couldn't tell what was the matter. He went to Honolulu; the doctors there despaired of him; then he went back to Kohala, crawled painfully to the sacred place, and took the rubbish away. After that, he got well."

As talk ran round the table, nearly every man present, white as well as Hawaiian, contributed some such story, differing only in detail.

Indeed, these islands impress their own image upon those who sojourn long in them and sleep beneath their stars. One who has lived on an island in the Pacific stipulates secretly a mental reservation when he laughs at these tales of magic and mystery. Too many strange, unexplained things have passed beneath his own observation: coincidences, no doubt—yet there are so many of them.

A former Honolulu postmaster, a prominent business man as well as a descendant of Hawaiian chiefs, affirms that more than once he has heard the ghostly tramp of Kamehameha's army marching up the Pali road. And I sat on a warm, quiet afternoon on the veranda of a ranch house on Kauai and heard the tale of the marching warriors of that island who tramp silently down the road past that house, betrayed only by clouds of dust rising from their

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ghostly tread and by the rancher's dogs that rush out to snap at invisible heels.

"I have seen it," said a blonde white woman of the fourth generation in the islands.

These beliefs enter at times into the whirl of modern life, and business has to make terms with them. When the naval dry-dock was built at Pearl Harbor old Hawaiians warned: "You are trespassing upon the domain of the shark god. Offer a sacrifice of poi, that the thing you are building may stand."

The reply of a rough-and-ready construction engineer may be imagined. Work went forward for nearly five years. In 1913, on the third attempt to unwater the coffer-dam, the whole five years' construction blew up.

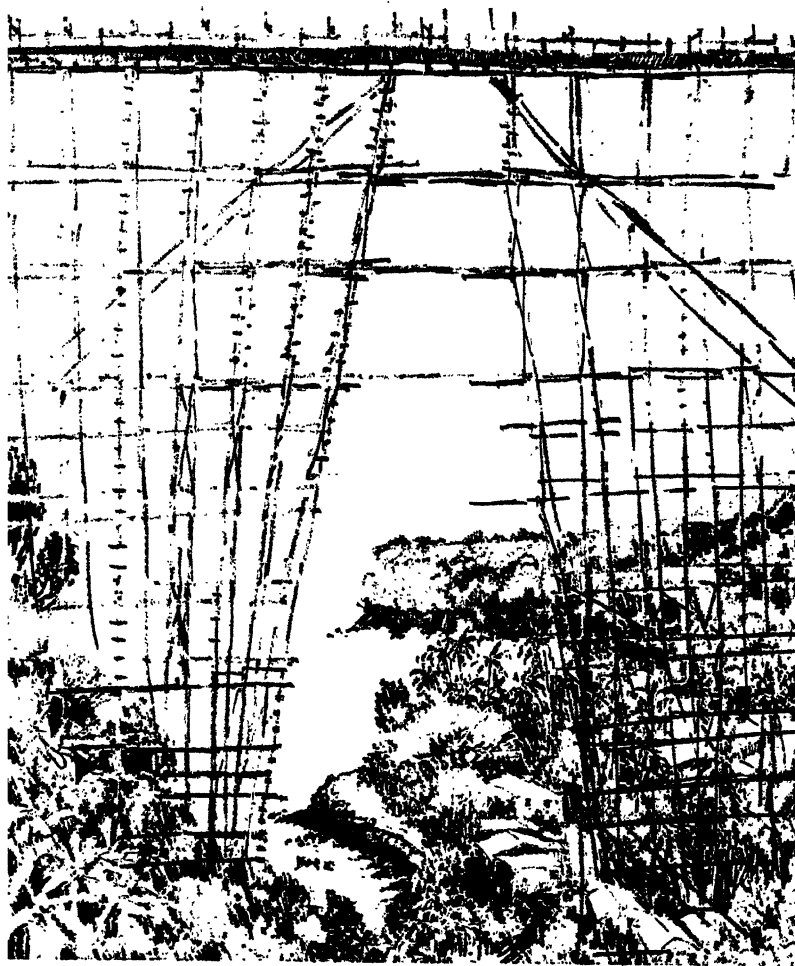
"Hydraulic pressure," was the engineers' explanation.

"The shark god," said Hawaiians.

The revised plans for rebuilding did not mention the shark god, but the story in the islands is that poi was duly, if inconspicuously, offered. This time the dock stood, and is said to be the only one of its kind on a coral foundation.

When the liner *Malolo* was first placed in service, many island people refused to travel on that ship though she was at that time the finest and swiftest vessel plying between California and Hawaii. The name means flying fish: not a name of good omen for a ship, some said, though I have heard that Kamehameha's war canoe bore that name. Again island tradition insists that the "curse" was removed by a *kahuna* ceremony, after which the *Malolo* became island passengers' favorite ship.

If *Malolo* was an ill name for a ship, it was worse for an airplane. For the flying fish does not continue long in flight. So it was predicted that the airplane *Malolo*, which



CANE FLUMES AT ONOMEA, ISLAND OF HAWAII



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flew spasmodically between islands before the inauguration of the modern inter-island air service, would come to disaster. When last I saw the flying *Malolo* close at hand, it seemed as if that prediction might soon be fulfilled. She had just hopped from Oahu to Kauai and her pilot had taken a group of newspaper men aloft over the rainbow-hued canyon of Waimea. Returning from that flight, she dropped back upon Barking Sands Field with a loose strut banging in the wind. But it was not until some years later that she fell, flaming, with half a dozen occupants while flying low to photograph Laie temple.

There may have been more shrewd publicity-mongering than actual belief of native lore in the employment of a *kahuna* to pray at the brink of Halemaumau for Pele to return, that tourist business might be increased by the attractions of a volcanic display. But I am sure the *kahuna* himself took it seriously. The goddess, if I remember aright, did not rekindle the fires immediately, but eventual resumption of activity in the firepit was something of a triumph for the enchanter. So fierce was the ensuing eruption, residents affirm, that Dr. Jaggar lost some of his instruments in the first overflow from the pit in several years.

*Kahunas*, however, no longer perform the feats described by Christian Andrews of Rochester, New York, before his death in Hawaii about 1928. Mr. Andrews said he saw the *kahuna* Manoanoa at Kaupo in 1884 make a tray with a pig on it rise into the air—and when the tray came down, the pig was roasted!

But in these islands one is less removed by time and the attrition of accumulated civilization from the presence of the pagan past. A young Honolulu business man told me in apparent seriousness that no shark would harm him,

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because he was a grandson of the shark god. He was fairly safe in the first assumption, for sharks seldom if ever bite anybody in Hawaiian waters. As for his descent, that is a matter of family record: the shark god visited his Hawaiian grandmother in a dream.

Similarly a certain woman living in Hilo up to recent times was quite safe in any volcanic eruption, being a descendant, in the fifth generation, of Pele.

A Portuguese leader of Boy Scouts once showed me a "*kahuna* package" one of his troop had found on an Oahu beach. It was wrapped in a large blue handkerchief, and within that, a crimson one. Folded in ti leaves were sea-stained sheets of paper bearing a typewritten prayer in the Hawaiian language, beseeching the publicly disowned gods of Old Hawaii to restore prosperity to an old couple in Kaimuki. In an envelop in the package we found a handful of red dust, identified by a Hawaiian of my acquaintance as from the bark of a tree that grew only in a certain place on the island of Molokai and which was supposed to have magic properties. There was also a block of kauwila wood, in which a notch had been cut—to hold, my informant explained, a "*kahuna* stone." An empty coin bag from a local bank emphasized pathetically the old couple's plea.

Fragments of ancient chants spread poetry over the blurred pages: Kane and Kanaloa, Lono and Ku were addressed; Pele and her sister Hiiaka were not forgotten, and Bible references mingled with what appeared to be an interpretation of a dream.

I like to think the old couple's prayer was answered.

There is something in the atmosphere of the islands that encourages such beliefs. The age of legend is not past: new myths continually spring up, such as that of the "heal-

## Haunted Islands

ing stones" at Wahiawa, the "haunted" house at the mouth of Waimea Valley on Oahu or the old Chinese who shuffles up the road toward the Pan-Pacific Research Institution in Manoa, begs a lift from a passing motorist, and vanishes at the point where he was killed by an automobile some years ago.

Perhaps it is rather the massed belief of so many people in so relatively small an area that creates this atmosphere. Perhaps these mountains are no more somber than others, these cliffside caverns no darker, these forests no more hushed. But even an unbeliever feels fleetingly, at times, the impression of some one watching from behind the worn stones of an abandoned temple wall or peering around the bole of some tall koa tree in the mountain wood—or that even stranger feeling that something, some one, has just left and will presently return.

I have felt it on uninhabited islands of the Pacific. It seems to be a common attribute of all bits of land in that wide sea. And people there, even in this century, see strange visions and dream strange dreams.

A man in Honolulu told me, after the trans-Pacific aviator C. T. P. Ulm was lost at sea:

"My wife saw, in a dream, Ulm and his companions clinging to their disabled plane in the water off Fanning Island. She struggled, in her dream, to call out to them to let go the sinking plane and strike out for the shore, but they were afraid of sharks and did not heed."

If, as may well have occurred, Ulm was forced down near Fanning, the rest of her dream has elements of probability. Not having visited that island, the dreamer could not have known that the ocean current sweeps close against its shores, so close that it scours out the bottom, and there

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is no anchorage along twenty-seven miles or more of circumference save at one point. Had they heeded that call and trusted to the sea, the current might well have carried them near shore.

Many residents of the all too modern city of Honolulu claim to have seen, at fall of dusk, the shadowy form of Poki, the ghost dog, loping against the dim horizon of descending night.

Poki's favorite haunt is Moanalua, but he has been seen on the slopes of Punchbowl and at many other places on Oahu. His coming is heralded by the approaching bark or whining of dogs. A pale, misty shape appears in the pathway or over a near-by ridge, small at first, then growing to monstrous size, a huge dog shape—"white," a Hawaiian said, "with black spots shining like mirrors. As I watched it, it floated away over the trees. The barking and whining stopped." And silence surged like a wave over the path where the ghost-dog had gone.

Poki, however, is regarded as a friendly ghost. He is credited with having saved a girl from drowning in Kalihi Valley by barring her way from a stream just before a sudden flood rushed down the valley.

Another familiar spirit, Kamapuaa the Pig-Child, was reported seen by nine persons at Kipu on the Island of Kauai as late as December, 1935.

Most dreaded, however, is the procession of the marchers of the night. If a man is found dead by the roadside, the physician may write in his certificate, "heart disease," but a Hawaiian will say: "He has seen the night marchers."

Between sunset and dawn on the nights of the moon dedicated to the gods, long-dead chiefs and warriors are



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said to arise from their tombs in mountain caves and march, to the sound of drum and nose flute or in silence, perhaps by the light of torches, and accompanied by ancestral spirits who intercede for living descendants whom they may meet.

Even more terrible are the processions of the gods, attended with rain, thunder, and lightning, their path marked by broken boughs, since nothing is allowed to remain above their sacred heads.

To meet a procession of either kind is regarded as fatal unless an ancestor in the line of march recognizes and protects a descendant. The only chance, Hawaiians say, is to strip and lie still with closed eyes. Even then, the ancestor may summon his descendant to go along.

A young man of Kona described a party of ghostly marchers he claimed to have seen. "They were seven feet tall," he said: "they marched four abreast, and their feet did not touch the ground. I lay down behind a stone wall. One of them stepped out and ran back and forth the other side of the wall, between me and the procession. I heard voices call out, 'Strike!' and I heard another voice answer: 'No; he is mine!' After many had passed, I saw four men carrying a litter, and on it sat a big man, and I knew he was a chief. And all the time one kept running back and forth between.

"Another time I went to see some friends and I was coming home late at night, when I heard a gourd drum and voices chanting. Pretty soon I came to a level place and I saw men wrestling and bowling with stones and women dancing. I was so close to them I could recognize some of the same ones who had passed me that other night.

"I heard some one say, 'There is Kekuano'i's grandson.'

## Hawaii

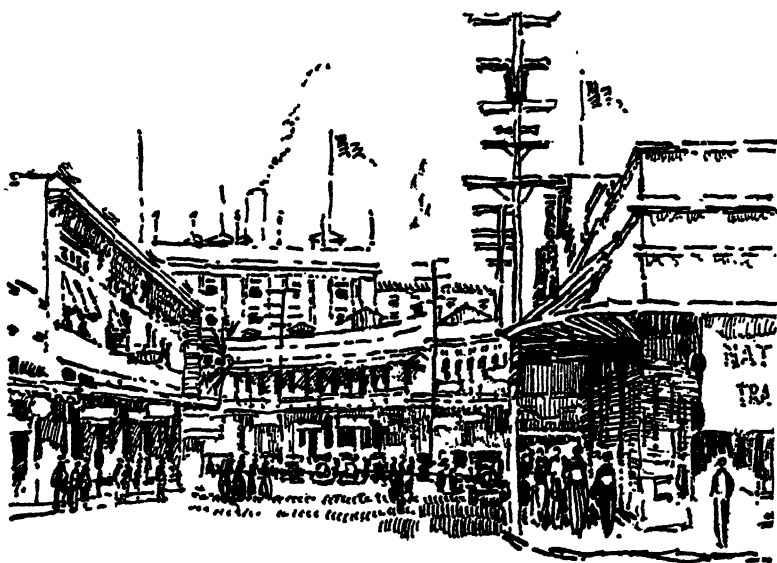
And somebody else answered: 'He's all right; don't mind him!'

"After a while I went home. My grandfather said, 'I know you have been with the night people. I saw you watching the games.' So I told him all about what I had seen, and he said. 'You are lucky. Your ancestor protected you.' "

So the folklore spirit is very much alive. One hears these tales until one is almost ready to fancy oneself in an enchanted country where anything may happen. Perhaps the best answer is that of a part-Hawaiian woman, in discussion of a certain temple ruin which, it is said, no horse will pass at night.

"Do you believe that *heiau* is really haunted?" I asked her.

"No, I don't believe it, but the horse believes it!"



### XXXI "NO NIGHT LIFE"

**H**AWAII is overrated. There is nothing to do—no night life," visitors have been heard to complain. Efforts have been made from time to time to correct that deficiency, usually by the same interests that have striven for years, on the whole with indifferent success, to transform Honolulu into a mid-Pacific imitation of Los Angeles.

"Night clubs" mushroom up, flourish briefly, and wither away. Only some large reinforcement of pleasure seekers, such as the periodic visits of the fleet, can sustain them. Up

## Hawaii

to the memorable "joint maneuvers" of 1925, I knew of only one place in downtown Honolulu where a meal could be obtained after nine o'clock in the evening.

Honolulu emerges slowly from the reputation of a "nine o'clock town." Perhaps one may say it has come as far as the ten o'clock stage. After that hour, the city is relatively quiet, save for dances at hotels.

To this extent the islands partake of tropical custom: the day begins and ends earlier, though there is no noon siesta as in the real tropics. Most businesses open at eight or earlier and close in time to allow an hour or two of outdoor play before the early dinner time. The volley-ball courts at the Outrigger Canoe Club and the surf outside are crowded each late afternoon with young business men. Thus they keep fit. The Hawaiian climate is kindest to those who are active. Tropical lassitude is more likely to creep up on the sedentary.

The whole time scale is thus set forward. Perhaps it is a survival of the old Pacific island habit of rising at dawn and going to bed, save on moonlight nights, at dark.

And yet Honolulu is a ten o'clock town only on the surface. The difference is that Honolulu's night life is mainly private rather than public. People of most social groups tend to entertain in their homes rather than in hotels or cafés. Home life persists here in an age when in most cities it has been crowded out.

No night life? When night speckles the sky over Wai-kiki with stars like heavenly dice spots, the cheerful clink of chipped ice resounds from many a shuttered cottage along palm-embroidered avenues, radios woo the moon, and wandering "music boys" find many a *lanai* on which to strum their minstrelsy.

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There is a delightful, if, to the conservative, disconcerting informality about many of these evening gatherings. Uninvited guests appear, often to be received as cordially as if they had been expected. Even strangers sometimes find a warm and alcoholic welcome. Whole carloads drive up, calling out, “Come on over to *our* party!”

The indispensable ingredient of such festivities was for many years and still is, to some extent, *okolehao*, without mention of which no description of Hawaii is complete. *Okolehao* is a distilled liquor, often of a deceiving mildness concealing a potent “kick.” Its sources in these modern days have been a matter of dispute, but the original *okolehao* was the same beverage that was made in the mountain valleys of Pitcairn Island by the *Bounty* mutineer McCoy—distilled from the root of the ti plant which grows profusely in the hills, the same from whose leaves the genuine hula skirts are made.

“Lean William” Stevenson, the Botany Bay refugee mentioned in an earlier chapter, is credited with having distilled the first batch of the liquor in Hawaii, though Archibald Campbell names another contemporary, William Wordsworth, as called by Hawaiians William Okolehao, which Campbell euphemistically translates “Hardbottom.” Whether he of the poetic name was so dubbed because he made it or because he drank it, the records do not specify. But the version favored by island etymologists is that Stevenson’s crude still, based on a try-pot from a ship, was called by the Hawaiians “*okole hao*,” *iron posterior*, whence the name of the liquor.

Genuine ti-root *okolehao*, which is really a brandy, however, became rare in the islands and was replaced largely by a crude whisky distilled from rice, pineapple

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parings, raw sugar, or such other materials as came to hand, but bearing the same name. It flourished mightily under prohibition, but fell into a decline after repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment—not so much because of renewed availability of other liquors, for island drinkers had learned to prefer it, as because of the harsher penalties of the revenue laws or the superior success of revenue officers over their predecessors, the prohibition agents, in ferreting out illicit stills. A legal *okolehao* is made, one brand of which is advertised as distilled “over” ti root, whatever that may mean, but connoisseurs report that it but slightly resembles the liquor to which they became accustomed in the years of forbidden thirst, and “genuine bootleg oke” is at a premium.

With much *okolehao*, then, or with its legal substitutes, these informal parties go on—disapproved by the more select circles but definitely a part of island life, along with mixed moonlight swimming parties at Waikiki or at more secluded beaches—in the latter case not always in regulation bathing attire or any attire at all. One “party” leads to another or merges with it, while with easy island informality everybody is calling everybody else by his given name a few minutes after they have met. Perhaps this custom stems from the time when a Hawaiian had only a given name and no other.

A group of night swimmers emerges upon a moonlit beach, to be invited into an adjoining cottage for tea or stronger beverages. Thus reinforced, the augmented group, in half-dried bathing suits, wanders across the street to another cottage to dance to the music of beach boys who seldom fail to track down a “party.” Another group drives up, shouting: “Come on, we’re driving to the Pali.” Those

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still in damp suits, not having taken time to go home and change, are wrapped in blankets, and the party is whisked to the Pali to enjoy the moonlight view over shadowy land and sea.

Or, "Let's drive around the island and swim at every beach!"—which not infrequently is done. The sands gleam pale gray; the water seems dark and mysterious; the wind flows gently over the furry softness of the night. Down the shore a navigation light winks on and off; far out the little valiant lights of sampans lift and fall with the waves. Cares of the day-life blow away on the trade wind: this is another world between sea and sky under the caress of night.

Such diversions are frowned upon by the elderly and conservative but they seem, physically at least, a safer pastime than one affected by the younger generation of playing "tag" by driving automobiles with darkened lights up and down the maze of cross-passages through the coconut grove at Kailua, across the island of Oahu from Honolulu.

Probably the nearest approach in Honolulu to a cabaret is, however, a tea-house where, on sufficient notice and payment, geisha will dance the stately, stylized steps of Old Japan and later, perhaps, reply to questioning, in almost perfect English, that this dance represented the harvest, this the falling of leaves and this the blowing of wind over water.

Without geisha, there is still merriment, for a tea-house waitress is an entertainer in her own right. She will pledge tiny cup for cup of hot fragrant *sake*, chat and jest with guests, try to teach them the quaint flower-card game, perhaps sing to the three-stringed Japanese banjo. Everything is done with such gentle courtesy, such concern for the comfort and pleasure of the guest, that the cumulative ef-

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fect is charming. One may even have a pre-dinner bath, soak in a steaming concrete tub of hot water, and follow with a cold shower before donning the kimono and straw sandals furnished for comfort at dinner—though I am told that in these latter years of sophistication, the waitresses no longer trip blithely into the bathroom to soap and scrub the 'guests' backs.

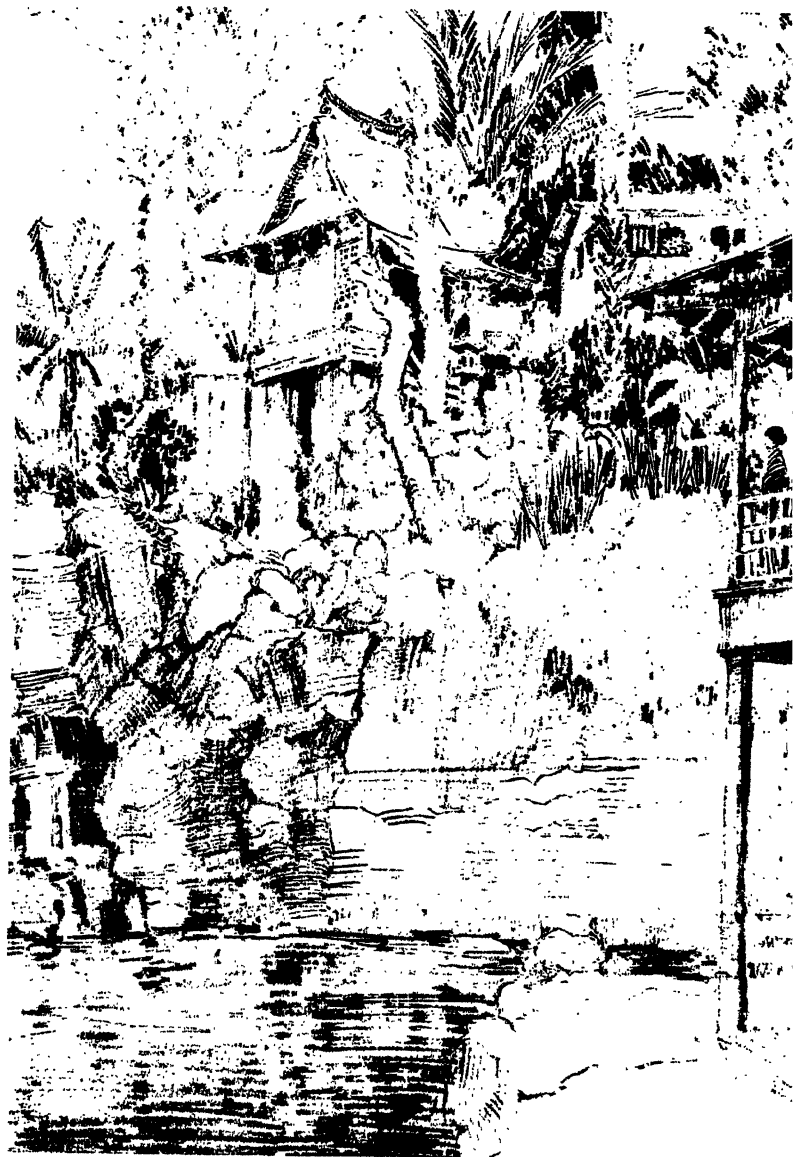
There are also Hawaiian feasts—the best ones, like Waikiki “parties,” private and spontaneous: week-end *luaus* in the country, with pig and taro, bananas and chicken, sweet potatoes and fish, all baked in the earth-oven; tasty puddings of coconut and taro, coconut and arrowroot, coconut and sweet potato—and always deep, cool bowls of the gray-blue or lavender-pink starchy root-paste, poi, and more often than not, bottles of *okolehao*.

One eats, drinks, rolls over on the mats to sleep, awakens to eat and drink again, to dance to the throb of ukulele and the wail of steel guitar, to swim in the night sea and return for more fish and pig and poi and *okolehao*.

But most visitors see only the briefer, more decorous commercial *luau*, where innocent soda-pop often replaces the stouter beverages and the bowls of poi are mere sample size. It has been learned that most strangers do not relish poi, though they all want to taste it once. There are hula dances, too, and a prearranged program of Hawaiian songs. I recall one such feast where one side of the table was served with fish, the other with sweet potatoes, and there was not enough of anything to go around, while the hostess, laying the blame on the Chinese merchant who had supplied the viands, repeated, “That *paké* man, he cheat me!”

Far different was the banquet offered by the home-steaders of Molokai to a party of official and unofficial





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visitors. Long tables were literally heaped with food of every description. Five hundred were served under the coconut palms of Kalamaula, and one would have sworn there was food enough for the Biblical five thousand. Fish, pork, chicken, vegetables, fruit, were piled in staggering profusion.

There was plenty, too, at the *luau* given at Waimanalo for visiting Congressmen. But the roving United Press correspondent beside me was unable to eat any of the unaccustomed food save a baked banana. Taking pity upon his hunger for more conventional viands, “Come with me,” I said. And we tiptoed around the corner of the tent, to where the Hawaiians who had served the food were contentedly lunching upon—ham sandwiches!

Midway between these extremes is the “birthday” or “baby” *luau*, loosely invitational but available to almost anybody on contribution of a dollar or two for the baby. One thrifty family a few years ago gave the party before the baby was born. Though the white friend who had donated the pig was the guest of honor and brought a group of friends of his own color, all the Hawaiian relatives and neighbors were present; the company was mostly brown and the liquor white. At intervals an aged *kahuna* would interrupt the rising merriment to chant long prayers in Hawaiian for blessings on the man who bought the pig—only to be thrust down into his corner while the music coiled and the hula swayed and the sharp white *okolehao* circulated. The gourd-drummer, unable to restrain himself longer, leaped up to join in a spirited *hula kui*, first thrusting the gourd into the hands of the white guest who sat beside him, saying: “You play!” Shortly after that, the guests were called in to greet the baby who, after all, had

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arrived in time for his own birthday party. And a year or so later, the company reassembled to congratulate the still unmarried mother on the arrival of her second child, while at her right and left sat proudly the two fathers, one a Portuguese, the other a Chinese.

Social life in its more restricted sense in the islands may be summed up as smart, cosmopolitan, and provincial: cosmopolitan, because Honolulu is increasingly a Pacific junction point. Artists, musicians, dancers, major actors and actresses, spend vacations there or halt for noonday or "twilight" appearances while their ships are in port on the way west to China and Japan or south to Australia and New Zealand. As for the glamour-women and heroes of the screen, Honolulu has become almost an annex of Hollywood. Provincial, because in the intimate atmosphere of a relatively compact island community, people know one another better, and even the most eminent visitors relax and become more approachable while enjoying island hospitality.

This hospitality, though often abused, persists. The wide-verandahed residences of the wealthy and socially prominent are nearly always full of guests. There are Honolulu residents who leave no incoming ship unmet, no departing vessel unsaluted with flowers. The business of making and selling garlands, mainly for arriving and departing guests, affords a livelihood to two hundred "lei women."

There are exceptions, of course, but by and large Honolulu is a friendly place, the home of many charming, kind, and hospitable people: Honolulu life is a blend of metropolitan and small town elements, with survivals from the time when it was more isolated. In the broader definition, society falls into clearly defined but slightly overlapping

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circles: on one plane, into white, non-white, and individual "racial" groups; on another into army and navy, civilian and tourist, with some intermingling. From still another viewpoint, degree of wealth, family importance, etc., delimit, as elsewhere, the social spheres.

Most of the so-called "racial" groups are large enough to maintain social circles of their own, although these are not entirely exclusive. It is not to be supposed that "color lines" are as definitely drawn as in the southern states, though they are more so than they were in the early days when white people were in a smaller minority. But it is only natural that a Chinese wedding will be attended mainly by persons of Chinese descent, a genuine Hawaiian feast in the country districts mainly by Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians, a Japanese *sake* party largely by those of Japanese extraction. There is also the growing body of amazingly blended products of mixed marriage, sometimes associating with one or another of the parent groups, but tending to find themselves out of harmony with those groups and to draw together in a new cosmopolitan circle.

A Chinese business associate once took me to one of the lavish wedding parties affected by his hospitable countrymen. House and lawn were full of guests. Two orchestras played by turns: a Chinese band for the entertainment of the elders, a Hawaiian orchestra for the dancing of the young people. The bride appeared in Chinese costume of richly embroidered white satin; the bridegroom in dinner dress. The Mendelssohn march was played softly on a saxophone; a Christian minister, himself Chinese, performed the ceremony; the couple bowed low in deference to their ancestors, and strings of fire-crackers at the door set up a rattling series of explosions to drive away evil spirits. Ice-

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cream and cake were served at mid-evening; chicken noodles and beer at midnight. The guests began to thin out.

"We must stay," said my Chinese escort. "The bridegroom is my closest friend. We must follow the old Chinese custom of sitting up with the bride and groom."

The inner circle of young men friends of the bridegroom adjourned to the kitchen; forming a ring around the somewhat weary couple, they sat sipping cup after cup of fiery *samshu* and telling seemingly endless stories in Cantonese.

At four o'clock in the morning: "The custom has been fulfilled," said my escort, relenting. "If the bride and groom will stand on a chair and sing, we will all go home."

They shyly mounted a chair and sang a popular song of the period, and the party was over.

As suggested in an earlier chapter, two opposing influences may be traced: the historic urge toward blending, under influence of climate and the easy, hospitable Hawaiian spirit; and the tendency, most noticeable in army and navy circles, to draw apart: the pale peoples from the darker ones. I sometimes think the *haoles* of Hawaii give up much in not associating more freely than they do with the many fine people of other racial strains among whom they dwell: those Hawaiians and Orientals and others who, with the advantages of education superimposed upon their own cultural background, have a distinctive charm. Hawaii owes much to all the peoples who have contributed to its racial diversity; most, perhaps, to the Hawaiians themselves. The Hawaiians may be said to have invented hospitality; if few of them now have the means to indulge in lavish entertainment and must leave it to their *haole* fellow-citizens, in the main, to carry on the old Hawaiian tradi-

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tion that promised the wrath of the gods upon any who turned a stranger from his door, the will is still there, and even the humblest Hawaiian has a friendliness that persists even toward the race that has absorbed the Hawaiian patrimony—a friendliness coupled with a dignity of which the most obtuse *haole* must at times be conscious. The white man's world whirls about him in all its feverish activity; the Hawaiian retains his balance, the ancient Polynesian sense of repose.

The Chinese, with their culture older than that of the western world, their respect for learning; the Japanese with their instinct for art which flourishes best in their own peculiar media, too often to be led astray when they forsake it for western modes; the music-loving Portuguese—there are delightful people among them and among the other races that have made Hawaii their home. Even the Filipinos, more recent comers, less blended into the community, have their own dignity. “They are good workmen if you know how to handle them,” said a plantation manager. “They won't stand it if you swear at them.”

To be sure, the exclusiveness is not on one side alone. The Japanese girl barber who was cutting my hair behind shuttered windows, for it was Sunday, when a haircut is more difficult to obtain in Honolulu than was liquor in the period of prohibition, was conversing as barbers apparently do everywhere. “Where do you live?” she asked. When I replied, “Makiki Street,” her answer conveyed a touch of racial pride. Makiki is a long street: from its humble beginnings at Beretania it climbs literally and figuratively to the heights. “I used to live on Makiki Street,” she said, “but I moved away. All my neighbors were Portuguese!”

And a Japanese told me of a white youth who had

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sought his advice in the courtship of a Japanese young woman. "Will she object to my color?" the young man asked. "Not to your color," his adviser replied, "but perhaps to your ancestry."

"Why, what's wrong with my ancestry?"

"Well, according to your traditions you are descended from a monkey, and according to her traditions, she is descended from the sun goddess."

Such incidents suggest that such racial segregation as exists is at bottom voluntarily the product of natural affinity. There is no "Jim Crow" discrimination. All the varying shades of white and brown sit side by side in trams and buses, eat in the same public dining rooms (except where the price range enforces its own discriminations); in the schools they are separated only by the requirements of "English language standards."

In Hawaii, as elsewhere, it makes a difference who one's great-great-grandfather was; how far back racial strains were mingled, and how much property the family controls. For social distinctions are at bottom economic, and nothing as yet devised can make them otherwise.

Quite different from the cosmopolite small-town urbanity of Honolulu is the social life of the "other islands." There the white people are in a smaller minority; the military and naval influence less pronounced; the "middle class" smaller and less important. Organization of agricultural industry into large units fosters a social organization suggesting that of some European countries: built around the sugar plantation as the communities of medieval Europe were built around the lord's estate.

These island economic barons live with something of the lavishness of their European counterparts, and with as



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gracious a hospitality to those whom they favor. In some rural districts there is apparently a closer relation between employer and employee than that with which most mainlanders are familiar, akin to the feeling between the old-fashioned retainer and his liege lord.

Whole housefuls of guests are entertained. At times the countryside for miles around partakes of huge feasts: pigs and cattle are baked underground; there is dancing and singing, a community festival. Here, even more than in Honolulu, there is a lingering of the old spaciousness that took time to live.

These generalizations should not be interpreted as universally applicable. There are all kinds of people in Hawaii, as elsewhere. I prefer not to stress the arrogance of a relatively few among a restricted class, which after all is not peculiar to Hawaii but only more noticeable in the more concentrated insular community where it becomes more conspicuous. Island life in general is mellow with a kindliness reflecting the mellow warmth of the climate, where living is peculiarly gracious, partaking of the comforts of the tropics with the conveniences of civilization, and free from many of the hazards and disadvantages of both.

True enough, the inherent kindness tends to deteriorate into what is known in the islands as *hoomalimali*. The word may be translated, roughly, "flattery." It is good form to praise everything, and very bad form to suggest that in Hawaii all is not for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

The music reviewers of two Honolulu daily newspapers met at a concert. One asked the other: "Are you going to tell the truth, or are you going to eat?" The other responded, "I guess I'll eat."

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For Hawaii is so sensitive! Beware, there, of voicing honest criticism, not only in the field of the arts, but even more so where it touches social, political, or economic organization. It simply isn't done. I know of no book yet written about Hawaii that has not been resented in the islands. No matter how careful one may be, one is sure to offend—if not by what one says, then by what one leaves out.

These peculiarities may be what a Washington official meant when he referred, in a government report, to the difficulty of coping with the "island mind."

Nevertheless, despite the sensitiveness and the *hoomali-mali* that plays up to it and the lowering of critical standards that results from such an atmosphere, there is a nucleus of genuine people in the islands, with understanding and respect for artistic and professional integrity. These represent, I like to believe, the true spirit of the islands.



### XXXII THE IRON BIRD SOARS

**T**HE great double canoes sailed to Hawaii from the south, sailed back, and came again. Then for six centuries they ceased to follow the sacred star-roads to and from Tahiti and across the Navel of Wakca that white navigators call the Line.

The white men's ships came: square riggers and barques and brigantines, and after them schooners and clippers. Hawaii became a half-way house on the route to Oriental lands of silks and tea and the whaling grounds of the North.

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In the mid-nineteenth century came the ships without sails, those smoke-belching early steamships that Hawaiians named *mokuahi*—fire-ships or fire-islands.

Like the sails that once thronged Honolulu harbor and Lahaina roads, the fire-ships multiplied. Honolulu became a junction point on seaways east and south, known to the world as "Cross-roads of the Pacific."

As the first quarter of the twentieth century passed, the iron bird of the white man soared out of the east, faltering of wing at first but gathering strength year by year.

The navy was the pioneer. We stood on the deck of the airplane carrier *Langley*, midway between San Francisco and Honolulu, all that night while the calendar slipped from August into September of 1925, watching the sky for the lights of the seaplane in which Commander John Rodgers and his companions were attempting the first flight from California to Hawaii.

For nine days thereafter we steamed back and forth scanning mile by mile of sea while light combat planes took off from the flight deck, flew out to the limit of their fuel capacity, and returned. At night the search-lights drew ghostly combing fingers across the darkness, and found no sign of Rodgers's plane, forced down by exhaustion of fuel after diversion from the true course by some imperfection in the radio signals of that time.

On the evening of the ninth day nearly all had given up hope. Officers aboard did not credit the report that came so clearly out of the air from a radio broadcast station in Honolulu: "Rodgers is found!" When the broadcast was repeated, we began to believe, and eventually tardy official dispatches confirmed the news. A submarine had found the disabled seaplane, its occupants hungry and haggard but

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living, about to drift ashore near Nawiliwili, on the island of Kauai. A newspaper correspondent on that island who had been admonished, in the regular course of news, to be chary of wireless tolls, earned a left-handed notoriety by querying his paper in Honolulu: "Rodgers found. Do you want story?"

Almost two years later, June 28 and 29, 1927, in the early morning darkness in the village of Lihue, Kauai, we heard the motors of the army Fokker hum as Lieutenants Lester J. Maitland and Albert Hegenberger circled over the islands, awaiting daylight to drop down on Wheeler Field. Theirs was the first complete flight from California to the islands.

Two weeks later we watched another night for Emory Bronte and Ernest Smith, only to learn next day that, short of fuel, they had turned aside and landed in a kiae tree on Molokai, the plane a wreck but the flyers unhurt.

These vigils were nothing, however, to the weeks that followed the Dole "Air Derby" in August of the same year. James D. Dole, then president of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, had offered \$25,000 for the first successful flight from the mainland and \$10,000 for the second. Somewhat prematurely, the contest developed into a race. Five planes took off from Oakland. Two arrived. Arthur Goebel and William Davis brought their plane down at Wheeler Field, first to land. The local favorite, Martin Jensen and his navigator Captain Paul Schluter, in probably the most poorly equipped plane in the race, came in from the opposite direction two hours later, having flown past by error and returned. They had only four gallons of gasoline left; the cockpit was smeared with oil spurting from leaking lines; the navigator was squatting on an unpainted pine

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board. In amazement at the delay, Mrs. Jensen, herself a flyer, greeted her oil-begrimed husband with the words: "Martin, where in hell have you been?"

Of the others, air and sea keep the secret of their fate. Reports poured in from remote sections that this or that person thought he had heard a plane passing over. A correspondent on Maui wirelessly his newspaper in Honolulu that the plane carrying Mildred Doran, only woman in the race, and her companions Augie Pedlar and Vilas Knope, had been found off that island and that "all aboard are safe." Accepting the report in good faith, the newspaper issued an extra, only to regret it as frantic efforts to confirm the information failed even to locate the correspondent who had relayed in haste one of numerous rumors. The opposition paper chartered a decrepit local plane and sent a man to investigate, but all he could find at the scene of the alleged rescue was a sampan.

A little later the navy sent an expedition to Johnston Island, far south, on the theory that one of the planes might have landed there or its wreckage might have been washed up on that remote bit of coral and sand.

William Erwin and A. H. Eichwaldt, taking off three days after the "Derby" to search for the lost planes, themselves perished. Their last message told of going into a spin at sea and coming out of it—then broke off suddenly. The rest was silence.

The most determined search, however, was made for the *Golden Eagle*, in which Jack Frost and Gordon Scott had left Oakland with the best equipment possessed by any entrant. Frost's brother came to the islands, following a persistent rumor that the plane had been heard and sighted over the Island of Hawaii.



THE CHINA CLIPPER AT PEARL HARBOR





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The stories were circumstantial. From three places on three sides of the island, a flare, similar to those Frost had carried, had been seen on Mauna Loa. The probable course was reconstructed: Frost and Scott had sighted the island, then turned and, using the two tallest mountains as guides, had attempted to fly between them toward Oahu. Not realizing the height of the land between the peaks, they had been unable to clear it and had crashed in the wilderness of jungle-covered lava on the mountain slope.

If the light seen was really a flare and not a brush fire as some insisted, it indicated that at least one of the flyers had survived the crash and was attempting to make his way down to the civilized coastal lands, a virtually hopeless task for one on foot and not equipped with knowledge of the country.

Army aviators flew over the area; ground parties struggled through it. From a bush fluttered an undershirt similar to that which one of the lost flyers had worn. But the finder and his companions could not find the spot again, or any trace of the plane. This is not strange to those who know the nature of the mountain country.

Oahu nearly a year later was the first stop out of Oakland for Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, C. T. P. Ulm, and their companions, H. W. Lyons and James Warner, on the pioneer flight from California to Australia.

After that, however, it was six years until another flight was made over this part of the Pacific, when Commander Knefler McGinnis led a mass flight of six navy planes from California to Pearl Harbor in January, 1934. That was the year of Kingsford-Smith's second successful flight and of Ulm's loss at sea somewhere near Oahu or, according to other theories, near Fanning Island. Sir

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Charles was to follow him into the Great Darkness a year later in the Indian Ocean.

Amelia Earhart Putnam, shortly after the loss of Ulm and his companions, took off from Wheeler Field to land successfully at Oakland.

Since then, trans-Pacific flight has become a commonplace. Planes week by week carry passengers and mail over the tossing meadows of the sea. It is possible to have luncheon in San Francisco and breakfast the next morning in Honolulu—and fly on from there.

Early in 1937 the pioneer commercial flight was made from Honolulu to New Zealand via Kingman Reef and Pagopago, following establishment of regular flying schedules to the Orient via Midway, Wake, and Guam.

Thus Hawaii became cross-roads of the air as well as of the sea.

Meanwhile, since November, 1929, amphibian planes have been flying daily between island and island of the territory. Some business men travel by air between their homes on other islands and their offices in Honolulu. Society women hop casually from island to island to keep luncheon and tea engagements. In emergency, doctors, medical supplies, fire fighters, salvage divers are flown to isolated points.

Island men and women have taken to the air for sport as well as for business. John Rodgers Airport boasts a sizeable quota of licensed aviators who fly for pleasure alone, and its hangars house many privately owned aircraft, the ancient legend of Namaka the bird-man come to life.

The position of Hawaii in many ways seems assured. From its red soil is drawn the rich brown gold of sugar, the distilled semitropical sunshine of pineapples. Each year twenty thousand or more tourists visit the islands, and if

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local business men are inclined to gloat over the estimated average sum each tourist spends, as they calculate the annual intake of their "third industry," it is but fair to reflect that those who spend the most come for the purpose of spending. Those who come with an open heart for appreciation of what Hawaii offers, have their reward. Here are sun-mornings, here are sun-afternoons; caressing waters and restful sands. Here are scenes that soothe or lift the spirit, and quaint localisms that touch the springs of laughter or of tears. Here is a haunting music, made plastic with the dance and poetic with song. Above all, here is a pageant of humanity: a maze of shifting colors and forms drawn from old worlds and new, being fused and intermingled under the influence of an island world whose deep-rooted kindness never wholly dies.

Whatever the fate, whatever the temper of the new people, they will remain characteristic of Hawaii, molded by the slow, sure touch of sun and sea and island earth. Into their making go the laughter and song and tears of the island past, the hope of the island future. They inherit the old and new, this paradoxical, contradictory, lovable, incredible Hawaii.

The spears have rotted long ago; the bones of those who bore them crumble in mountain caves. New bondages replace the old—and always from the deep steadfast heart of humanity there spring new songs. "The long gods and the short gods pass." *Elieli kapu, elieli noa.*



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